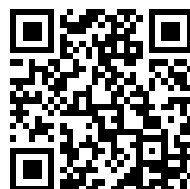


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## ***Sporting Memories***







The Author.

*[Frontispiece.]*



# *SPORTING MEMORIES*

*My Life as Gloucestershire County Cricketer,  
Rugby and Hockey Player, and Member of Indian  
Police Service : By Major W. Troup*

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LONDON: HUTCHINSON & CO.  
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## INTRODUCTION

WRITING a "log" of one's life is a practice I am not altogether in love with, but having promised numerous friends both in the East and West to write up mine, I must fulfil that promise.

Although some of my readers might think it is the story of the great "I," I would assure them that self-advertisement is my last wish.

For obvious reasons some of the characters, periods and localities have been altered.

In the common sense I have no pretension to be a writer. My book deals with facts alone, and this being so, I trust it will at least prove interesting.



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# SPORTING MEMORIES

## CHAPTER I

Introduction—Family history—Earliest recollections—Voyage home—School—Introduction to county cricket—Introduction to county rugger—Mathematical master and the boxing champion—Painful interview with my guardian prior to leaving for India.

IN 1876 a leading Indian paper wrote :  
“Our Obituary List swells apace. Our Meerut correspondent announces with regret, which will be shared by a wide circle of relatives and friends, the death on Sunday night of that gallant old soldier, General Colin Troup, C.B.

The General, who was as brave as his own sword, and whose name has always been a household word in the Indian Army, entered the service fifty-six years ago, and saw a deal of service, in which he frequently distinguished himself.”

My father married the widow of Lieut. Birch, and the following appeared in an English paper in December, 1912 :

“The thrilling days of the Indian Mutiny are recalled by the death at Campden Grove, Kensington,

of Mrs. Colin Troup, widow of the late General Colin Troup, C.B. This lady was one of the last survivors among the brave English women who were besieged in Lucknow during the fateful months till the relief force arrived. She was then a young bride of twenty years, having married Lieut. Birch, who was attached to the Indian Army. Before the siege was ended she was a widow, her young husband having been killed almost before her eyes. During the siege the English women in Lucknow took refuge in the Residency, and for safety were for six weeks confined to an underground room. Even here, however, they were far from secure, for one day a shot from the enemy's cannon ploughed its way through the walls, causing great havoc among them. They spent their time making powder bags, filling cartridges, nursing the sick and helping the garrison as far as was in their power."

Once, and once only, did my mother relate her experiences to me—and I had sense enough not to ask for a repetition of the narrative—the horrors she and others went through I daren't put into words.

Their family consisted of four girls and three sons, of which I was the youngest, apparently blessed with some good looks, for I won the baby prize at Mussoorie.

My father, after completing over fifty years' service in the Army, retired in March, 1872, having taken

during that time only two weeks' leave, in which to get married. I, at least, did not follow his example, for it was a by-word in India that :

“Anything Troup didn't know about wangling leave wasn't worth wangling.”

They were right too ; I worked it to a fine art.

Everyone is supposed to have his “earliest recollections.” Mine concerns the voyage home to school. The trouble started shortly before we anchored in the entrance to the Suez Canal. This was, of course, long before the introduction of electric light, when steamers had to be tied up at sunset, irrespective of their position in the Canal.

Suddenly a storm arose. A chum and I, thrilled at the prospect of possible excitement, stood looking over the side of the boat when we suddenly caught sight of something large and dark in the water. We leaned over as far as possible, and had just decided that the mysterious object must be an elephant when the steamer gave a terrific lurch.

I was pitched headlong down the saloon steps, smashing my collar-bone, while my companion fell overboard and was nearly drowned.

Our elephant turned out to be a “mud-dredger.”

The ship's doctor, before setting the bone, had dined, or rather wined, not wisely but too well, and his attempt at making a good job of it was a ghastly failure. I spent the rest of the voyage in painful retirement, and my left shoulder remained perceptibly higher than my right.

I\*

On my arrival in England I was sent to a preparatory school near Bristol, and later on to a "crammer's" at the same place.

My guardian was Major Robert Troup, of "Uplands," Wrington, Somerset. My brother Hugh Rose and I spent many of our holidays at "Uplands," and they were more than happy ones, the only drawback to them being that "the Army" as our future career was too constantly rammed down our throats.

It wasn't that I had anything against the Army, as I told my guardian. Had I had private means no one would have been keener than I to follow up the tradition of centuries, but as the "pay" of a second Lieutenant in those days was £90 per annum—barely sufficient to pay his laundry bill—I was having none; the game was not worth the candle.

When I blossomed out at my "crammer's" it did not take long to discover that if one had any inclination to work, there were plenty of willing and capable masters to see that one did. If, on the other hand, games possessed a greater appeal, there was very little opposition. I chose the latter policy and never had cause to regret it.

Throughout the summer of 1887 I played county and other cricket, putting in only one day's cramming a week—and that on a Sunday. At the end of the term my guardian (with very good reason too) grumbled about this to the Head, who replied: "You saw from the papers daily that the lad was

playing, and made no objection, so I sat tight and did nothing."

Having been blessed with a good eye, games came quite naturally to me, and I played cricket, rugger and hockey for Gloucestershire when a lad of seventeen—a world's record, I am told.

I was extremely fortunate in my initiation into county cricket, as the following story will show.

It was Jubilee year, and we were playing at Moreton-in-the-Marsh on Sir Freeman Mitford's ground, a home match against Surrey on a truly wretched wicket.

How well I remember going on to the ground and being introduced to George Lohmann—"the" bowler of that, or any other period—by the one and only Dr. W. G. Grace. After a good deal of friendly chaffing the Doctor said to Lohmann: "I'll give you half a sovereign if you can bowl the lad out, but I know you can't." He replied: "Righto, Doctor, I'll do my best."

My turn to bat came shortly afterwards. My feelings can be better imagined than described. Lucky though my innings was, I batted for an hour and a half, and in the end the Doctor did not have to part with his money. Imagine the confidence this gave me. I was no longer the raw initiate of seventeen. I said to myself: "Well, if I can stand up against Lohmann, I've got a very good chance against the others," and so it turned out.

Our next game was against Yorkshire at



Gloucester, and I made 62 runs. Photo facing page 22 shows the team at the time, my reason for introducing it being to point out the contrast between county cricket of the "eighties" and that of the present day. It will be seen that the eleven consisted entirely of amateurs—a record also in its way.

After the above match I remember being introduced by Dr. E. M. Grace to a very wealthy local celebrity. This gentleman, being mad keen on cricket and apparently much impressed by my score, offered to adopt me (he having no family of his own), send me to the 'Varsity and make me his heir, the sole stipulation being that I change my name to his. He gave me a month to think it over, which length of time was quite unnecessary. I can see my guardian's face now as he said :

"What ! a Troup change his name. Utter nonsense ! Decline at once."

I did so—and six months afterwards the gentleman in question died.

It was during the winter of this year that I discovered that I could play rugger. The school was watching Clifton Rugby Football Club (there was no Bristol team in those days) play Bath.

H. Baker, the International forward who was captaining Clifton, came up and asked me if I would play for his side at half-back, as they were one short.

Now my guardian had forbidden me to play

rugger, the school game being soccer, so never for one moment did I cherish the faintest hope of being able to accept the invitation. Still, it was worth trying for, and, "taking the bull by the horns," I ran back to the school (which was only a short distance away) to ask permission from my Head. To my surprise and delight it was granted, and after a gruelling game Clifton won by two tries—I obtaining them.

Needless to say I never returned to soccer.

Not long afterwards I ruptured myself slightly while playing against Gloucester. This, of course, annoyed my guardian and upset the Head considerably. Daily he would say to me: "Never again, Troup, do you play Rugby football." His heart was in all games, however, and when the last match of the Rugby season for Clifton (a very important one) came along, he asked me: "Would I like to go and look on?"

I said I should be delighted.

When the train left Bristol it was discovered that Clifton were again one short. The result was inevitable. My good resolutions vanished, and after very little persuasion I consented to turn out. The train that night was very late, and it was ten before I reached the school gate. Stealthily creeping round to the side entrance I had almost succeeded in getting in when suddenly a loud and all too familiar voice said: "Who is that?" My heart sank to zero as I replied: "Troup junior, sir."

"Have you been playing?" demanded the voice. I answered in the affirmative. "Were you hurt?" I answered in the negative. A little pause, then came the all important question—an eager: "Who won?" Sighing with relief I replied: "Clifton, sir, by one try, which I scored." Quickly opening the door, he said: "Good lad, come and have supper." He knew what I really deserved though—and incidentally so did I.

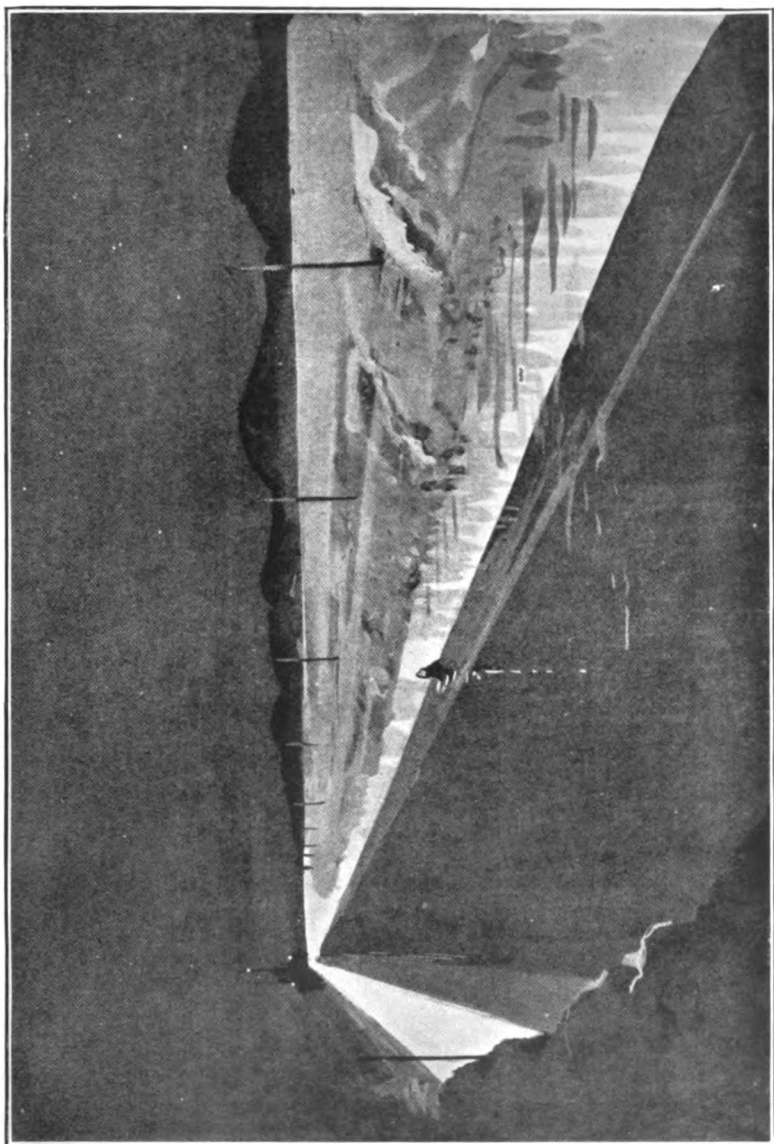
In the winter of 1888 I was chosen as first reserve for England at Rugby, and it has since been a source of deep regret to me that I did not stay on for another season, for the much coveted cap.

The Head, a Mr. De Winton, was a dear old soul—and one of the best. His boys could do no wrong. If, by any chance, a legitimate complaint was made to him by masters or outsiders an inevitable question was: "Where was Troup junior at the time?" The reply frequently helped him to sift matters.

Before passing from my school days there is one other story I must relate.

We had a mathematical master who was very clever with the gloves, and of whom we were inordinately proud.

On Sunday afternoons during the summer several of us were in the habit of accompanying him on long walks, not, I am afraid, for the benefit of our healths, but to pick up a "scrap" if it could possibly be managed in order to keep our champion's



*By courtesy of P. & O.]*

**Suez Canal by Night.**

*[Drawn by Harry Furniss.]*

*[To face p. 8.]*



hand in. On one such occasion we nearly made a dreadful mistake.

Wandering through the Leigh Woods over the Suspension Bridge at Clifton, we came across a very ordinary individual with a mastiff. We stopped him after our usual manner, saying :

“ Before you go any further you must fight.” With a tolerant smile he declined, and after a few minutes’ conversation said :

“ You seem a decent lot of youngsters. Come over to my place and have some tea.”

He indicated a house just visible through the trees, and we needed no second invitation. I shall never forget our consternation when he opened the door. The place was simply crowded with cups—our would-be opponent was none other than the Amateur Middle Weight Champion of the West of England. We became great friends afterwards, but the Sunday jaunts ceased.

Prior to my departure for India I had a most unpleasant interview with my guardian.

Lord Roberts had procured me a Queen’s Indian Cadetship, so that, had I desired to go into the Army, the exams. would have possessed no pitfalls for me, and passing into Sandhurst would have been a matter of simplicity. I preferred, however, the more open life of the Indian Police—and broke the news to my guardian gently.

I can see the anger on his face now as he delivered his farewell message : “ No Troup has ever yet

left the Army for another job. Go out to India, dig your grave there, and die in it ! ”

Needless to say I did no digging—either on my arrival or afterwards.

## CHAPTER II

Arrival in India and first impression—Hotels?—Hill stations—Fishing in Naini Tal Lake—Landslip and miraculous escape of dressmaker—Cricket match at Naini—I am gazetted into the Police—Early police life—The heat affects the District Magistrate.

**L**EAIVING Liverpool in December, 1888, I arrived in Bombay on New Year's Day—and what a New Year's Day!

The voyage out was uneventful. It being the non-passenger season, very few people were on board.

My first impressions of India were certainly not very complimentary to the country.

The hotels were hotels in name only. Everything seemed alive with crawling things—ants, spiders, cockroaches, etc. The heat was intense—stifling. There were no punkahs, and the mosquitoes had a right royal time. Thoroughly disgusted, all night I lay in misery, longing for sleep or else dawn—when I should visit the shipping agents and book my return passage to “Bonnie England.”

When dawn did come, however, I relented, and decided that perhaps it would be better to wait a little while, things might improve as one got used to them.

1889 I spent in the hill stations of Mussoorie,



Naini Tal and Ranikhet, getting acclimatized and "mugging up Hindustani." My stay in the glorious Himalayas quite altered my views of the country in general, and I decided that India might pan out all right after all.

Of the above stations Naini Tal is unquestionably the most beautiful.

Travelling by rail to the foot of the hills a "tonga" is engaged. A tonga is a low-hooded sort of conveyance, supremely uncomfortable and impossible to describe; it must be travelled in to be realized. The ponies are the limit. Before one can get a move on at all their noses have to be pinched and their tails twisted. When they do go they rush madly along and tear round corners at break-neck speed, and it's almost as difficult to persuade them to stop as it was to persuade them to start.

The road winds slowly and tortuously up, and is literally cut out of the mountain side, deep precipices on the one hand, great hills stretching up as far as the eye can see on the other. It is good, however, until one comes to the Brewery, some three miles out of Naini Tal. Here it is no longer possible to travel by tonga; and one has either to ride, or else be carried in a "dandy"—a sort of hammock slung on poles carried by coolies. In the monsoon this last part of the journey is indescribably beautiful. Everything is covered in ferns and moss, with a wonderful variety of wild flowers. The whole hillside is literally a blaze of

colour. Butterflies abound in all colours and sizes. Mountain torrents splash everywhere. What a relief from the sweltering plains!

So much for the picturesque side of it all. I will not spoil it by describing in detail the perilous ascent, how those coolies shake your dandy right on the brink of the precipice, hold you at a supremely uncomfortable and even dangerous angle, while, if it is at all damp under foot, they slip and slither until your hair stands veritably on end lest they drop you. This rarely happens, I am glad to say, but there is always the uncomfortable knowledge that it *might*. Snakes, scorpions, centipedes, and other abominations of a like character I will also leave to your imagination.

Naini itself is just a huge cup in the mountains, at the bottom of which is a vast lake, reflecting in its clear waters the wonderful deep blue of the sky.

The bungalows for officials and others are dotted all over the surrounding hills, showing up like white specks amongst the deep green of the trees, with which the hillsides are clothed.

The lake is terrifically deep and, according to tradition, unfathomable. A great deal of sailing is done on it, but it is dangerous sport. Squalls come up between the mountains with no warning whatsoever, and capsizing of boats is of common occurrence.

Fish are so numerous that you can see them literally in hundreds—but a wily fisherman and a very

lucky one, too, is he who succeeds in catching any. In cunning the fish in this lake surpass anything or anybody in the wide, wide world. Educated from sprathood in the delicate art of evading capture, they know all about a line, precisely what it is for, and how to eat every other bait in the whole lake, save the one that conceals your particular hook.

If any of my readers should happen to know of any fishing enthusiast who has got the disease badly enough to be a sublime nuisance to his fellow men—you know the type—send him out to fish this lake and he'll soon be cured.

Some time before I touched Indian soil a frightful landslide occurred here; the whole of a hillside collapsed and came down into the lake, burying a large number of Europeans and natives. One end of the lake was completely filled up—a large plateau being formed in its place, which is used for polo, cricket, hockey, football, tennis, racing, etc.

There were not many escapes. One of the most remarkable was undoubtedly that of the dressmaker, who was dug out on the evening of the catastrophe alive and kicking, with her scissors in her hand, and the piece of material she was cutting out still in front of her.

In May, 1890, I received a letter from Colonel Oliphant, the then Inspector-General of Police in the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, fixing up an interview for a possible appointment in the police.

Before leaving he asked me if I would play cricket

for Naini against Ranikhet, a minor test match in its way. I naturally accepted. Colonel Oliphant, who was frantically keen on sport of any kind, watched the game with the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, Sir Auckland Colvin. In the first innings I was very unlucky, and came out disconsolately for a duck. The bosses, however, were not disheartened, and with determination I tackled the second knock, making 125 runs and winning the match for my side. The club dinner that night was one to be remembered—at least for the non-pussyfoot members of the brigade.

Some days later I was appointed Assistant Superintendent of the Police, and posted to Moradabad, under a Mr. Lovett-Thomas, an official of ripe experience. His official title was District Superintendent of Police—equivalent to chief constable of a county in England, with the exception that the Indian officer holds charge of a much larger area and carries unlimited power.

Even at that period police work was a profession, and a highly specialized one at that. The pay was good, and there were many plums in the service.

As an assistant superintendent my work was light. Parade and orderly room first, then breakfast and the day's work at the office.

This was of necessity of an unimportant character. The fact that I was unacquainted with the native, his language, or his ways prevented my taking any active part in the criminal work of the district,

actual passing of orders, etc., in police cases being carried out by my superior.

Office work usually ceased about 4 p.m., club life followed till eight, then dinner, a hand of cards, and three times a week I had to turn out police guards at the following places, Police Lines, City Police Station and Treasury, also Magistrates', Opium and Jail guards. This usually took about two hours to perform, and had to be done at varying hours during the night.

Besides all this, time had to be found for "swotting up" for exams.

A police officer is allowed two years in which to pass his examinations in Judicial, Police and Vernacular.

All three examinations are stiff; the Vernacular is exceptionally formidable. Should an officer fail to pass within the prescribed period he is, of course, gazetted out—but I determined there should be no "gazetting out" for me.

The District Magistrate here was a Mr. Ogilvie. He was a splendid officer, but the heat upset his mentality, poor fellow. In the cold weather he was as right as a trivet, but on the approach of the hot blowing winds—well—he was not the same man.

Armed dakaities (highway robberies) were very prevalent when I first arrived at this station, and Government were getting rather anxious about the state of affairs.

At breakfast one morning the Magistrate received an anonymous letter from a member of a well-known gang, to the effect that if he would meet him unarmed and alone, at a specified spot in a dense jungle at midnight, he would give him full particulars as to the identity of the ringleaders—for a consideration and a free pardon. I might say that a big reward was offered for them, dead or alive.

Ninety-nine people out of a hundred would have left this severely alone, or at least have taken some sort of help with them. Not so Mr. Ogilvie—he went on his lonesome. He had a ride of some twenty miles, and on arrival found the writer of the letter awaiting him ; he was as good as his word, and the Magistrate, having extracted all the information he could, returned joyfully home, and within forty-eight hours the important members of the gang were cooling their heels in the cells.

It was a ridiculously foolhardy thing to do, but a very plucky one nevertheless. It had its ironical side in an incident which happened a few months later.

Information had been received relating to a big gang of dakaits, armed to the teeth, who were in hiding in a forest about thirty miles from headquarters. It consisted of about sixty or seventy members, who were responsible for many murders and thefts of enormous sums of money from wealthy people in the vicinity.

The Armed Police force was not nearly strong

enough to cope with these marauders, and police had to be summoned by a coded wire from two adjoining districts. Elaborate arrangements were made by the officials responsible at headquarters, and at midnight the force set out under the command of the District Superintendent, accompanied by the Magistrate.

They arrived at their destination about 8 a.m., just as the sun was making its presence uncomfortably felt, the Magistrate taking one half of the force, the Superintendent the other, the plan being to surround the jungle, thus hemming in the offenders. The police official had got about half-way round when he heard a terrific fusillade, and, thinking his confrère was in a tight corner, he promptly doubled back his men, to find him fast asleep under the shade of a mango tree, the men sitting peacefully around him. The Superintendent recalled his superior officer to the care and worries of everyday life pretty abruptly, as, shaking him violently, he asked what on earth had happened? Yawning lazily, Ogilvie replied: "Well, old man, it suddenly struck me that we were taking a mean advantage of the dakaitis, so I ordered the force to fire into the air to give them a chance of escaping!"

No further explanation was necessary, and the Magistrate was quickly taken back to his bungalow. Leave home was promptly sanctioned, and two subordinate officials were told off to accompany him by the P. & O. mail steamer as far as Brindisi

(the Marseilles route not being in vogue at that time), and a lively time they had too, poor beggars. They travelled down to Bombay by the Ocean Mail, which was of course crowded; it being the commencement of the hot weather everyone was homeward bound.

There were no restaurant cars in those days, and lunch was served in the refreshment room at Itarsi Junction; there was one dining-table which ran the whole length of the room. About sixty people sat down to lunch. Everyone was busy having soup, when Ogilvie decided that it was bad for them on such a hot day, and that it was up to him to do his duty by his fellow men. Before his companions could restrain the noble impulse, he collared one end of the table-cloth and stripped the whole lot off, drenching everybody in the room with thick tomato soup. Needless to say, he had no further chance of exploiting his ideas and putting them into action, but the two officials were very glad indeed when the time came for them to relinquish their responsibilities at Brindisi. They took the precaution of wiring to the authorities at Plymouth, but it was quite unnecessary. Ogilvie was quite all right as soon as he got into European waters, right enough, in fact, to know what to expect.

When the steamer reached Plymouth two unsavoury looking individuals came on board, and Ogilvie spotted them at once. He went up and whispered: "Are you looking for a Mr. Ogilvie?"



They replied in the affirmative, whereupon, indicating a poor old gentleman standing on deck by the entrance to the saloon, he said : " Right you are then, there he is," and made himself scarce.

It would have been interesting to hear the old gentleman's opinion of him.

Strangely enough, " Bonnie England " put Ogilvie quite right again, and to the best of my belief he is alive and kicking to this day. This was the one and only case of the heat affecting a European official which I encountered during my long career in the East.

### CHAPTER III

I am posted to Agra—G. F. Vernon's and Lord Hawke's cricketers visit India—The Czarevitch visits Agra—I score off my Chief—Later he scores off me—The Agra club—Three curses of India—Terrible *faux pas* at mess—Simla and its morals—Quail story—My house is burnt down—The cussedness of the native—Carpet making in Agra Jail—More about the native.

ON the 30th September, 1890, after having been four months in Moradabad, I was transferred to Agra.

My Superintendent of Police here was a Mr. F. W. Court. The only fault I had to find with him was that he allowed me too much time for sport—my exams. suffering as a consequence.

Though in a great measure partaking of the nature of a pleasure trip, the tour in India of the side under the command of Mr. G. F. Vernon was interesting as being the first visit to that country of a band of English cricketers.

The team that left London in the autumn of 1889 was composed entirely of gentlemen players, and though by no means representative of amateur cricket in England, it was far too powerful at all points for most of the elevens that were encountered.

Two games were played in Ceylon and eleven in India, and of these the touring side won no fewer

than ten, drew two and lost one. The solitary defeat was sustained at the hands of the Parsees. Some of the touring team were well known in English cricket circles: G. F. Vernon, Lord Hawke, H. Philipson, J. H. J. Hornsby and A. E. Leatham.

After an interval of three years a second batch of amateurs, under Lord Hawke, arrived during the winter of 1892-93. Besides Lord Hawke they had many cricketers of fame: A. J. L. Hill, F. S. Jackson, J. H. J. Hornsby, C. W. Wright, G. F. Vernon, A. E. Leatham and C. Heseltine.

Three games were played in Ceylon on the way out and twenty in India—of these fifteen were won, two lost and six drawn.

The English cricketers on both occasions were most popular, and were received with the greatest cordiality and hospitality.

When the Czarevitch of Russia, with his suite, visited Agra I was in charge of the Cantonment Railway Station.

On the morning of the Royal arrival it was bitterly cold, raining and blowing and doing its best, in fact, to make everyone feel thoroughly miserable.

Owing to the dozens of Russian spies travelling India at the time, waiting for an opportunity to assassinate the Czarevitch, I had strict orders not to allow anyone to enter the station without an authorized pass.

The train was due in at daybreak, and about ten minutes before this time a dirty, unkempt-looking



Gloucestershire XI.—1887.

O. G. Radcliffe.	G. Francis.	T. W. Stubbs.	J. A. Bush.	F. L. Griffiths.
	E. M. Grace.	W. G. Grace ( <i>captain</i> ).	W. W. Pullen.	J. H. Brain.
	W. Troup.			A. Newham.

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individual, with a pipe in his mouth and hands in his pockets, came up and attempted to push by. Immediately I demanded his pass.

He replied : " I don't need a pass ; I am attached to the Czarevitch's suite." I told him to clear out or I would rub his nose in the mud—and there was a lot about. Imagine my surprise when he produced the necessary pass and his card. He was Mr. E. Berrill, my Deputy Inspector-General of Police. This officer had the unenviable reputation of being " hot stuff," and he was never tired of reminding people that he took some scoring off.

Later that evening we met at the club and had a friendly chat over the incident. He quickly made it clear that had I failed to stop him I should have been " for it."

I was naturally pleased that he had not succeeded in scoring off me—although he did so six months later.

Special duty claimed my attention in connection with the career of a very notorious criminal and his gang. I had orders to consult Mr. Berrill if I required any assistance in my investigations.

At this time I was stopping at Laurie's Hotel, and one night invited Mr. Berrill to dine.

Now I had still to pass my police examination, and the fact that this officer invariably set the paper was a well-known one.

During the meal, to my delight, he commenced talking about the forthcoming exam. This was

just the opportunity for which I had hoped, and very carefully, very gingerly, I led the conversation until it seemed safe to ask his advice as to what to read up, etc. He gave it kindly enough, and, feeling very pleased with my stage management, I commenced to "mug" for all I was worth.

My self-assurance received a nasty jar on the day of the examination. Upon opening my papers I found there was not a single question relating to any of the subjects advised.

My humiliation was complete when in the club next evening he said, with twinkling eyes: "Well, my boy, I think we're quits." I asked him to have a peg and we left it at that.

It's a doubtful point if anybody in this world gets as much enjoyment out of his club life as the Indian official.

Take the club here as an example. A magnificent building, luxuriously furnished, with residential quarters attached for bachelors. The entrance fee is a little over £3 and the monthly subscription 15s. In the grounds are the polo, cricket, hockey, racquet and tennis clubs, these games (with the exception of racquets) being played on the most magnificent turf imaginable, for another paltry 15s. a month.

Wives of officers are admitted free and a certain portion of the club is allotted to them, commonly known as the "Murgi Khana," or the Hen House.

Twice a week a military band plays, and the

spacious ball-room, when not in use, becomes a combined drawing and reading room. There are electric lights and fans throughout the building, while palms, flowers, etc., make the surroundings more than picturesque.

How on earth the club could be made to pay on such ridiculously low subscriptions was a point which puzzled me considerably, until I took over the running of a few, and realized just how much the profits of the "bar" amounted to.

There were in my time two serious curses attached to club life.

One was the curse of "Fingers Out" and the other the "Signing of Chits."

I will explain the meaning of "Fingers Out" first. An atrocious and expensive amusement, it is usually indulged in by members who would, of course, be much better employed in their homes or messes instead of gambling in drinks which they do not in the least require.

The method of play—or shall I call it madness?—is as follows: If there are, say, ten chaps at the bar, a certain individual is chosen and the count starts from him. The party then stand in a circle, and at the count of three each person holds up as many fingers on both hands as he likes. Say, on counting, these fingers total 47, the count is started from the above-mentioned individual, and the unlucky person on whom the number 47 falls pays for drinks round. I have had some.



Regarding the signing of "chits," this means that, wherever you go or whatever you buy, you never put your hand in your pocket for cash, for the simple reason that you never carry any. For instance, you can buy anything anywhere by signing a chit—at the club chits are signed for cards, drinks, and, in fact, anything saleable; even if you go to church you can put a signed chit in the offertory bag, bearing your name, address and the amount you wish to give. The next day the church bearer calls at your house for payment, and your personal bearer pays him.

In short, you can sign for everything save your death warrant.

Thus the state of one's exchequer is never known from one month's end to another, and I have seen dozens of officers ruined as a result.

As far as the fortunes of officers are concerned though, there is a much bigger curse than even the signing of "chits"—it, or rather he is the "Shroff," or native moneylender.

This individual has got the Jew of the same profession licked into the proverbial "cocked hat."

Always at your beck and call, he is waiting at the door of your house, at the railway station if he hears you are going away, two yards from you at the races; dogging your footsteps everywhere, waiting to pour money into your pockets, with little or no security—but appalling interest.

As long as this is paid you can drift along regardless, the original loan is forgotten, *until* you think

of leaving Indian soil. *Then* the brake is put on with a jerk, and the screws begin to grind—very few succeed in getting the better of him.

I remember only one officer who had pluck enough even to try. He owed a certain "Shroff" quite a lot of money, and refused point blank even to pay the interest on it. The banker, getting a bit tired of waiting, wrote and asked him: "What about it?" Whereupon the boy replied: "Everything comes to those that wait." *He* didn't have to wait long, at any rate, for his reply came next morning on the back of a postcard: "Right; you wait until next week, and you'll get a summons." He did too—but worse than that, he had to pay.

For the native also he is a curse and a cur. Frequently the major portion of a village will be under his thumb, and I have known cases where the unhappy inhabitants have been compelled to mortgage their crops even before the first green blades showed above the ground, to pay interest on money borrowed.

During the war, when I was with native troops who were convalescing at Milford-on-Sea, Hants, I asked a Havildar what he intended doing when he returned East after seeing how the "white" man lived.

Thinking for a second or two, he answered:

"I shall no longer live in a hovel, Sahib, I shall want comfortable quarters and green lawns in front of my house"; but he continued grimly, "should I live through the war to go back to my village,

I shall not worry about these things until the 'Shroff' is thrown out from our midst, for then, not only shall I be able to enjoy these luxuries, but all the people of my village also."

During the monsoon, while dining at one of the messes I had to sit through a most painful incident.

A young subaltern (also a guest), who had just returned from Simla, where he had been spending his leave, was sitting beside me. The Queen's health had just been honoured when an officer opposite asked the Sub. what sort of a time he had had in the hills. His reply in any case was very much taboo, as the mention of any scandal in connection with the opposite sex is strictly barred in any mess. Judge of our horror then when the lad said: "Oh, topping; got to know Mrs. — very well indeed, and, between ourselves, I rather think she's gone on me," and the gentleman on the other side of me stood up and said ominously: "You're talking of my wife, sir."

There was a horrible silence; it seemed years before the C.O. of the mess cleared the servants and, addressing the officer, asked him to explain matters. He said there was nothing in it, he had done it for sheer bravado—making a little tin god of himself sort of thing. The lady was well known to be one of the prettiest in the hill station, and a straighter woman never breathed.

Finding himself an outcast, he had the grace to resign his commission, but this unfortunately did

not mend matters—the civilian never spoke to his wife again.

Since we are talking about Simla . . .

A good deal has been written and said about “Simla Society, etc.,” about its beating up a small, frothy world of its own; a world of dancing, gaiety, gambling—with a suggestion of something very much worse.

I ask point blank: “Were these writers really and truly in a position to form an accurate opinion of the ‘*World*’ to which they alluded?”

Social life amongst officials all over India is very, very exclusive—their home and club life is unique.

The European population in the hill stations is comparatively speaking small, and the slightest breath of scandal is broadcasted from east to west, from north to south, and rarely loses anything by repetition—whereas in dear old England nobody knows or cares about the “goings on” or business of his next-door neighbour.

So much for the “morals” of the East and what the public have been led to believe.

There is one other little point. If the country is really as bad as it is painted, surely it is remarkable that one so rarely reads of divorces occurring there.

But I am digressing.

Fishing and shooting stories are notoriously “tall.” The following (which is distinctive because

it happens to be true) will doubtless amuse some of my readers.

A brother officer, a cousin of the then Viceroy of India, invited His Excellency to a quail shoot in his district. The invitation was accepted, and to ensure the success of the shoot thousands of quail were imported from adjoining districts. Unfortunately for my friend, however, the Viceroy was compelled to postpone his visit, and the shoot was fixed for a fortnight later.

Then came the problem: How to keep the imported quail from migrating?

After a great deal of argument it was decided to re-net the birds and cut their wings. This was accordingly done.

The Viceroy arrived in due course, the shoot started, and a frightful discovery was made—quail were there in plenty, but the clipping had been done so thoroughly that not a single bird could rise from the ground.

By this time I had left Laurie's Hotel and was living in a thatched bungalow.

One of my police orderlies was a high caste Brahmin, and on Christmas morning the fellow asked me for backsheesh. I swore at him (as well as I could in Hindustani) for his impertinence, and thought no more about it.

Some ten days later, upon returning to lunch, I found my house in flames, with the orderly standing in the verandah gazing with satisfaction upon the

conflagration, and it was "some" conflagration too. I asked him if he intended to help me to get my things out ; he was quite candid and very emphatic in his refusal. Eventually some military officers helped, and we saved what we could. It wasn't much. I lost everything I had of any value : family portraits, silver, jewellery, etc., and all my father's medals, as well as his C.B.

Of course I could not touch the orderly, having no definite proof against him.

About three months later, however, while visiting the Central Jail one night on my rounds, I found my " arson " friend on sentry duty, snoring happily, with his rifle propped up against the wall. Taking this, I turned out the guard and placed him under arrest.

He was sentenced to a good term of imprisonment, which did not, I am afraid, increase his love for me. As he was leaving the Court he shouted wrathfully : " Wait till I get out, Sahib ; I'll do for you." He didn't, but that wasn't his fault.

The stubbornness and tenacity of purpose of these natives is positively amazing. Pain means nothing to them, and they will go to any length to obtain their ends.

During my police career I came across many, many examples of this " cussedness," but one of the most remarkable ever encountered was during a visit to the Agra Jail.

Most people have heard of the Agra Jail or, to

be more explicit, the carpets made in the Agra Jail. They are famous the world over.

Two things are essential in their making : a blunt knife and the use of one's right thumb.

The Jail Superintendent and I, in going over the prison, came across two youths who had been sentenced the previous day to a lengthy term of imprisonment. These worthies had been put on carpet making, but had apparently decided it was altogether too much like hard work, for immediately they saw us approaching they shouted out that they had a complaint to make. Asked what it was they said doggedly :

“ We are not going to learn carpet making.”

“ Oh, really ? ” replied the Superintendent smilingly. “ I'll give you an hour to think it over ; if at the end of that hour you have forgotten to remember that you *like* carpet making, you'll be punished.”

So saying, we left them in a room by themselves to get on with their work, secure in the knowledge that we held the whip hand. An hour later I, at least, received a nasty shock. Punctually at the time stated we returned—to find two native thumbs on the floor awaiting us.

Natives are passionately fond of whisky, and they will get it even out of a locked tantalus.

The locked tantalus game always appealed to me enormously, I don't know why, and I determined to learn the why and the wherefore of it before I

left India at all costs. Accordingly, I collared my bearer the day before I sailed ; presented him with a locked tantalus, promised him all the whisky he could get out of it, and told him that, as I was leaving the country, he need have no fear of the method of play getting broadcasted. He stared at me solemnly for one moment, at the whisky longingly for another, and then, taking the tantalus, he tipped it quickly on one side and commenced deftly turning the stopper. Amazingly simple—and very effective ; there wasn't much whisky left by the time he'd finished.

If you keep the precious fluid in an ordinary bottle, it is of course simply asking for trouble. There is no preventive in such a case, although I know a pretty certain cure.

The Civil Surgeon is usually a good chap with a sympathetic vein in his character, and a visit to him will usually procure some medicinal concoction closely resembling whisky. It is an easy matter to obtain a bottle from which the glory has departed (alas ! how easy), and when next day your bearer is too ill to appear you smile a smile of great self-satisfaction.

We were out camping once, I remember, near Gorakhpur, when we suddenly discovered that we were out of whisky. There were six men in the party, it was terrifically hot, and never a peg could we beg, borrow or buy from anywhere. I was telling my vernacular reader, a Hindoo, of the horrible dilemma, and after thinking it over quietly



for a few minutes he said : “ If I tell you a secret, Sahib, will you promise not to tell anybody ? ” I promised faithfully, and he continued : “ I drink whisky ; how much would you like, six bottles or a case ? ”

“ What ! ” I said, “ you, a Hindoo, and drink whisky.”

“ Why not, Sahib ? ” he replied. “ It’s a good drink,” and after I had tried his—it was Cutler & Palmer’s best—I was compelled to agree with him that it was.

If you are lucky enough to keep good cigars, they too vanish, unless stern measures are taken. I had some particularly fine Havanas once that my bearer took a violent fancy to. I could have summoned up an admiration for his good taste had the cigars belonged to someone else, but as they happened to be mine, I regarded the matter from quite another viewpoint and felt very annoyed at the fellow’s impertinence, so annoyed, in fact, that I resolved to alter my usual kind and thoughtful treatment of the fellow to something a little more drastic.

Cutting off the end of a cigar about half way down the box (natives always take the underneath ones so that their disappearance won’t be noticed) I put a little, a very little gunpowder inside before glueing it on again. It had the desired effect ; a few days later my bearer turned up minus hair and eyebrows. I asked him what on earth had happened and he told me unblushingly that he had been foolish



SIMLA.  
Arrival of the English Mail.

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enough on the previous evening to go down into the village in order to see a firework display.

Thieving is another inherent vice amongst natives, they will pinch everything and anything they can lay their hands on. It is especially prevalent in the hot weather, because, as all doors and windows have to be open, it is a matter of simplicity to gain an entrance.

The marauders wear nothing but a loincloth, and oil their bodies all over until they are as slippery as eels. They know all about Sahib's little practice of sleeping with his valuables under his pillows, and smile doubtless at the futility of the precaution. If your head happens to be on the wrong side for them, they will gently tickle your ear, until, restless, you turn and throw yourself into another position in a fruitless endeavour to find comfort where it is an impossibility. If by any chance you should happen to wake up and collar your tormentor, he quickly eludes your grasp, for it is impossible to hold the slippery eel-like creature, and he is away and through your door like lightning. Very few care to follow him down into the garden, for snakes are far too numerous and too dangerous during this season to take chances on.

My sister had a rotten experience of this kind while we were in Agra. She woke up one night to find a native busily cutting off her hair—she had beautiful long hair too. We never found out who did it, but I always maintained that it was their

bearer ; he was an insolent fellow, and her husband had fined him the previous day for back-chat.

In my humble opinion only one native has any excuse for being a villain—he is the punkah coolie.

For the benefit of those who are ignorant upon the subject, a punkah is a huge mat which is suspended from the ceiling ; attached to it is a long cord. The punkah coolie sits outside on the veranda, and his sole duty in life consists of pulling this cord, whereupon the punkah moves gently backwards and forwards, creating an illusion of coolness for the baked and sweltered ones within. Punkah coolies work in four hour shifts, but are lazy beggars and fall off to sleep with a rapidity which is positively astounding to the European. In order to keep up their sense of responsibility a large tub full of water is sometimes suspended over their heads, to which a cord is attached. This cord is fastened to the bed of one of the baked and sweltered ones, and immediately the punkah stops, he pulls it, and you all listen for the splash. The blighter succeeds in getting “one up” on you even after these precautions, however, for ten to one you find he has moved his position and a tub of perfectly good water has been wasted. If this is the case, a fine of one rupee is inflicted, though it doesn't do much good, I'm afraid. A native has simply no idea of honour, he pays his fine cheerfully and does precisely the same thing the very next day—and after all one can scarcely blame him.

## CHAPTER IV

### The day's routine.

CERTAIN eminent philosophers have informed us that he who lies in bed until the sun has got fairly and squarely over the excitement of rising is a lazy beggar and misses the most beautiful part of the day.

During the years I have spent in England I have come to agree with the beautiful thoughts expressed by these fine fellows, and can only regret that their eloquence is so little heeded by their above-mentioned lazy fellow men.

Remarkable it is how necessity alters our view of everything. When I lived the life of a policeman in India I had to get up at six each morning, whether I liked it or not. I must admit that, far from revelling in the glory of sunrise, I never even noticed it, and envied the man at home, or anywhere else, who could lie abed all day if he liked, from the bottom of my heart. Now that I, too, can lie abed all day if I like, I would scorn to let the sunrise pass unnoticed, and get up each morning to praise and revel in the freshness of early morn and the dew, etc.,

etc., with a fervour which would put Wordsworth himself to shame.

But I am digressing. I started this chapter with the idea of telling people all about the duties of the poor, overworked policeman, with a view of enlisting sympathy in the first place, and admiration for the Red Tape of the service in the second.

Every policeman in India gets up at six o'clock, not, as I have previously explained, because he wants to, but because he jolly well has to. Parade is at 6.30 in the Police Lines. The Police Lines are the headquarters for the Reserve Police, both Armed and Civil.

They are always in charge of a European Reserve Inspector, whose duty consists of looking after and supervising the armed, mounted and civil police in his lines day by day ; he keeps up a daily roster, showing the number of officers and men on duty, on leave and in hospital, guards at police stations, and all employed on various miscellaneous duties. He is responsible for the training of all recruits, as well as the other police, and must keep the drill up to a very high standard. He also maintains registers for ammunition, equipment, musketry, and hospital, etc., as well as his daily diary, showing hour by hour and day by day everything which transpires in the Lines. This is forwarded each evening to the Superintendent.

In short, the Reserve Inspector means as much to

the Superintendent of Police as an adjutant means to his colonel.

An average district consists of twenty to twenty-five police stations with their respective outposts. As a rule each station has a sub-inspector (a native), who is the investigating officer, two head constables and twelve constables. This, of course, varies slightly according to the size and importance of the station.

Each district is broken up into so many portions, and a circle or visiting inspector (a native) is appointed in charge of each portion, which consists of eight or ten stations.

Parade finished, a visit is made to the city police station or "Kotwali."

The inspector in charge here is called the Kotwal, and under him are two sub-inspectors, three head constables and thirty constables; here again the numbers vary according to contingencies.

The Kotwal is responsible for all crime taking place within his jurisdiction and the working out of the same as far as possible. It is his duty (and, of course, that of his subordinates) to know all the bad characters residing in his charge, and to follow their activities should they transfer them elsewhere. He has a number of registers to keep up (or to superintend the keeping up of), the most important of which are the daily diary and the special diary. The daily diary is a book of about 200 pages, counterfoil of which is sent daily by post or hand to the Superintendent. It contains a record of everything which



happens at the station during the twenty-four hours, written in the vernacular by the head constable writers and the Kotwal.

The special diary is a similar book which contains a record of every case investigated and particulars of same. With the sub-inspector lies the option of sending a case up for trial. If, in his opinion, there is sufficient evidence to warrant a conviction, he submits charge sheet A to the Superintendent ; if, on the other hand, he thinks the evidence is insufficient, he submits charge sheet B to the Superintendent, for his opinion on the matter.

After a casual examination at the Kotwali, breakfast is the next item on the programme, after which an hour is devoted to interviewing and giving advice to subordinates on their cases, etc.

The day's work at the office starts at ten, and the official post claims first attention. Orders are passed on it and it is then made over to the head clerk for his disposal. He usually has a pile of papers for you to sign, which keep you busy for the next half-hour, and accounts take up at least another hour. To each district there is one court inspector, who must know law in all its points as well as any barrister or pleader. His duty consists of prosecuting all important cases coming before the Court, and he is also responsible for the safe custody of all stolen property which has been recovered by the police. At least an hour is taken up each morning going over knotty points with him.

My vernacular reader then reads out all the special diaries received from the police stations of my district, and orders have to be passed on each. Every cognizable crime reported in these diaries then has to be entered in the crime register. This register shows the station and village at which the crime occurred, the name of the complainant, and the name of the accused, if any, the property stolen and recovered, etc., while a "remarks column" is left in which the Superintendent has to write up a précis of the progress of important cases from beginning to end. Thus, every crime throughout the whole of the district is kept well before the Superintendent's eyes—and woe betide the man who takes too long in investigating and submitting final reports.

There is no time to go home for lunch ; this meal has to be eaten in the office when you can find time for it.

After the crime register is finished with, the Reserve Inspector claims attention for an hour, during which I hear all that is going on in the Police Lines.

Visiting inspectors are next interviewed, and this forms one of the most important duties of the day. All happenings in their particular circles are discussed ; I pass orders on some, a little advice is all that is needed for others.

The vernacular reader then puts forward any matter of moment contained in the station daily diaries for final orders. When there happens to be

an important case on, you look in at the Court if you can spare the time, otherwise your time is fully taken up signing vernacular and other papers.

Every police station in your district has to be inspected at least once a year, and you take the opportunity of doing some in the hot weather, particularly when the stations happen to possess staging bungalows and good shooting and fishing. In the event of a special report being received, Government expects a superintendent (unless his presence is absolutely unnecessary) to go out and supervise the investigation, and in the hot weather this is by no means a pleasant duty. Besides all this, at the end of each year, a terrific report, covering everything that happens throughout the district during the previous twelve months, has to be made out. Lord! it's some job too—even now I cannot write of it without a shudder.

When I first went out to India a native policeman was regarded as something of a cross between an Ananias and a Solomon—with the odds on the Ananias.

In most cases his evidence was not believed unless he could find three or four witnesses to corroborate it, though, of course, a very different state of affairs prevails nowadays.

An accused in India has about as fair a trial as anybody in this world.

Take a murder case as an example. A member of an influential native family in the Allahabad

district shoots his wife with a revolver, cremates her body with the help of his father and brother, and reports that she dies of cholera. The offence is brought home to him and he is arrested by the police and placed in the cells. It is a duty of the station officer making the arrest to place the accused before the Magistrate within twenty-four hours of the same, unless he can show any strong reason for not doing so, such as illness of the accused, a river being impassable (this frequently happens in the rainy season), the distance being too great, etc.

Having placed the accused before the Magistrate, a remand is obtained and the sub-inspector sets about his investigation. If the evidence is sufficient after completing the inquiry, he sends the case up for trial. It might come before a native magistrate, but it more frequently comes before a European. As soon as the evidence for the first day has been recorded, the prisoner is taken out of the hands of the local police and placed in the jail for "under trial" prisoners.

After all the evidence for the prosecution has been recorded and the defence heard the accused is committed to the Sessions. Here again his case is thoroughly gone through and he is committed to the High Court of the Province. Here, after a lengthy and exhaustive trial, sentence is passed, but after this he may go further, to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province or to the Viceroy himself.

There can be no question about the justice of the British Raj, and that is the only reason the native respects his rule ; he knows that, whatever happens, the British Sahib will always "treat him square."

## CHAPTER V

I pass my Police exams. and am transferred to Ghazipur—The District Magistrate and his methods of punishment—Serious cow-killing riots—Queer escape from police station—The “boss” is scored off—I come home on leave, running twelve miles to catch the train—I knock out the ship’s doctor playing cricket—Feeding arrangements on Continental railways.

IN June, 1892, I am thankful to say I successfully passed my Police exams., and on October the 4th of the same year was posted as Superintendent of Police to Ghazipur (the title “District Superintendent” having been abolished).

The District Magistrate here, “a Heaven born” (more commonly known as an Indian Civil Servant), though an exceptionally clever man, was somewhat erratic.

When I first called on him (he being my superior) he greeted me with: “I wish you to understand that I look on the Superintendent of Police the same as I look on your subordinate, the European Reserve Inspector.” Somewhat taken aback, I replied:

“That being so, will you please wire to the Inspector-General of Police demanding my immediate transfer, as I have not been sent here in that capacity.”

Of course he did not wire, and ever afterwards treated me courteously.

As far as superintendents were concerned, I must admit he had some excuse for hatred. He had been twice divorced, and on each occasion brother officers had been involved, though, of course, I did not learn this till later.

There was never very much love lost between us, however, and many stories could be told of him that would not bear publication. His native servants hated but respected him. If they did anything wrong a fine was never inflicted. He had one or two far more ingenious methods of punishment. One was to order the offender to catch a wasp; two or three stings were inevitable before a capture could be made, and the sight of the unhappy native running madly round and round the compound afforded him endless amusement; ultimately a wasp would be caught, and then, with suave politeness, the Magistrate would ask where his servant would prefer to be stung, and personally supervise the operation.

In the same garden was a pond over which a pole was suspended.

Another little trick of his in the cold weather was to order the unfortunate offender to stand on the pole for a quarter of an hour. He would religiously take out his watch to time him, but thirty seconds usually sufficed—and the pond was a deep one. Occasionally, though very occasionally I am afraid,

there was method in his madness, and he was a firm believer in "prevention being better than cure."

The Eastern districts of my Province were in a very turbulent state about this time, and trouble was expected at headquarters in connection with a forthcoming festival.

When the great day arrived my eccentric Magistrate sent for the leading native gentlemen of the city to meet at his house at 10 a.m. After talking to them for about an hour he said :

" Well, gentlemen, I will now leave you for a time to talk over the matter we have been discussing," and leaving the room, he locked the door behind him. The festival was over at 2 p.m., and shortly after this time the Magistrate returned to let his guests out, apologizing profusely for having forgotten them. Their feelings can be imagined—but there was no riot—on that occasion at least. But this was merely the murmuring of the great storm that was to come.

Serious riots occurred in the districts of Ballia, Azamgarh and Ghazipur, the antagonistic feeling between the two castes being aroused over that old bone of contention—the cow-killing question. The Hindoo, on the one hand, regards the cow as sacred, the Mohammedan, on the other, regards it from a more sensible point of view—he eats it, and the two castes are never tired of voicing their opinions on the matter.



As regards my own district, the most serious event occurred at Pahtiya, some twelve miles from headquarters. The Hindoos, knowing cows were to be slaughtered there, had decided to turn up in full force to protest—vehemently if needs be.

Information regarding this was brought me by my police, and after informing the Magistrate (who could suggest no strategy on this occasion), I hurried down to the Police Lines to collect some sort of a force. All my best men were already posted over the district where trouble was expected, so there only remained the hospital. Entering this building, I explained the case as briefly as possible, winding up with :

“ Well, boys, who’s coming out ? ”

Every single man who could put his foot to the ground crawled out of his bed and came, though how some of them managed to stand upright, much less run those twelve miles, will always remain a mystery to me.

Reaching Pahtiya we found assembled a crowd some seventy thousand strong of both castes, reinforcements from adjoining villages arriving every few minutes.

I sent for the leaders, Hindoos of course, and tried talking to them, but it didn’t take long to see that this was merely waste of time. Their passions were thoroughly aroused by this time and they were seeing red, lots of red, for they appeared to

be bent on wholesale murder on the slightest provocation.

Accordingly I changed my tone and gave them warning that unless they immediately dispersed I should fire.

Ordering my men to load, we awaited developments. Neither crowd budged an inch, so we commenced operations with a round of blank ammunition ; this having no effect either, buck-shot was used, which forced them back somewhat. Anticipating that the Hindoos' game was to surround my force, I ordered two more volleys to be fired, whereupon they retired to a village about a mile away.

During this respite I sent a Police Sowar to headquarters, asking for the Ghazipur Light Horse to be sent to my assistance as quickly as possible.

Meanwhile the rioters got wind of this, and, as they have a distinct aversion to steel at any time, decided to postpone their argument ; at any rate as far as Pahtiya was concerned.

I was having afternoon tea some six hours after all the trouble had subsided when I saw a cloud of dust appearing on the horizon, which proved to be the Ghazipur Light Horse—or the remnants of it. A more motley crowd it would be impossible to imagine ; dirty, dusty, hot and dishevelled, some were in uniform, some were in mufti, some had swords, some had revolvers, a few had nothing at all in the way of arms. There was not a single

rifle amongst them, all their official weapons having been sent to Benares a few days previously to be "browned."

Still, they stood for the British Army—in more ways than one too, for they ate everything and drank everything I had with me in record time.

After the riots had died down I had a very curious thing happen at one of my police stations.

An entry made at 7 p.m. in the station daily diary showed the arrest of a notorious absconder, who had been placed in the cells to be sent next morning before the Magistrate. According to post-marks, this diary had been posted to me at 8 p.m.

Now most police cells in India have two doors in them and one small window, both doors and windows being composed of heavy iron bars for purposes of ventilation. The accused was placed in a cell of this type.

At 8 a.m. next morning I was busily reading this statement when who should arrive but the sub-inspector. He looked decidedly worried, and bore the station daily diary up-to-date to the time of his departure under his arm. According to this the accused was safely in his cell until midnight, when the sub-inspector in going his rounds noticed that the offender was no longer there. The sentry was asleep and the bars of the little window of the cell were bent, the prisoner having apparently succeeded in squeezing through them, so managing to escape.

The window in question was about fifteen inches by twelve inches, and the iron bars an inch and a half thick and three inches to four inches apart. So I smiled pretty grimly at the sub-inspector (who was a very shrewd and capable officer under ordinary circumstances) as I pointed out that much valuable time would be saved if he would for a short time control his imagination and confine himself strictly to facts.

He nodded and began his narrative. Owing to the heat of the previous evening, instead of examining the accused in the cell as he should have done, he had had him brought out to the station yard where he was sitting at the time ; when he was suddenly called away for a few minutes, foolishly leaving the prisoner unguarded. Of course, on his return the villain was gone, and the diary showing him safely ensconced in the cells merrily on its way to headquarters. The sub-inspector assured me that he knew the whereabouts of his man and could produce him within twenty-four hours.

In consideration of his past services I let him off with a slight punishment and gave him the necessary grace. He acted up to his word, so before allowing him to return to his station I instructed him to remove the iron bars from the window and fill in the spaces with cement and bricks, just in case any further trouble arose.

Four days later in the club our friend the magistrate said he was most dissatisfied with the

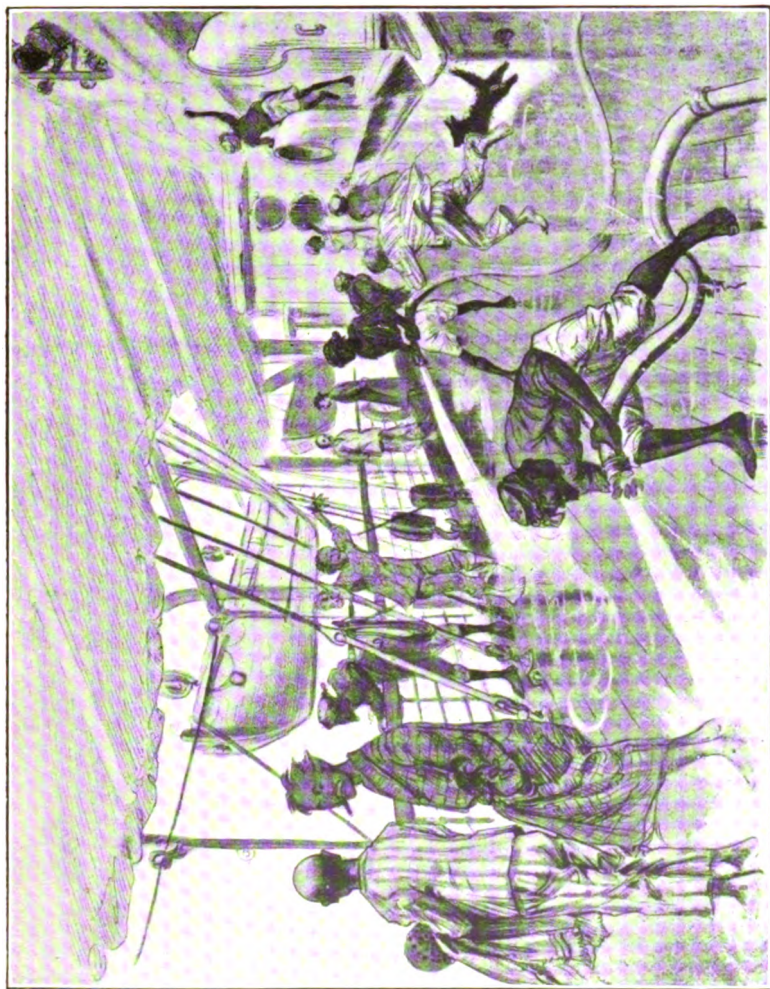
sub-inspector's story and pompously announced his intention of going out and personally investigating the matter.

He went, and half-way through his journey a violent storm broke, the rain poured in torrents and thunder and lightning were incessant. He arrived at the station soaked to the skin, bedraggled, miserable looking, and minus all magisterial dignity, only to discover that there was nothing left for him to investigate. The incriminating bars had disappeared and the accused was safely under lock and key.

In closing the incident I might say that the story somehow or other managed to leak out in the club—and the magistrate was not a popular man.

Soon afterwards my health broke down, doubtless owing to the severe strain I had undergone during the riots, and I was ordered home on medical certificate for three months.

In those days there was no railway at Ghazipur ; one had to cross the Ganges in a small steamer to Tari Ghat, and take the branch line to Dildarnagar, a junction on the main line to Bombay. On the morning of my departure the whole European population of the station turned out to accompany me as far as Tari Ghat. We arrived at the station to discover that, as bad luck would have it on this of all days, the solitary train had broken down at Dildarnagar, some twelve miles away at the other



*By courtesy of T. & O.,*

Pyjama parade, 7 a.m.

*[Drawn by Harry Furniss.]*

*[To face p. 52.]*



end of the line. If I missed the connection that morning it meant losing the P. and O. mail at Bombay, and incidentally a week of my precious leave. There was only one thing for it—a run. Collecting some of my orderlies and loading them up with my uniform cases and portmanteaux, I hastily said “good-bye” to my friends and we made a dash for it.

I caught the train with a minute and a half to spare, and wired to this effect to my friends, who were awaiting the result (on which there were many bets) at Tari Ghat.

Reaching Bombay, I lost no time in getting on board, but my troubles were not yet over. The purser, armed with a huge sheaf of telegrams, asked if I was Mr. Troup? Memories of that hectic run to Dildarnagar, of the wording of my medical certificate, assailed me, and I hastily replied: “Not until this steamer drops her pilot.” Fortified by a good dinner, I deigned to examine the telegrams, to find to my relief that they were from my friends, congratulations and good luck wishes—not wires cancelling my leave, as I had at first supposed.

During the voyage, an incident that might have resulted in a very serious accident occurred.

For once in a way the ship’s doctor was not a nice fellow. Cricket on board ship is not played with an ordinary cricket ball, but one made of string, which is very hard; the bat is also cut down in width, and the runs are marked across the deck in chalk; from





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the batsman to, say, five yards counts one run, another five yards two runs, and so on.

We were playing cricket on the main deck; I was batting and the doctor fielding about four yards in front of me, when quite politely I said :

“ Doctor, don’t keep so close in; it’s a bit dangerous.”

Sneeringly, he replied :

“ When I want to know anything about cricket I’m not going to ask you,” and the game proceeded.

About five minutes later the bowler pitched up a half volley; I jumped out at it, the ball struck the doctor, cutting his forehead deeply. I never remember hitting a ball harder—and if the doctor hadn’t stopped it it would still be rolling.

At Port Said another wire awaited me, from the Bristol Rugby Club, asking me to hurry home overland via Brindisi to play in a very important match.

In those days catering arrangements on Continental railways did not include such luxuries as restaurant cars unless one travelled by the up-to-date and expensive P. and O. special. Meals were served on the platform, or any old place, upon the train’s arrival at specified towns. Payment was demanded before you were permitted to commence, but before you could comfortably pay, much less start feeding, the guard blew a trumpet in your ear, you just had time to scramble in, and the train was off. Once caught was enough for

us, however, for by breakfast time next morning we were frantically hungry. We paid our due, hastily bagged everything portable on the table and bolted back into our carriage, consuming our breakfast slowly and peacefully, to the envy and admiration of all the other passengers.

## CHAPTER VI

On arrival in England I find I have promised to play rugger against my old club—Interview with W. G.—Hints from “ Powers That Be,” well enough to play county cricket, well enough to return to duty—W. G. takes the law into his own hands on the subject—Board ship stories—The “ pompous ” passenger and how he was rubbed in the dust—A young “ Heaven born ” going East for the first time goes fishing and has an encouraging catch—I am nearly poisoned.

HAVING wired home that I would play for Bristol, I found to my horror on arrival that the game was against Clifton, my old club—Bristol won easily, and I played better than I anticipated, not having touched a football since I left England.

After the game I had rather an uncomfortable five minutes with Dr. W. G. Grace, who had been watching the game. He threatened to drop me in the approaching county cricket season if I played any more rugger—and as it was W. G. I had to take it lying down. This had its humorous side in an incident which occurred later.

My three months' medical leave was nearly up—not so the cricket season. I had received a very definite hint from the “ Powers That Be ” to the effect that if I was fit to play county cricket I was fit to return to duty, and that an application for

an extension of leave might have a very unpleasant sequel. I took this information to W. G., who said :

“Fetch me pen, ink and paper, Troupo ; I’ll soon settle it.” Quickly he scrawled : “I have to-day examined Mr. W. Troup. He is in a very low state of health. I strongly recommend outdoor exercise and cricket for preference.”

I got my extension, but upon my return to India later was properly scored off. To the disgust of the doctor, I did not play any more cricket that season after all, but spent the remainder of my leave at Southsea.

It was here that I met my wife, then a Miss F. O. Bigg-Wither of the well-known Hampshire family. I became engaged to her, after having known her for precisely a week. Not daring to try my luck at further extensions, I reluctantly had to set sail for India on the 9th of September, 1894—still a bachelor.

The journey proved quite eventful, the first incident of interest occurring about two days before reaching Port Said. We had on board a first-class passenger who was a little too fond of the bottle, and never knew when he had had sufficient. About 11.30 one night we were all playing cards in the smoking room, the bar, of course, being closed, when this worthy called for a whisky and soda. The steward very politely pointed out the time and declined to get it. The passenger furiously

asked him if he was aware that he was addressing a cousin of the leading director of the line on which we were travelling. The steward replied imperturbably : " It didn't matter who he was, orders was orders and the bar closed at 11 p.m."

Before anyone realized what was going to happen the passenger jumped up and struck the steward violently in the mouth, knocking out several of his teeth. The Captain was hastily summoned and a complaint made, but the passenger declined to explain his conduct, again introduced the relationship, and threatened to treat the Skipper in a similar manner. Had the Captain wished, he could of course have put the gentleman in irons, but he knew a bit did that Skipper, and smilingly said :

" On my ship I can't lay a finger on you, but if you're looking for trouble, repeat those words to me on the golf links when we reach Port Said."

Now several of us on board knew the Captain was very useful with the gloves, so we dutifully egged on our first-class passenger (his enthusiasm having waned somewhat by this time), assuring him that he had the chance of a lifetime in his meeting with the Skipper—whereupon he bucked up and commenced to brag about what he had done and what he was going to do, etc., in the approved style. Port Said reached, our friend, full of importance, departed in hot pursuit of the Captain, the fire of battle in his eyes, the light of conquest in his

soul. We followed quietly and had the time of our lives.

Our bumptious friend returned to the boat a wreck of his former self, a sadder and a wiser man.

Having seen the Captain's honour duly vindicated, we set about placating the steward. The knocking out of a person's teeth is an offence of "grievous hurt" under the penal code, and the imprisonment attached thereto can be made very heavy.

As soon as the steamer got into Indian waters, I as a police officer informed our friend of the law on the subject, also that the steward contemplated taking action against him as soon as we anchored. It was enough, hastily handing over £25, he begged me to see the steward and put matters right. It didn't take much doing.

Regenerations were not finished with, however, and having downed this blighter, we turned our attentions to a young, "Heaven born," who was going East for the first time. A conceited little pup, we endured his attempts to put the whole ship in order as long as we possibly could on account of his youth and inexperience, but eventually decided that, for the sake of the world in general and the boy in particular, he must be taught a lesson.

The lad was frightfully keen on fishing, and we told him that if he fished (he had all the paraphernalia in his cabin) going through the Canal, he'd surely land something big. He fell for it. His morning was a blank, so we humbugged him into



believing that fish bite better after midday, strongly advising him to bait his hook well and leave his line out while we had lunch.

Meanwhile the deck steward had received his orders. Lunch was about halfway through when he came down and said : " Quick, sir, there is a big fish on your line ; it's tugging like mad ! " Everybody rushed up on deck, headed by the cub, and amidst frantic excitement he hauled up the line. Solemnly dangling on the end was a wee baby's——

In my experience I rarely came across the above specimen in the Indian Civil Service. As a body of fine Englishmen I take off my hat to them, for brains and honesty of purpose they have no equals in the world. The traditions of their service need no repetition. Whatever the work, and whatever the time, putting health in the background, they willingly tackle it whole heartedly till completed. I wonder how many good fellows have paid for such devotedness to duty—when the pensionable years come along. I can honestly say that this official, metaphorically speaking, works twenty-eight hours out of the twenty-four—if the imagination can be stretched to such a point.

As regards my own service, in the main it consisted of the public school type—good workers, and for a rough and tumble, requiring bravery and pluck, unbeatable ; in short, the right man in the right place in a tight corner.

Before leaving Aden I contracted a very severe cold. The ship's doctor was a jolly good chap, one of the best in everything except his work, still, needs must, so off I went to the ship's hospital to see him.

After examining me he promised to send some medicine to my cabin. I was to take one table-spoonful every two hours, and, as he was very busy, he said he would not mark the doses on the bottle. Now prior to this, another passenger had sprained his ankle rather badly, and he followed me in to see the doctor. Our cabin numbers were 181 and 118 respectively. Of course, the inevitable happened, our medicines got mixed. I actually got the horrible stuff poured out into the spoon preparatory to drinking when the doctor burst into my cabin, shouting :

“ Don't drink that, for God's sake, Troup ! ”

On returning it to its rightful owner, we found a steward, wet through to the skin with his exertions, diligently massaging the sprained ankle with my cough mixture.

## CHAPTER VII

The "Powers That Be" laugh last—Owing to W. G.'s certificate I am transferred to Basti—I am married—Our brainy Magistrate and his methods of dealing with difficult cases—"Welcome"—I become Jail Superintendent—Serious dakaiti (highway robbery)—Horrors of famine—I split my thumb leopard shooting—A whisky story.

ON my arrival in Bombay I found orders awaiting me to proceed to Basti, where I arrived on the 16th October, 1894—my birthday.

This district was by far the worst I have ever had the misfortune to live in ; a God-forsaken hole in which about two and a half Europeans constituted the "society." I wondered bitterly if old W. G.'s certificate and my extension had been worth it. I had been proud of my score against the "Powers That Be," but alas ! was forced to remember that little proverb about the "man who laughed last."

I did not lament long though, for on the 11th of December I was married in Bombay Cathedral. I remember very little of the service save that the Padre would persist in calling me "Trump," which tickled my sense of humour immensely, to say nothing of the wife's.

The wedding ring caused rather a lot of trouble.

I had taken particular care to get it made of native gold, the finest in the world, but, as luck would have it, the night before the ceremony my wife was bitten by a mosquito on the all-important finger, and, try as we would, the ring could not be persuaded to go on.

Rushing down to a native goldsmith, I swopped the ring for the largest I could find and the wedding proceeded.

Some time afterwards, my wife's finger seemed always black beneath the ring, so we took it to a jeweller's to see what was wrong. It contained only one-sixth of gold—the rest was brass. The portion of gold I had carefully extracted and put into her present ring.

We had another eccentric Magistrate here. He went almost grey worrying about his job, and his methods of dealing with cases that came to him for trial were decidedly original and caused endless amusement to our small community.

On one occasion he had a case of cattle theft before him—very common in India—and, unable to decide whether the cows (there were two of them) belonged to the complainant or to the accused, adopted a novel method of finding the ownership. Going out on the Maidan he placed the parties about a hundred yards apart, with the cows in the middle, arguing that when called they would naturally go to their rightful owner. Both natives commenced yelling at the top of their voices, while

the cows, bored and hungry, stalked majestically ahead and commenced grazing.

Another time he had a case of arson.

A native thatched bungalow in the city had been fired, according to the prosecution, by matches. Our brainy Magistrate laughed this to scorn, and said, as a west wind was blowing hard at the time, to fire a bungalow by matches was a matter of impossibility. To prove this he said he would go out himself and attempt to do what the accused was said to have done.

Ordering his pony and trap, he proceeded to the scene of the outrage, pulled out a box of matches (the west wind was still blowing a gale), and started operations on the house next door. To his own amazement and everybody else's horror it caught, and in less than half a minute the whole roof was one vast sheet of flames, and no fewer than eight houses were burnt to the ground. Doubtless the money this cost taught him a good lesson, for ever afterward he was content to confine his opinions to theory.

I was stationed at Basti when the Lieutenant-Governor came to inspect my district. After spending some time in my Police Lines (which were quite O.K.) he proceeded to the district jail. About a week before this visit, the Civil Surgeon, who was also the Jail Superintendent, asked his assistant jailer, a native, if he had ever been inspected by a Lieutenant-Governor before, as in the event of his

being called away, he would be obliged to leave everything to him.

The native answered that he had carried out all the necessary arrangements dozens of times before, and was quite capable of handling the situation.

Now there was no love lost between the Civil Surgeon and this man, who was delighted when, on the day of the Lieutenant-Governor's visit, the surgeon was called out to visit a European who was ill some distance from headquarters, and a long-hoped-for opportunity for revenge materialized.

As the Lieutenant-Governor's carriage and escort drew up outside the jail, a large banner suspended over the main gateway, bearing the word "Welcome" inscribed in large letters upon it, met his infuriated gaze.

Some time later I became Jail Superintendent in addition to my other duties, and during my first week in office had the painful duty of "stringing up" a woman who had murdered her husband. Jove! she was plucky too—she walked up to the scaffold with her head in the air, and spent the last three minutes of her life cursing me up hill and down dale.

In India the method of hanging is quite different and infinitely more horrible than that employed at home. In the first place it is not conducted in private, a crowd is allowed in to look on and to act more or less as a deterrent; then the scaffold itself is different, instead of the body disappearing into a

well, it falls in front of the public and is left hanging in view for an hour—a nice appetizer for one's breakfast.

I had been in Basti a year when I received a report of a serious dakaiti (highway robbery) with murder, which had occurred on the border. On my arrival there I found that my Sub-Inspector had the case well in hand. The ringleader had succeeded in escaping over the border, but the Sub-Inspector knew where he was hiding, he knew also that the fellow was about to be married, and thereby evolved a plan to lure him back again.

Getting hold of one of his spies, the officer gave him instructions to locate the offender, and tell him that his fiancée was awaiting him at a certain railway station some fifteen miles from the border, that she had urgent news for him and wished him to return with her to her home. The man, thinking this an excellent opportunity of evading further trouble, fell into the trap and departed to meet his beloved, rewarding the spy handsomely for his trouble. Upon his arrival at the station he found a police officer—not a bride—awaiting him.

Getting out to the scene of the outrage and back again was my record journey—a distance of 140 miles, which by riding and walking I accomplished within the twenty-four hours. When I got home I had not a particle of skin left on either of my two hands, but worse than that, my whisky and soda fell through the net at the bottom of my trap *en*

*route*, and I had to do the return journey without a drink.

During this year I first experienced the horrors of famine. The staple food of the native is rice, and in this particular season one real good down-pour of rain would have saved the crop—but that one downpour did not come, and starvation stared the population in the face. Everywhere in my part of the province, men, women and children were dying like flies. Starving children would follow us from camp to camp, and my wife would do her best to feed at least a few ; providing them with a light meal, she would promise them another as soon as they had eaten it, to take home. They would never trust her this far, however, always demanding the second meal before commencing on the first. Mothers would bring their babies to us, pitiful, shrivelled little things they were, entreating us to help them. Before the mail train came in the line had always to be patrolled by railway men, as frequently natives were discovered with their heads on the line, waiting for the train to go over them to end their misery.

It was whilst out on famine work that I managed to split my thumb open. My Shikaree reported that there was a leopard in a small jungle some few miles from camp, and a pal and I, thinking we had earned a little relaxation, immediately started off for a shoot. We succeeded in wounding him, and, ignoring all caution in the excitement of the moment,



commenced following him up on foot, I foolishly having my rifle on full cock. Jumping over a hedge the trigger caught in a twig, and the beastly thing went off, the kick splitting the flesh between the thumb and the first finger of my right hand. As we were some fifty miles from headquarters, European assistance was out of the question, so I took the shortest cut to the nearest native Government hospital, which was some five miles distant. The wound was bleeding profusely, and causing me a considerable amount of pain.

Quickly telling the native doctor in charge what had happened, I held out my injured hand for his inspection. To my astonishment he began diligently probing the wound. I furiously demanded "What the dickens he thought he was playing at?" "Looking for the bullet, Sahib," he replied naïvely.

In addition to my official duties I became Honorary Secretary of the club here. Whisky is a most important, I might almost say *the* most important, feature of club life. Members insist on the best, and don't mind what they pay for it; in fact, the average club member can only judge a whisky by its price. How far he is qualified to judge by any other means my story will show.

The whisky served in the club was "rubbish" pure and simple, and I resolved that my first duty as secretary would be to order up the best available.

Accordingly I made tracks for Bombay. During my sojourn in the East I ran most of the big



# SUEZ CANAL BY DAY.

How it might appear to European eyes, unaccustomed to the "wonders of the East."

[To face p. 68.]



residential clubs where I was stationed, and my judgment was generally accepted as pretty sound. I had quite a unique method of ascertaining the best on the market. Bombay and Calcutta were my hunting grounds ; visiting the former in this case, I went the round of the Yacht Club, the Bombay Club, the Byculla Club and the best hotels, making a point of noting the brand the majority were drinking, augmenting, of course, private with public opinion.

On this particular occasion popular opinion centred around a fine old Highland Malt Whisky, so I ordered up some three hundred cases of it (none being available in cask) from a well-known Bombay firm, buying, owing to the large order, at a very reasonable price. This was in the cold season, and the members of the club were delighted with my choice.

When the hot weather started, however, and livers got touched up a bit, everyone said it was the cheap whisky—though I knew it was quantity, not quality, that was wrong. Members were so rude about it and I so fed up that eventually I decided to teach them a lesson, and offered to return the stock in hand and buy them something “really good”—something more expensive.

At their dictation, I wrote out a letter to the Bombay firm, which I afterwards tore up, supplementing it with a wire : “Send by return one large empty whisky barrel—urgent.”

The barrel on its arrival was hidden in an empty room in the building, and on Sunday afternoon, when the club was empty, the remaining Highland Malt was solemnly poured out of the bottles into the cask, which was duly sealed by the club steward and myself.

Monday evening members were informed of the arrival of the new whisky, and invited to sample it. Being connoisseurs, soda water was out of the question; they decided to do the thing properly and have it neat.

By common consent it was pronounced excellent and well worth the extra money, while I was complimented on my taste and judgment. The barrel became empty some few months later, and when members had paid their club bills, I quietly broke the news, and ventured to return their compliments *re* sound judgment, etc.

The club cleared £25 over the deal.

## CHAPTER VIII

I finish my penance and go to Fyzabad—My first morning in office proves more than novel—Hindoo sacred city—Penance undergone there—The beggar of India—The arsenic case—The comedian and his farewell wishes—Two fishing stories—I contract enteric and come home on leave—Two incidents on board ship—The proper way to wear glass eyes.

HAVING duly finished my penance I was transferred to Fyzabad, a large civil and military station.

My first morning in office proved unexpectedly eventful. I was writing away peacefully when a native rushed in, and throwing a small parcel down on the desk in front of me, exclaimed: "Undo it, Sahib."

Wondering a little at the man's excitement, I did so, and a woman's nose fell out. It had apparently been chopped off some days previously, and the weather was rather hot.

This sort of thing is not infrequent in India, though I am thankful to say that this was the one and only time I ever experienced anything of the kind. Natives are hot-tempered devils, and if their wives become unfaithful to them they are apt to take the law in their own hands in the manner indicated. When they are discovered, the law gives them a

good long "rest" in which to soothe their troubled feelings.

Feeling pretty sick, I quickly saw my visitor into safe custody and made a bolt for the club and a double whisky, being frequently chaffed afterwards for my squeamishness.

A few miles from Fyzabad, on the banks of the sacred river Gogra, was the holy city of Ajudhiya. Important Hindoo festivals take place here, and the high priests, or Fakirs as they are called, are as numerous as the monkeys (also regarded as sacred) which abound there. The river is full of crocodiles, but this does not prevent the natives from bathing in it, and they will carry the water hundreds of miles to their homes.

Penances many and various are undergone all over India, but here they specialize in two kinds. If a native wishes to atone for a sin, he will either hold his arm above his head until it stiffens and the nails grow five or six inches long, or else he will lie in the open for a long period, practically naked and exposed to all weathers, on a bed studded thickly with sharp nails.

Begging in the East is a recognized trade, it is revered, and crowds of its followers are regarded as "holy." There are three distinct varieties: firstly, the pathetic beggars, who comprise the sick and maimed, some minus toes and fingers, physically incapable of grasping the money flung at them. They are met with in every town, hamlet

and village, and their piteous plea for "Backsheesh" rises everlastingly to heaven, but rarely reaches the soul of man.

Secondly there are the holy beggars. These for the most are peripatetic and wander over the countryside, naked save for a loin cloth, hair matted and dishevelled, their bodies smeared with ash and saffron. They wear strings of berries round their necks and carry a bowl in which "all contributions are thankfully received."

Thirdly are the "tamasha" beggars, who beg simply and solely because they find it a good business proposition. It is good fun and an easy life.

Like the holy beggars, they travel from place to place, relying for the most part on their fantastic get-up to win them sympathy; their headgear is frequently ornamented with a circlet of regimental badges, though how they obtain them is a secret known only to themselves and Tommy Atkins.

Talking of Tommy Atkins, I had to investigate a curious case concerning him whilst stationed here. Numbers of soldiers had been poisoned, according to the doctors, by arsenic. For a week or two no clues whatever were forthcoming, but everyone, of course, took it for granted that natives were responsible; all inquiries in this direction, however, proved fruitless. I left no stone unturned, but could get no nearer to the solution of the mystery. Food was examined and analysed without success until a thought struck me: No teetotaller had been



affected ; perhaps the beer had something to do with it, so I promptly interviewed the canteen sergeant once more.

Happening to notice a barrel with several staves broken, I asked what they did in such a case. The sergeant, after the manner of sergeants, said : " He didn't know." I asked him where the barrels came from originally ; he said " Calcutta," so to Calcutta I went.

An interview with the brewers revealed the fact that the empty barrels were purchased from a firm in Bombay. Here, a few inquiries speedily explained matters—the empty barrels sent to Calcutta had previously contained arsenic.

There was much unrest on the Frontier at this time, and several regiments from this station were ordered up. The night prior to their departure they spent in the theatre, where a variety show was billed. The leading comedian, who had ideas of his own about the fitness of things on these occasions, started singing a patriotic song. Verse followed verse in a dreary monotone ; men yawned and shuffled their feet, but still the voice rolled on and on, until, little by little, *ennui* gave way to indignation and they started booing. The comedian put up a brave fight, but his most strenuous efforts failed to make his voice heard above the awful din, and he reluctantly retired.

Just before the curtain fell, however, he reappeared minus his ridiculous make-up, hand held aloft to

command silence : "Gentlemen," he commenced, "the manager has kindly given me permission to say a few words. You all heard my good wishes for your welfare and success in the coming campaign, expressed in song a short time ago. Now, I have only one thing more to say. I retract the lot of it, and I hope you all get your —— throats cut ! "

Fyzabad is notorious for its wonderful fishing, both in rivers and in "tanks." "Tanks" are, in reality, large ponds, sometimes natural, but more frequently excavated by order of the leading man of the village, who stocks them with fish which he regards as sacred. If one is lucky, and very popular with the natives, permission can sometimes be obtained to fish them.

One particular owner in our district was very proud of his tank, and would not under any consideration allow anyone to fish it.

An irresponsible young subaltern, while visiting Fyzabad, heard of this at the club and bragged that no beastly native was going to scare him—he would fish the tank on the following day. He arrived at the spot to time and began preparing his tackle. The watchman in charge begged him to desist, but he merely laughed as he cast his line into the water. Immediately the native "shinned it" up a tree some fifty or sixty feet in height and, looking down from the top branches, yelled : "If you do not at once withdraw your line, Sahib, I will jump."

This was "one up" on the officer, and with visions of an inquest and many embarrassing inquiries he hastily withdrew.

The lure of fishing has got many a good man into trouble, it nearly did for another pal of mine.

This gentleman—a magistrate—and myself had arranged to leave headquarters at four o'clock one afternoon for a staging bungalow some eighteen miles distant and an evening's fishing. Four p.m. meant rushing work a little, but had we left it any later there would have been no time left for sport.

My friend had several cases to try that day, some petty, some serious. His vernacular reader had taken down the evidence in all of them, also the convictions and acquittals as read out by him. The clock hand by this time pointed to quarter to four, so without waiting to check his orders, by having them read back again, he signed them.

The fishing was excellent, and, more than satisfied with our catch, we were just settling down blissfully to a well-cooked and well-earned dinner, when who should appear but the vernacular reader. In breathless haste and excitement he explained that a most serious thing had happened: an acquitted accused had received twenty stripes, while the man who should have been whipped had gone scot-free. Bolting the rest of our meal, we rushed back to headquarters to straighten out the tangle. It cost

my friend many sleepless nights as well as a considerable sum of money.

According to the doctor, a fishing expedition was responsible for my contracting enteric. My bearer had washed the whisky glasses in the filthy river water, and upon hearing this, the medico promptly put forth the theory that enteric germs had settled inside the glass, so passing into the system.

As the officer accompanying me also "got it," it sounded quite feasible—but it didn't say much for our whisky.

Throughout the first week I played hockey and tennis in the usual way, believing the fever on me to be simply malaria. This didn't help my recovery very much; indeed, it was only due to the constant care and attention of the Civil Surgeon, Col. J. J. Pratt, that I survived. My friend got over the worst part of his attack splendidly, and knowing that he would have to take leave advertised his hounds—magnificent brutes they were too—for sale.

A prospective buyer wrote, asking for certain measurements, and while the nurse was out of the room having lunch, the young idiot sent for the hounds, leaning out of bed to do the needful.

This promptly brought on a relapse and the doctor gave him up. Taking the nurse aside, he told her that the patient would not last the night, and that when he died she was to wire him; his headquarters being some miles away. The nurse, however, refused to give up the struggle; quietly sending over to

the club for a bottle of the best brandy procurable, she poured it drop by drop down his throat throughout the night. By next afternoon the bottle was empty—but the patient lived.

As soon as I was fit to stand the long journey I was ordered home on leave, thankfully bidding India “Au revoir” for at least a year.

My wife and our small son occupied one cabin ; I shared a double-berthed one with another gentleman. This individual, unlike the majority of passengers, seldom indulged in an afternoon nap. I, of course, was more sensible.

On going down to my cabin one afternoon, I was amazed to find my stable companion lying in his bunk, snoring like a trooper with one eye open. Thinking he was pulling my leg, I gave him a mighty thump on the chest, whereupon he started up furiously, and I found to my embarrassment that he possessed a glass eye.

Concerning glass eyes, I think the case of an Indian officer I knew takes a bit of beating. He had a dozen glass eyes, some bright, some dull and listless looking ; some a trifle bloodshot, some cloudy looking ; in fact he had an eye for his every condition, and so scrupulously careful was he in the wearing of them, that after the most hectic night in the club you could watch him as closely as possible without discovering which was the glass one, so perfectly were they matched.

But to return to the voyage. Only one other

incident occurred that I can remember. On baggage-day a particular big-wig's wife—one of the type we all know, unfortunately for us only too well—made an awful fuss over her baggage. . . . She must have four extra boxes, heavy ones of course, up from the hold.

This was a tall order in the first place, but the baggage officer, being one of those courteous, obliging individuals who will do anything rather than be unchivalrous to a woman, spent half the day extricating them, or getting them extricated, from the bowels of the ship. Having had them placed outside the door of her cabin he went with justifiable pride to inform the lady (who was having lunch at the time) of his achievement.

Scarcely looking at the officer, she replied haughtily: "That's all right, you can put them back again, I only wanted to know if they were on board." He stared at her, utterly aghast for a moment, then spluttered furiously, "Damn you, Madam; I could have told you that from my register."

Choking with rage, "Madam" literally jumped out of her chair and bounced up to the captain to demand an apology. The captain, with amused, tolerant eyes, listened unperturbed to the tornado of fury, then observed dryly:

"I think, on the whole, I agree with my officer—and it serves you right."

## CHAPTER IX

I read my obituary notice—Try to get out of playing for the county—Am unlucky—Brown gives me away at a dinner party—Happy cricket season—Practical jokes—E. M. Grace thrashes a spectator on the cricket ground—My only disagreement with W. G. in twenty years—Team of that year (1898)—Finest he ever captained—Some comparisons.

ON reaching England we took a house at South-sea, and had just begun to settle down comfortably when one morning at breakfast I was amazed to read my obituary notice. Rushing out, I bought every paper I could think of, only to find the same notice repeated in each, with varying descriptions of my past life ; compliments on the same and regrets that such a promising, etc., etc., should have passed away so soon. Later in the day, however, a wire from the War Office explained matters only too lucidly. It was my brother Hugh Rose Troup who had died.

As the cricket season drew near I received a long letter from W. G., asking me to play for the county throughout the season. Still feeling rotten, I wrote declining, and handed the letter over to my wife to post. I was determined to have one summer at least in which I could rest free from all care and responsibility. Alas ! it was not to be. My wife

refusing to encourage my—she called it laziness—calmly destroyed the letter and wrote another on my behalf to the effect that I should be delighted to play.

The first game of the season was against Mr. Laverton's team at Westbury, Wilts. C. B. Fry, General Poore and several well-known Gloucestershire cricketers participated. I made ninety-six runs, after which all efforts to get out of future play were futile.

After the game Mr. Laverton gave a banquet. It was a lively affair and there was much chaffing and teasing between the rival teams. During the dinner, I remember, Mr. W. S. A. Brown let me down rather badly. The lady I took in to dinner seemed very keen on hearing about Indian life, and from her conversation it was apparent that she imagined that the European out there did nothing but imbibe whisky from morning till night.

I hastily took up the cudgels in defence of my confrères, and after assuring her that drinking in India was no better and no worse than at home, pointed out that the Anglo-Indian official, at least, has a better excuse for quenching his thirst, and cited my own case as an example.

"Miss ——," I commenced earnestly, "during the first five years I was in India, I touched no intoxicating liquor whatever. Year by year my vitality decreased, owing to the terrific demand made upon it by the climate, until I really thought I should



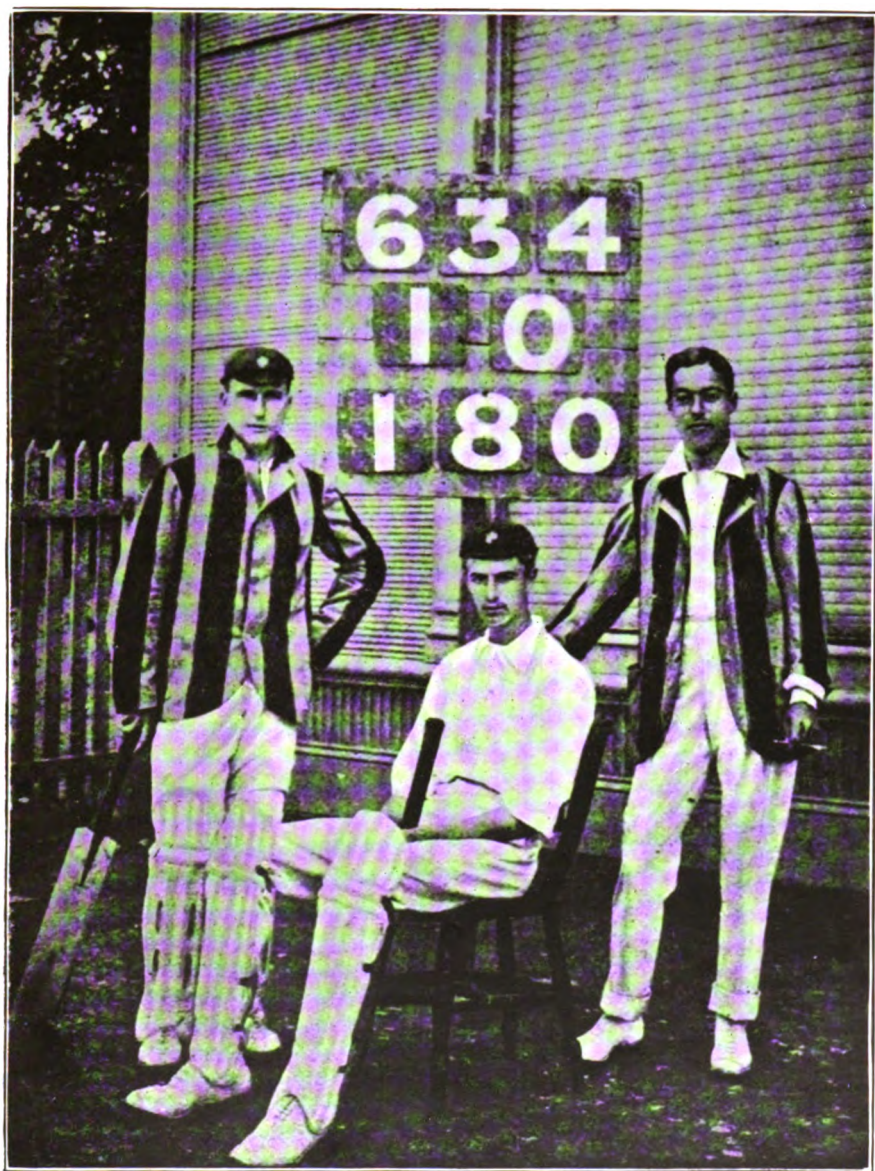
have to give up. In one of my letters to my cousin, Norman Troup (a big tea planter of Almorah), I mentioned this; his reply was brisk and to the point. 'Rot,' it ran, 'drink your peg of whisky and you'll soon be all right; I've heard all about this foolhardy aversion of yours, but if you try any of these stunts out here you will die.'” Just then Brown chipped in quietly: “That's all right, Miss So-and-so, but he's made up for it since.”

Towards the end of our southern tour I began to feel horribly out of form, and told W. G. that I intended chucking county cricket as I didn't seem to be able to get going and was keeping better men out of the side.

The champion had a most lovable nature, and I shall always remember his fatherly smile as, passing his arm round my shoulders, he said: “Nonsense, Troupo; wait till we get a plumb wicket, the runs will come all right.”

This occurred on a Saturday at Lord's. The following Monday we played Nottingham at Bristol; the pitch was in perfect condition and the photo on facing page shows that the doctor was right. During this season I completed four centuries, one being 176 against Somerset at Bristol, and ended up with second batting average for the county—thirty-nine.

A story illustrative of W. G.'s enormous popularity recurs to me in connection with this game. Before the commencement we were practising at the nets and W. G. was batting.



GLoucestershire v. NOTTS.

W. Troup.  
185.

C. L. Townsend.  
134.

C. O. H. Sewell.  
108.

[To face p. 82.



A spectator peering around in hopes of seeing the Great One perform at close quarters got a ball in his eye. The Old Man took him into the pavilion and put in one or two stitches (there wasn't much damage done), apologizing in his gruff way as he did so for the occurrence.

"Oh, don't apologize," said the man happily. "You've done me a good turn."

"Eh," said the doctor incredulously. "However do you make that out?"

"Just think of all the free drinks I'll get telling the story," came the answer.

It would have been difficult to find a more happy band of amateurs than we were that season. The day's play over, we adjourned to our hotel, where all cricket talk was religiously barred for the evening. This rule was rigidly enforced, and if by any chance some enthusiast did forget himself sufficiently to talk "shop" he was immediately pounced upon and made to pay for drinks round.

Practical jokes were many and various. I remember on one occasion we were staying at a big hotel in Liverpool. One or two of the brighter sparks decided one night to change all the footgear in the place, taking particular care to put the smallest and daintiest pair of lady's shoes outside W. G.'s door (he having feet in proportion to his giant stature). The hotel was of course crowded, and the fun began about dawn the following morning. Infuriated guests with trains to catch ramped up

and down the corridors, each accusing everyone else he met of having got his boots. No one enjoyed the joke more than "the old man."

W. G. was very sensitive about his weight, though he had Turkish baths regularly two or three times a week and always weighed himself most carefully on going in and coming out. If there was a reduction he was always in high spirits and a good temper; if he had gained an ounce or two, it worried him to death.

We all got to know of this and teased his life out. One day, about six of us accompanied him to the baths and, needless to say, to the weighing machine afterwards. To the old man's horror and everyone else's unbounded delight, he had gained four pounds; he swore the machine was out of order, so everyone got on it in turn to prove it wasn't, and W. G. nearly had a blue fit. All the way home, all the evening, all through dinner he could talk and think of nothing else but his surplus *avoir-dupois*, until at last he worked himself up to such a state about it that we were compelled to admit that one of us (it happened to be me) had had a foot on the machine while the Great One's weight was being recorded.

A little later another very humorous incident occurred in connection with W. G.'s brother, Dr. E. M. Grace, who at that time was coroner for one part of Gloucestershire.

We were playing on the county ground at Bristol

(on August Bank Holiday) and the crowd was a large one. Fielding in his usual place at point E.M. in some unaccountable manner managed to drop a perfect "sitter" of a catch. A tipsy onlooker shouted scornfully: "Hold an inquest on it, Coroner," and the crowd roared with laughter—so did we for that matter. Before anyone could realize what was happening, E. M. seized the stump from the wicket and was half-way across the ground in pursuit of the humorous one, who gave one brief glance at the brandished stump and took to his heels. Beer, or quantities of it, is not exactly the stuff to train on for sprinting, however. E. M. caught him just before he reached the turnstile, and, amid roars of delight from the crowd, gave him the hiding of his life—after which the game proceeded.

Towards the end of this season I had my one and only disagreement with W. G.

We were playing at Taunton against Somerset, and had beaten them easily. Both W. G. and myself had made centuries. The game was over before lunch on Friday and everything seemed merry and bright.

During lunch the doctor asked me where I intended spending the week-end? I said "I thought I should go home to Southsea." Out of pure devilment he replied: "You shan't go." "Well, Doctor," I argued, "I might just as well sit on a chair at home as do the same thing in an hotel in Bristol." "Very well," he said dogmatically,

“have it your own way, but you don't play on Monday against Surrey, neither will I play you next season.”

This sort of treatment was uncalled for, and feeling more than a little sore, I shrugged my shoulders and said: “About that you please yourself.” I was not the only one, however, which was some consolation; turning to Frank Champain, who was at that time living with his mother, Lady Champain, in the Isle of Wight, he said abruptly: “And what are you going to do? Frank, rather nettled at W. G.'s remark, replied: “Going home with Troupo,” which met with the same result. Snorting at us, he said: “You boys seem to imagine that just because you have made some runs, you can speak to me as you like.”

Before our departure, we tried to make peace by asking the “old 'un” to have a drink, but even this failed—the one and only time that I remember.

We caught the express to Portsmouth, and before leaving Frank I made him promise to catch the evening train back to Bristol on the Sunday. I knew there would be an apology from W. G. for us on our arrival at Portsmouth, and there was.

Saturday, my wife and I spent at Frank's place playing cricket on the sands. Once more I impressed on Frank the necessity of catching the train next evening, and again he promised to be there. Arriving at the station in good time, I commenced an anxious and systematic hunt for

my confrère, who, of course, could not be found anywhere. By a liberal distribution of "back-sheesh" I even kept the train waiting for five minutes—but there was no Frank.

Monday morning the doctor was still on stilts and asked me gruffly what I had done with Frank. I replied, just as gruffly, that I didn't know as I wasn't his keeper, and the game commenced.

We were playing on the Clifton College ground, and Surrey had been batting almost an hour when the absentee turned up—a pretty picture he looked too. In his hurry he had left his cricket bag in the luggage van to proceed merrily on to Cardiff, but had managed to borrow a rig-out from the doctor's son. Everything, of course, was miles too big for him—I can see W. G.'s face now as, stroking his beard, he said grimly : "Go and field at point."

A few minutes afterwards the batsman sent up a ridiculously easy catch. Frank in his eagerness tripped over his outsized boots, slipped and dropped the catch, after which the batsman cheerfully proceeded to pile up a big score.

We went in to bat late in the evening, and the light was bad ; in the ordinary way two "Rabbits" would have been sent in to bat at such a stage, but to-day Frank and I were told off to go in. As bad luck would have it, I had to face the first over from Richardson and he was swinging 'em down as fast as he could. The last ball of the over I played forward to—heard a rattle behind



me, and returned dolefully to the pavilion to be greeted with a sneering, "You did that on purpose."

Worse was to come, however, for next morning Frank was bowled out first ball, and during lunch there were several cutting remarks passed about "—— tourists, who didn't care a jot what happened to the side." To cut a long story short, in the second innings, I made the top score, and this helped to smooth matters over considerably. The dear old man was not one to keep up a quarrel with anyone, and in the Century Club at Bristol that evening we shook hands and agreed to forget the incident.

The county lost no match after May, and ended up third in the championship. The side in W. G.'s opinion was the finest he ever captained. The batsmen from one to nine were all capable of making centuries. There were five first-class bowlers: W. G., Jessop, Townsend, Brown and Roberts—with the exception of the doctor and Roberts, all capable of fielding in the long field. On the off fence, no better fielders ever stepped on a county ground—Sewell, Jessop, Champain, Brown and Townsend—names to conjure with.

Can any present county lay claim to such pretensions? I think not. The bat met the ball in those days, remember; now, alas! it is vice versa.

*Wisden's Cricketer's Almanack*, writing about the side, said—"Next to Townsend's all round play, the most notable fact in connection with Gloucester-

shire's cricket was the success attending the re-appearance of Mr. W. Troup, who was home from India on sick leave. In 1887, 1888 and 1894 he played for the county, and one remembered him as a painstaking defensive batsman. At the outset of the season it was not expected that he would find a regular place in the eleven, but he soon made it clear that the best Gloucestershire side would not be complete without him. He had in no way altered his methods, being still a batsman of the defensive school—but he had improved out of all knowledge. Next to his captain he was the most dependable batsman in the team, and he had the distinction of being second on the list with an aggregate of 968 and an average of 39.

“With 180 against Notts and 176 against Somerset, both on the Bristol ground, he played higher innings than any other member of the eleven, while he reached three figures on two occasions, making 127 against Somerset at Taunton and 100 against Essex at Clifton. By his steady batting and many capital scores Mr. Troup added enormously to the strength of the Gloucestershire batting, and he had a great share in the advance made by the county.” Yet, strangely enough, I never touched a bat while I was in India.

## CHAPTER X

Rugger knocks me up—My leave is extended—The doctor gives me a lot of advice—The Dropping of the Pilot—How and why W. G. left Gloucestershire—I become captain—My inexperience nearly results in a thorough licking for the side—I leave for India—Cricket at Port Said on a cocoanut matting wicket—I refuse to apologize to a lady (?) on board ship.

**D**URING the winter of this year I played Rugger for Bristol and the county, the latter side including those two great English internationals, Frank and Percy Stout, and the famous Welsh international Gwynn Nicholls.

As regards my play, I found that my long stay in India had not robbed me of wind and pace—but I had forgotten the way to fall.

In March, 1899, I broke down (Rugger had properly knocked the stuffing out of me) and went to stay with my sister, the wife of Colonel Peyton, R.A.M.C., in Limerick. While staying there I heard the first rumours of W. G.'s retiring from Gloucestershire to become captain of the London County Cricket Club at the Crystal Palace, and was sounded as to my willingness to take over the captaincy, but again the old question—extension of leave—cropped up. As matters turned out, however, I need not have hesitated, for the doctor, upon examining

me, refused to allow me to go back, and recommended a further extension.

March is a bad month even for anyone in robust health to go East, and this doctor had spent a good many years in India.

Finding we had lots in common, we fell to talking after he had completed his examination, and after a time he looked at me pretty quizzically and said :

“Look here, my lad, I don’t mean you to take this personally, but I know what I’m talking about, and perhaps you can find in this story a useful moral, and a lot of helpful advice.

“Let us suppose,” he commenced, “that the scene is a military station in India, and the day Saturday—probably a holiday. Two chums digging together, after Chota Hazri (early morning tea), decide to commence the day with a swim at the club. They have a good long splash, after which they sit down to read the *Pioneer* and have a drink, thinking of the hard game they are going to play in the afternoon (and they do play their games hard in India).

“The drink or drinks at length finished, they invite two pals back to ‘pot luck’ breakfast, at which a large bottle of beer is an outstanding feature, provided, of course, for the benefit of ‘The Great Game.’ Breakfast over, they saunter back to the club, where the English Mail has just arrived. One fellow receives good news, hurrah!—drinks round to celebrate, old chap!—another bad—

if nothing has gone wrong at home, he is probably being transferred to the last place on earth, so drinks round again to buck him up, poor beggar.

“Suddenly everyone remembers ‘The Great Game’ and it’s ‘Fingers Out’ all round. Time for lunch and off they rush because the first item on the menu is a whisky and soda, still, of course, for the sake of ‘The Game.’ Sleep till four is also for The Game’s sake, then comes tea and after that ‘the’ event of the day.

“Changing afterwards everyone is sweltering hot and somebody suggests one—a brainy idea! Whist in the club follows (no bridge in those days) and before they sit down some philanthropist orders drinks round, and everyone else, of course, must take their turn. Whist wearies after a time, so they adjourn to the bar; here there are several fellows who have somehow managed to miss them previously, but one and all remember how good ‘The Game’ was. Celebrations, ‘Fingers Out,’ say three times, and it is high time for dinner, which they take with the pals who breakfasted with them.

“After ‘The Great Game’ appetizers are strictly speaking unnecessary, but protests are half-hearted enough to be ignored. During dinner they return to beer, just because variety is the spice of life; at dessert the port their host provides is altogether too good to resist.

“After dinner, more whist—as next day is Sunday,

with no work to do, shall we say until two, three, or sunrise? I will not bore you with a detailed list of the whiskies and sodas consumed during that period—but what I say, Troup, is, suppose you were in that little Tummie's place next morning—what would you think about it?" I thought and mentally resolved to drink nothing but whisky in future, which resolution I have faithfully kept.

At the same time, dear reader, I must ask you to believe me when I assure you that this story of the doctor's is gross exaggeration—I will say it again, a gross exaggeration.

Even so, a good motto for any young fellow in India, or anywhere else for that matter, would be "Don't mix—match!"

In April I returned to Bristol to play cricket, the champion still being captain.

We had practically finished our Southern tour, when, leaving Lord's one Saturday, W. G. turned to me and said: "Troupo! I'm not playing against Yorkshire on Monday; you captain the side, play the same eleven as to-day, and put Roberts in my place." I replied: "Righto, doctor, but supposing it rains?" There was a grunt and: "It isn't going to rain." Rain it did, however, nearly all Sunday, and the wicket was sodden.

Before the match there was trouble about the team not being altered. The committee asked me why I hadn't altered it, and I told them what W. G. had said. A committee meeting was hastily

called, and it was agreed to send W. G. a letter to the effect that unless he could see his way clear to play in the majority of the coming matches, it would be quite impossible for him to judge the form players were in, etc.

W. G.'s reply was not long in coming, the purport of it being that :

“ While having the greatest respect for the Bristol public, he had the confoundest contempt for the county committee,” whereupon it was decided by the said committee that unless the last sentence of the letter was erased W. G. would have to resign.

As our match with Yorkshire finished that day and I was playing for W. G.'s London team on the next at Worcester, it was decided that J. A. Bush, or Frizzie, as he was more commonly called, and I, should meet at our hotel, and endeavour to get the “old man” to put his pen through the offending words. Nothing loath, we sat up with him, talking and drinking until the early hours, waiting until the time was ripe before carefully tackling him on the sore point.

He saw through the ruse only too clearly, and said laughingly : “ No good, my boys, you can go back and tell the committee to *underline* it a hundred times ”—which finished matters.

Everyone felt the champion's loss very, very deeply. I, for one, longed for his return from the bottom of my heart. I know he was sorry, too, for later in the season I received a wire from an old Gloucestershire cricketer, intimating that the doctor was willing to

return to the side under me. W. G. "under" anyone was too ridiculous for words, and I made it clear to the committee that the team, to say nothing of the public, would welcome him back with open arms, and that I was more than willing to play second fiddle. But "Dignity" had been bitterly wounded, and they would not hear of it.

My inexperience as compared to the champion was made only too apparent in our very first match. On a doubtful day it was his habit to place his foot, and sometimes his thumb, on the turf, deciding by this means whether or not to bat first. I never knew him to be wrong in his diagnosis.

On the day of my first match the weather was very unsettled. I won the toss, tried to ape the Great One, and put my opponents in first—and Yorkshire at that. Lucky for me that rain did not admit of even one full day's cricket, for during the little time there was for play, Yorkshire scored 263 for the loss of only three batsmen.

We had a most successful season on the whole, and were a happy side both from the amateur and the professional point of view.

Whilst lunching at Taunton after the last match, to my surprise, I was presented with a massive chiming clock, bearing the inscription :

"Presented to Mr. W. Troup from friends and amateurs of the Gloucester eleven, in recognition of his able captaincy of the team in 1898-99."

A little later the professionals of the teams—



Jack Board, Fred Roberts, Harry Wrathall, Teddy Spry and Paish followed this up by presenting me with a silver flask, Jack Board laughingly observing as he did so "that they knew it would be useful."

During this year I was elected a member of the M.C.C., and played for the Gentlemen against the Players at the Oval.

Of all abominations where club colours are concerned the gold and crimson of the M.C.C. surely take the biscuit. On the flagstaff at Lord's, seen from a safe distance, they appear "strikingly beautiful ;" on a blazer or tie, they are positively hideous, and it takes a brave man to wear them. I have only known one man plucky enough to wear the blazer, and that one was the dear old doctor. He had length and breadth enough to carry it off. As for me, I only summoned up courage enough to wear the tie after it had been exposed to monsoon and tropical sun for a couple of seasons.

Before I left again for the East I arranged for "Jessopus" the croucher, the swiper, the deadly thrower-in—in fact, the wonder of his career—to captain the team.

We travelled back via Marseilles by P. & O. *Australia*. The captain was a good sportsman, and mad keen on playing Port Said at cricket (they held an unbeaten record) when the boat arrived there. In Port Said turf is conspicuous by its absence, and we had to play on a boarded pitch



By courtesy of P. & O.]

# A Red Sea-iesta.

[Drawn by Harry Furniss.

[To face p. 96.



covered with matting—which doesn't make any too true a wicket.

The game was a good one ; I made a century and took half the wickets, our side winning in the last minute to the wild delight of everyone on board. What a night that was !

Going through the Red Sea a dance was, of course, arranged ; I don't know why it is, but a dance always *is* arranged while going through the Red Sea. Passengers always elect to inspect the furnaces during this particular part of the voyage, too, which is another example of the sublime "cussedness" of human nature.

The heat really is terrific. If one is lucky enough to get a head wind it is just bearable ; if the wind is a following one—and on your particular voyage it always is a following one—heaven help you !

An impression appears on the opposite page. Cruel it is, I fear, to joke in such a heartless manner upon a subject which is certainly no joke to those experiencing the utter exhaustion occasioned by the intense heat. Not the faintest breeze stirs, and in the limp and helpless beings lolling about the deck gasping for breath, while the ship turns about to meet what little air may be moving, it is difficult to recognize the "smart" men and women who boarded the ship such an incredibly short time before, spick, span and stiff as starch and self importance could make them.

On this voyage we had amongst our number a

certain so-called lady—quite passable in looks, but the contrary in reputation. Of journeys to and from India she had had some. She gave out that she was the sister of an official in Bengal, though rumour had it otherwise.

In this particular steamer there was an excellent place to sleep in over one of the holds ; it was about roft. by roft., and enclosed by iron chains. Certain pals and myself had our beds made up there while going through the Red Sea—it being a following wind and, therefore, as hot as Hades.

Our lady friend had an inner two-berthed cabin to herself, one of her port holes facing our sleeping quarters. Some of her stories were rather queer, to say the least of them, and whilst relating them she was apt to come out with remarks which would have been better left unsaid.

A major of the Indian Army (an old Cliftonian and a great chum of mine) and myself, having got into our pyjamas, were wending our way towards the hold about 11 p.m. one night, when the major, in climbing over the chains, grazed his shin rather badly and passed a few hectic remarks.

Next morning at breakfast the purser told me quietly that the lady had made a complaint about bad language being used outside her door at midnight, and that we were wanted by the skipper in his quarters at 11.30, when the “lady” would attend. The news went round like wildfire. As can be imagined, she was by no means popular with

either sex on board, and when we went to pay our official call we were followed by half the ship.

The lady told her story first—it made a thrilling yarn as she spun it—and then the captain winked at us and said :

“ I think the least you two gentlemen can do is to apologize.”

Meekly I replied : “ In deference to your wishes, captain, we apologize. I can only regret that we taught the lady nothing new ! ”

Ye gods ! if looks could have killed.

## CHAPTER XI

I am posted to Mirzapur—Camping and camp life—Camels and their temperament—Man-eating tigers—The dense jungle on the Rewah border—Tiger shooting—How to shoot tigers—And stories concerning same.

IN Bombay I found orders awaiting posting me to Mirzapur, where I arrived on the 9th of October, 1899, my wife and son following six weeks later.

The monsoon being over, my thoughts turned to the pleasures of camping, it being my duty during the six months of the cold weather to inspect all police stations, outposts, etc., in my jurisdiction. This involved much work, much travelling and occasionally much discomfort. In spite of all this, however, the camping season was eagerly looked forward to year by year.

About a month before they are wanted tents are pitched in the police lines to be inspected for necessary repairs, etc. The district magistrate and myself have many confabs arranging our tours, to enable us to meet at specified places to talk over official affairs, and arrange, if it can possibly be managed, a tiger shoot, or should I say tiger shoots ?

Meanwhile my wife is very busy with her arrange-

ments. A multitude of things have to be attended to, stores to be ordered up from Bombay or Calcutta, arrangements made for bread, fresh meat and vegetables to be sent out at least twice a week. These stores are brought out by runners, who do the distance from camp to camp in an incredibly short space of time, considering the heavy loads they carry. One generally employs three or four such fellows.

The end of October usually sees the starting of the camping season ; tents and all the necessary equipment being sent off in bullock carts, etc., the day before we leave headquarters. Driving in a trap or riding, we are met some five miles outside our first halting-place by the local native magistrate and sub-inspector of police, who escort us to our camp, which is pitched under the shade of a great mango tope. The overhanging foliage of these magnificent trees affords the most delightful shade for weary travellers, and unfortunately the most delightful retreat for myriads of chattering, mischievous monkeys. These beggars are the plague of one's existence ; they will bag anything and everything they can lay their hands on, and quickly retreating to the safety of the trees, sit just out of stone's throw—gibbering, and daring you to do your worst.

Once they pinched nearly all the grub we had in camp, so covering sheets of fly paper with sugar, we laid them out around our tents, and soon had the



satisfaction of hearing shrieks of astonishment and rage, denoting clearly that the monkeys, despite their cunning, had been trapped.

Upon our reappearance they immediately took to the trees, vainly trying to pull off the sticky mess adhering to them ; a pal of mine swore he saw one of them wearing a coat of fly paper during the next camping season, but I should not like to vouch for the truth of the statement.

There are usually five large tents in a camp, first and of premier importance the "Grubbing Tent," otherwise the dining and drawing room combined. Then my "office tent"—a shamiana, or square single fly tent with no centre pole ; this is very nice for work and confabs, but should there be any rain it is decidedly uncomfortable, the flat roof affords no protection, and rain is no respecter of persons. Then there are two single pole tents, with heaps of room in each for a sitting-room, bedroom and two bathrooms ; while dotted all over the encampment are small tents for cook houses, police guard, and servants' quarters. Between each of our tents a red brick path was laid, plants and flowers being planted in pots, borrowed for the time being by a zealous sub-inspector in honour of our visit.

The weather throughout these six months is simply perfect. There may be a few days' rain about Christmas, but for the most part the sky is blue and unclouded ; one can arrange a picnic three months ahead with perfect safety.

The day's routine did not vary a great deal, but it never became monotonous. Breakfast over, work proper for the day commenced ; the first hour or so was invariably spent in my official tent, interviewing the élite of the locality, sometimes gaining a little knowledge of local happenings, petty upheavals, etc., but more often than not wasting time. A visit of inspection to the police station usually took till about three p.m., when a bath and a quick meal were followed by a leisurely stroll with a gun ; pigeon, quail, snipe, etc., are to be found in profusion, very often within a couple of hundred yards of one's camp, and the daily stroll usually resulted in welcome additions to the larder.

After this another bath was a matter of necessity ; then dinner, during which the mail arrived, to be read later, when, the shades of night having fallen, we lay stretched out—tired enough to really appreciate the comfort of it—before a glorious log fire ; it is cold enough to need a fire in camp too. The sun at mid-day may be as hot as—well, anything ; but at daybreak you will probably find ice on the pools, thin sheets admittedly, but ice nevertheless.

A station usually took three or four days to inspect, and this being over, during the night prior to our departure the whole camp, save, of course, the sleeping tents, was broken up by the servants, who, travelling all night, would have everything re-erected and in readiness for us upon our arrival at the next station.

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Although camp life was consistently pleasant, it only became really interesting and exciting as one neared the dense and almost impenetrable jungles, where elephants have to be substituted for horses and traps, and camels for the bullock carts. Oh, those camels! Nervous to a degree, any unusual noise would startle them into shaking your precious goods and chattels to pieces—I don't know how many lots of crockery one diabolical brute accounted for, before his premature death.

We arrived in camp one morning after a long and tiring march, to find the cook had prepared our breakfast in readiness for us, but the servant with all the crockery was missing. Inquiries revealed the fact that our camel had, upon this occasion, excelled himself, and we were reduced to eating our meal out of a milk dish with a large cooking spoon and one small fork between the three of us.

Even worse, however, is the loading and unloading of these abominable creatures—to be merely a spectator puts years on one. A camel will be as quiet and docile as it is possible for any animal to be, until everything is securely packed upon his back and the native comes forward to fasten the baggage ropes. This is the moment for which the indescribable wretch has been waiting; with a horrid leer, and possibly a vicious snap, he will scramble awkwardly, but none the less surely, to his feet and gaze with a satisfied air at the luggage raining down in all directions about him—and the

dreadful business has to be gone through all over again.

Elephants, I am glad to say, exhibit a much more kindly disposition. Travelling on them is fairly comfortable, but very wearisome. Four miles an hour is racing speed for an elephant, but though he is even slower than the proverbial snail, he is very sure, and will carry you untiringly for many miles in a luxurious howdah upon his broad back, unwetted by the deepest river, unscathed by the densest jungle. In some parts of these jungles it is unsafe to travel after dark because of the man-eating tigers. Ordinary tigers abound, the man-eating variety are fortunately more rare, but even so, too common to allow of any risks being taken.

Great wood fires were built around our encampment, which had to be kept burning all night, but even after these precautions we were far from comfortable ; long after we retired to rest we were kept awake by the roaring of wild beasts—and it is one thing to appreciate the melodious voice of a tiger in captivity behind iron bars, but quite another to hear him ramping around in the vicinity of one's comparatively fragile tent.

The scenery is perfectly magnificent—great hills, trees, and running water everywhere, while vegetation is so profuse that one literally has to cut or smash a way through it.

A tiger shoot here is picturesque in the extreme. After the beat has commenced, from the security

of a maichan one can look down on the whole wild life of the jungle passing beneath; first come the monkeys, chitter chattering and hopping madly everywhere as they strive to flee from the unholy noise, then the deer, the wild pig and the wild fowl, among which are hundreds of gorgeously plumed peacocks, startled for a brief space out of their accustomed stateliness. Last of all comes the lord of the jungle, the magnificent tiger—if you are lucky.

There are two popular ways of shooting him, one from elephants, the other from trees or maichans, the latter method being more generally used. A maichan is a small platform built in the fork of a tree, some fifteen feet from the ground, branches being interwoven together all round it to screen the occupants from view.

To arrange a tiger shoot is by no means an easy matter; the first step is to locate the tiger, and to limit his peregrinations by facilitating his acquisition of a livelihood. He always haunts the neighbourhood of perennial water, if possible a shady valley or ravine, where his presence is detected by his footprints, but in the cold season he is able to roam further from his water supply than in the summer, and he returns to it less frequently; hence an elaborate “Bundobust” (arrangement) is required to provide him regularly with food conveniently near to the spring or stream from which he drinks, and to keep a watch on his movements in such a

way as not to scare him, for, terrible as he is when roused, "Sher Bahadur" is extremely shy of strangers, especially if they are human. His healthy appetite demands substantial provender, so a live buffalo or goat is tied up in his path ; finding this bait handy, he first fells it with a blow of his mighty paw, or springs at its neck and then either proceeds to devour it on the spot or drags it to a secluded nook where he conceals what he does not want to eat at the moment.

The "kill" usually occurs in the early morning, before daybreak, and it then becomes the duty of the professional "Shikari" to find out whether the tiger has tarried in the valley or walked out ; if the former is the case, the shoot takes place the same morning. Guns are posted in maichans at points of vantage commanding all the paths that the quarry is likely to take, and then, by means of a line of beaters, who beat drums, tin cans, and anything else they can get hold of, shouting madly the while, it is driven towards the sportsmen.

On one occasion my wife and I had been invited to a shoot by a "Heaven Born" friend of ours. Arrangements were perfect, my wife, the civilian's sister, and myself were in one maichan, our host and his fiancée in another, about seventy yards away ; the beat began, and the first tiger—a fine specimen—came out just in front of my host, who promptly shot it, the brute falling about ten yards from us. My wife and host's sister, in their



excitement and curiosity, ignoring my commands and entreaties (the beat being by no means over), got down to inspect the kill, at least that's what they started to do ; before they reached the ground there was a terrific roar, and another tiger sprang out directly in front of them, missing them by a hair's-breadth. They hastily, very hastily reascended the tree—with their interest in tiger shooting somewhat diminished.

Scarcely had we recovered from this shock when another tiger rushed out. This should have been mine, but before I could pull my trigger our " Heaven Born " friend fired right across us, missing the tiger by yards, my head by the fraction of an inch ; this finished the shoot, also my friendship with the gentleman in question.

I said there were only two methods of hunting my lord the tiger ; I should have said there were only two sensible methods. Occasionally people are foolhardy enough to hunt him on foot ; this is, of course, very dangerous, but it is infinitely more exciting ; personally it took me a long time to learn the wisdom of " safety first."

I once happened to be a guest in a camp where it was decided to hold a shoot of this description ; there were about eight of us, and having all been assigned places, the beat commenced ; shortly afterwards a shot rang out. I was posted with an officer and two police orderlies. The shot seemed to come from in front of us. Suddenly we noticed

the long grasses ahead swaying as if some big animal were coming towards us ; the Sepoys entreated us to shoot in the hope of killing or at least turning the brute, but for some reason or other, I have never been able to understand why, we could not shoot. Hypnotized, we watched the grasses swaying nearer and nearer, but even as the brute, whatever it was, paused as if to spring, we hesitated to pull our triggers. Lucky we did so, it seemed an eternity before the grasses parted to disclose the laughing, excited face of one of the party. The young idiot had killed a tiger—his first, and as it afterwards turned out, one of the largest ever shot in the district. In his frantic excitement he had crawled, regardless of any danger, through the undergrowth to tell somebody of his wonderful achievement.

The curses which greeted him could have been heard without wireless in Bombay.

## CHAPTER XII

I go to Gorakhpur—A young officer is affected by the heat and jumps down a well—Planters' Week, unlimited hospitality—Result of same in the case of a pal of mine—We give a river picnic—Tiger shoot—I get stuck up a tree—Leave for home on urgent private affairs—My small son shows Bombay how to control its traffic.

ON the 7th December, 1900, I was transferred to Gorakhpur, a district of importance and practically the largest in the Province. After I had been here a month my old enemy—malaria—tapped at the door ; it was in the monsoon, and the attack, a very sharp one, confined me to bed.

As I was having "Chota Hazri" one morning the Civil Surgeon rushed in, felt my pulse, took my temperature (I had already done so, and it was well over a hundred), and said :

"You're all right ; get up for Heaven's sake and come along !" Feeling none too well I got up, protesting vehemently, and demanded an explanation as we went along.

A young Englishman had been badly hit by the heat, and as insanity was feared he was kept under surveillance. During the previous night it appeared the inevitable had happened, he had escaped and had jumped into a well close to the jail ; this

well was very deep, and it was about fifteen feet down to the water. When we arrived he had been in his bath some hours, just managing to keep afloat.

We tried persuasion first, but quickly realizing that this was waste of time, procured a rope used for hanging murderers in the jail, and tried to get a noose over his head. Not being experts at lassoing, this took a lot of doing, and to make matters worse, every time we did manage to get the rope anywhere near him he flicked it away. Temper and patience gave out together, but matters were getting serious. The lad had to be got out at any price. Eventually I had a brain wave. Another expedition to the jail procured the longest ladder they possessed, and dropping this into the well I commenced to descend ; before I was half-way down, the boy, apparently realizing the game was up, gave an unearthly yell and started coming up by leaps and bounds.

I did not wait to see how far he intended coming, I assure you. He reached the top in double quick time, and it took six of us to overpower him.

Alas ! poor fellow, he never regained his sanity.

The big event of the year in this station is the Planters' Week. Recollections of it are more than cheery ones—but I am starting at the wrong end of the story.

These indigo planters live in various parts of the district, some ten, fifteen and twenty miles from one another. Theirs is a lonely life ; they are

fine fellows, Englishmen to the backbone. Not a large community ; they rise early, work hard, in the saddle most of the day—drink just one or two, but are always in the finest fettle ; splendid horsemen, they are all either officers or troopers in the Gorakhpur Light Horse.

Their parade ground is on the Maidan, and their popular Mess adjoins it. The “ Week ” is an annual occurrence, and no sooner is one over than plans are made for the next. It is their outing for the year, and they live up to tradition. Anyone refusing a drink during this period is no longer a pal. I have hidden some dozens when nobody was looking.

It was inaugurated more or less as a training for the Light Horse, so this duty always comes first.

Afterwards hockey, cricket, polo, tennis, billiards, racquets and badminton matches take place between the station and the planters. A race meeting lasts two days ; there are nightly dances at the club and the Railway Institute, lasting till three and four in the morning—to say nothing of theatricals and lotteries at the mess, etc.

The day starts at 6 a.m. and finishes the same time next morning ! You doze for five minutes when you can find the time ; throughout the six days it is just simply rush, rush, rush ; so much is crammed in, that if it were three weeks instead of one I verily believe it would still be—rush !

As far as racing is concerned I long ago decided

it was a fool's game, but like a good many others am fool enough to keep on playing.

During one of the Gorakhpur Planters' Weeks I had quite a lovely eye-opener. One of the owners was a particular friend of mine, and although I knew full well that some owners were not quite the sportsmen they should have been, I naturally thought my friend above reproach. Accordingly, when he commenced telling me before the big race what to back and what not to back, and where his ponies were coming in, etc., I had a nasty shock and told him so. "Don't be an idiot," he said cheerfully; "you don't think I'm going to feed and train thirty racing ponies for the benefit of the public, do you?"

Somehow, I hadn't thought about it like that.

A similar experience befell a pal in Lucknow, but this happened years later, just before I left India, in fact. He had succeeded in finding the winner of the Lucknow Civil Service Cup and went to draw his winnings jubilantly, memories of the hundreds and hundreds of "wrong 'uns" and the good money he had wasted over them momentarily forgotten.

His bookie paid him up and congratulated him, and after a few minutes chatting said suddenly: "I don't know why you bet with me you know, young man." "Why shouldn't I?" replied the "young man" curiously. "Well," came the answer, "I'm out here to make my fortune—and both of us can't do it!"

They are a hospitable crowd, these planters, and it is always "Open house" for any European; which reminds me of an amusing episode that happened to a pal of mine, a tea planter up in Almorah.

For many years he had been promising to pay me a visit, but something always turned up at the last minute to prevent his coming. At last, however, he said he really would come. I was stationed at Agra at the time, and as bad luck would have it the day before my friend left to visit me a pal of his wrote from Calcutta announcing his intention of visiting him for a fortnight's shooting. Since he had disappointed me so many times, he could not very well again postpone his visit, so left instructions with his bearer to give the gentleman a really good time when he turned up. He had been with me three days when he received another letter from Calcutta. His pal could not come after all, so thinking no more of the matter we proceeded to enjoy ourselves. Meanwhile another individual had turned up at Almorah, and the bearer, thinking it was the gentleman from Calcutta, gave him a right royal time according to instructions. When my friend returned he found, after exhaustive inquiries, that his bearer had been entertaining on his behalf a sergeant-major in mufti, who was on furlough. His cellar was also considerably reduced, which added even further to his chagrin.

While on the entertaining subject at Gorakhpur,

river picnics were very popular as a means of passing away the hot evenings, so my wife and I decided to give one. Hiring two long boats for the occasion, we had them tied together, arranging to have supper in one, while a concert was to be given on the other. Furniture, cushions, etc., we transferred from our bungalow, and I arranged quite a novel lighting effect. Everything was going off beautifully when just before supper, about the worst dust storm I have ever known arrived. The boats got separated, the supper sailed off majestically down stream, while the unhappy guests were blown ashore. All the pretty lights disappeared, the rain came down in torrents, and the ladies in evening dress, soaked and miserable, sat huddled up together, trying to keep the wet off their heads with the cushions.

Most of the furniture was spoiled. It belonged to our drawing-room, too, but this my wife could have forgiven. The last straw came next morning when, on examining the cushions—beautiful cushions of satin in the palest art shades—we found clearly imprinted on each, rose-leaf complexions and rosebud lips of our lady guests. It was our first and last lesson.

The shooting in this district was nothing compared to that of Mirzapur, but if one was lucky, big game might occasionally be located.

While shooting on foot with another young officer, one of the gayest young sparks in the place, our



shikaree said that he thought there was a tiger in a certain jungle, as he had seen pug marks. With vivid recollections of the last occasion upon which I went tiger shooting on foot, I determined to take no further risks, and spotting a likely-looking tree, decided to climb it.

My pal flatly refused to do this at first, and as he was young and headstrong, I had quite a job to persuade him to temper a little sense with his love of excitement, but seniority finally prevailed, and up the tree he shinned.

It was like a telegraph pole, only thicker for the first ten yards and then branched out beautifully, so being admirably suited for our purpose. Half-way up I got cramp, and not another inch could I proceed—and the beat had started. My confrère, perched in the branches above, laughed quietly at my predicament, my bearer from the foot of the tree proffered a whisky and soda—the panacea for Sahibs' every ill. There I hung in mid-air, clinging frantically with arms and legs round that damned tree, unable to get up to the branches, not daring to get down to the whisky.

After herculean efforts I finally reached my goal, but we got no tiger.

Troubles never come singly, and our luck that day must have been dead out. Our beast of burden was a wretched young elephant, blind in one eye, whom we had borrowed for the occasion from a local zemindar (landowner).



An elephant tragedy.

[To face p. 116.]



Going home at dusk through the jungle the brute put his foot into a large hole, rolled over on his side and shot us off his back. If my companion had been any other man in the station it would not have mattered, but this particular fellow was renowned for his keen sense of humour and his clever pen and ink sketches.

Entering the club next day my worst fears were realized. Some members immediately seized me and pointed triumphantly to two neat little cartoons, one of which depicted me clinging frantically with arms and legs halfway up a tree, one eye cocked longingly over my shoulder towards the glass my bearer was holding up. The other, depicting the elephant mishap, was just a mass of waving arms and legs, among which my agonized face was the only thing that could be clearly discerned.

Whooping cough was very prevalent during my last cold weather at Gorakhpur, and my small son Frank contracted it. The illness left him an utter wreck, and smelling the approach of the cricket season I decided that England was the best place for all of us, and took six months leave on urgent private affairs.

On the off chance that the lad might carry infection to others we finally decided not to travel by P. & O., and booked passages on a French cargo boat which carried about twenty passengers. Reaching Bombay, we discovered, to our annoyance,

that the boat was under repair, and would not start for another week.

We stayed at an hotel facing the main tramway route, our room being on the first floor. The morning after our arrival the boy wanted to go for an early morning walk with his bearer. I gave him permission with strict injunctions not on any account to let go the bearer's hand. Looking out of the window a quarter of an hour later I was amazed to see a small figure with outstretched arms, standing in the middle of the road attempting to control the traffic. It was Frank. Having watched my constables on point duty countless times, he doubtless thought Bombay should be taught the proper way to do things. He arrived home a few minutes later, whereupon I led him gently but firmly to the bath-room, demanding an explanation *en route*. Evading my eyes, he changed the subject abruptly, remarking upon the great number of crows to be seen everywhere. Ignoring this, I reminded him shortly that I was waiting, so seeing he was "for it" he said in a resigned tone: "Very well, Daddy, I don't object to being tanned, but don't lay it on too hard, will you?"

## CHAPTER XIII

We travel home by a tramp—Free drinks are served, but, alas ! no whisky—Fishing in the Indian Ocean—We disembark at Algiers in order to get home in time for the cricket season—I play throughout the season under Jessopus—Captain Gloucester XI. at Perth—The team visit the local theatre and are asked to leave—I apply for extension of leave, but get it in the neck—Comparisons and criticisms on cricket.

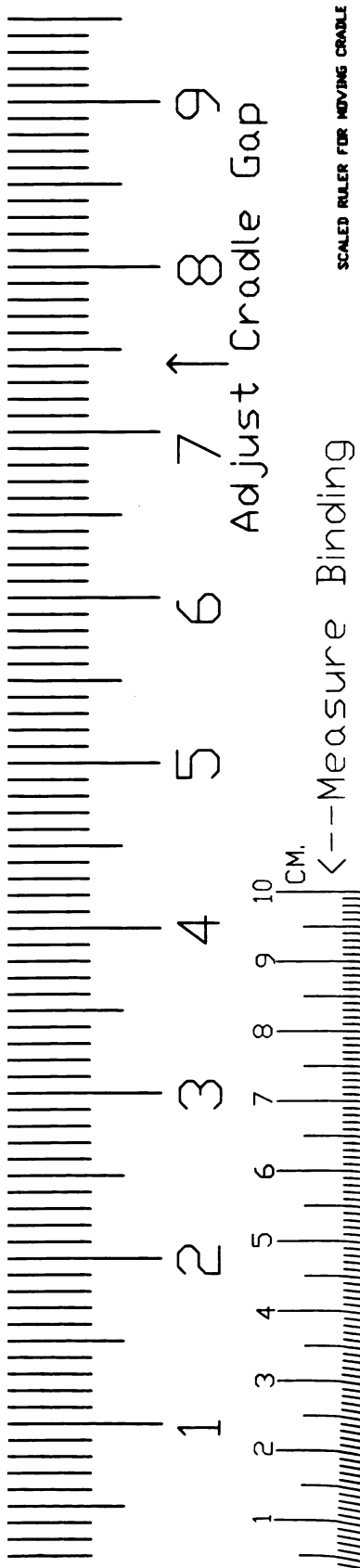
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The captain was another fishing enthusiast. Going through the Indian Ocean, of all places in the world, he frequently had a strong line overboard. When a fish was hooked (and he caught some big ones) he would signal to the engine-room for the steamer to be stopped until the fish was hauled in. Time was no object to him, for his "Tub" was only capable of doing eight knots an hour at its best.

Free drinks were served at meals, claret, champagne, etc., but, alas ! no whisky. This necessity had to be bought—and it was expensive too.

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Travelling by this route, we visited places that we should never have seen by P. & O. or any other regular line. We were forbidden to land only once, that was whilst coaling at the then new French port of Jibutil. At that time we were not on particularly friendly terms with the French.

Leaving Port Said we hugged the African coast, and reaching Algiers, a delightful place, decided to disembark. The voyage had taken much longer than anyone had anticipated, and I had only just time to rush home, via Marseilles, to be in time for the opening of the cricket season. I played throughout the summer under Jessopus. We were a happy side and had a topping season.

The Australians toured England at this period. They were a fine lot of fellows and thorough good sportsmen. I remember one game in particular with them at Eastbourne.

Billy Howell, the famous bowler of the opposition, got me out in the first innings for a "blob"—but I decided he shouldn't do it a second time. Noticing a croquet ball lying behind the pavilion, I picked it up, and when going in to bat, solemnly presented it to Howell, who was still bowling; this amused him mightily and quite put him off his bowling. His first delivery, a full pitch, I hit to the boundary. The spectacles did not come off.

A little later I captained a Gloucestershire side at Perth, Jessop having to play in a test match at the Oval. As is usual on such occasions, it was

advertised that the team would visit the theatre on the first night of the match. Seats were reserved for us in the stalls, we were on "Holiday" and consequently in fine fettle for a right royal time.

The show, however, was hopeless. To begin with it was very third rate, and by the time the first interval had arrived it had degenerated to about eighth. We tried encouraging the company by helpful remarks and enthusiastic clapping at frequent intervals, but it was no good, they were beyond human aid. Suddenly the "leading man," staring mournfully at us, said in a deep, sepulchral voice :

"This time twelve months ago I was in the wilds of Africa." It was too much. Quickly, before anyone had the presence of mind to sit on him, a humorous youth on our side retorted, "And I wish to God you'd stopped there," whereupon we were asked to leave.

Before the cricket season closed I put in a medical certificate which extended my leave until October, 1902 ; alas ! for me, I overstepped the mark.

While playing up North I received a wire from my bankers asking me to put them in funds for a considerable amount. Chucking cricket, I hastened to town to find out what had happened. The bank showed me curt instructions from "Authority" and advised my going to the "Fountain Head." Keeping a stiff upper lip, I went and asked to see



the chief. They asked, "Had I an appointment?" Heaven forbid! still, it had to be done, so with grim determination in my face and a sinking feeling everywhere else, I asked if I could see the second in command.

I was ushered in to this individual, who without any preliminaries whatever said: "I suppose you've come about that cut in your pay." I meekly assented, and asked for further particulars. The ruling which he showed me was only too clear. If one came home on medical certificate twice within three years, the second leave would be on quarter pay—a ruling unknown to ninety per cent. of Indian Civil Officials.

We talked the matter over carefully, but it seemed, for once in a way, I had really put my foot into it. Suddenly the big-pot said, "Look here, I'm asking you a straightforward question, were you really ill or was the certificate a makeshift to see you through the cricket season?" I looked at him squarely and replied: "Well! You'll get an even answer, but first are you asking me officially or privately?" "Privately," he said, whereupon I confessed that the game certainly had had a lot to do with it.

Fortunately for me, he was an enthusiastic admirer of my little doings in the cricket world, for after a few minutes' conversation he said, "Look here, I'll go and see the Chief about your case." I sat, metaphorically speaking, on pins

for the next quarter of an hour. It seemed hours before I saw his smiling face reappear and knew that everything was going to pan out O.K. It did.

During my cricket career I have been frequently criticized by various papers for "Stonewalling," and since I now have the opportunity, would like to explain matters.

I happened to come into the Gloucestershire side at a very early age, and about the time A. D. Greene, another stonewaller, was retiring. This was W. G.'s opportunity and he quickly seized it. I can see him now, stroking his long beard and saying in a schoolmaster tone :

"Look here, my boy, I want you to play 'keeps,' and the longer you stay in the better I'll be pleased. Leave the making of the runs to me."

This from the world's champion was more than sufficient, and I naturally did as I was told.

The one and only time I tried to disobey orders was at Lord's in 1888 (my first appearance on the great ground).

We were playing Middlesex, and I went in to bat after W. G. I had made sixty-four runs when Burton sent down a half-volley to which I jumped out and, missing it, nearly got stumped.

Long before I had completed the stroke a stentorian voice from the pavilion yelled: "What in H—'s name are you trying to do?" Being only a lad this frightened me to death, and the next ball

saw me wending my way dolefully back to the pavilion—and more W. G.

Having built up my batting on these lines, any change in my method of scoring would have been fatal; as an example: Would it have been possible for Jessop to alter his whirlwind slogging to play “keeps”?

He and C. O. H. Sewell can tell the tale of an episode which occurred at the County ground at Bristol in 1902, when the Australians beat us. It was decided after lunch to put up the nets on the pitch we had just played on to let our side open out their shoulders for a quarter of an hour's batting each. When my turn came I put several balls into the pavilion and one over it. The Australians were watching from the members' room and said to Jessop when we came in:

“Troupo is about the hardest hitter on your side.”

Speaking without a particle of conceit, I was not built for “keeps.” I rarely took over three hours to make a century, but nowadays this time is considered quite good.

The “Two-Eyed Stance,” ugly and cramped to a degree, is doubtless responsible for this state of affairs. To quote the case of a well-known county batsman who at Leeds last summer (I am writing in the spring of 1924) took an hour and forty minutes to score seven runs, and again that of E. J. Mayne, who in making 125 runs on a plumb wicket in Sydney recently took six hours and

twenty minutes. Bowden, however, has got even this "beat." While playing for Derbyshire against Leicester on the 13th of May, 1924, he took sixty-nine minutes to make *one* run—What hustlers.

Cricket of this description not only tends to ruin the game but keeps the paying public away as well.

What this "Two-Eyed Stance" has done to spoil the game can be readily seen. For the average player, the real scoring strokes of the game have departed. The jumping out to a half-volley and thumping it into the pavilion or boundary is now rarely seen. It has been replaced by the batsman tapping the ball back gently and kindly to the bowler. The glorious square hit to leg is also conspicuous by its absence, while the square cut comes off once or twice in a long innings. Theoretically and practically speaking the "Two-Eyed Stance" is so wrong that it scarcely bears arguing about.

I watched a match at Lord's last season when the opposing sides scored over three hundred runs—yet not a single on drive rattled up against the pavilion rails.

My opinion counts for little, but time will tell.

It is a mistaken idea that all people who pay their "bob" at Lord's or the Oval are cricket enthusiasts; they go, many of them, because it happens to be the cheapest whole day entertainment in town. Another attraction is, that they can get drinks at the bar

throughout the playing hours ; even this, however, does not compensate for all things, and they, too, will get “ fed up ” unless the game is brightened up a bit.

## CHAPTER XIV

I am sent to Julaon, another small station—Our “Lady” hostess  
—The Authentics Cricket Team tour India—Two dog stories  
—The case of the postal bag at Mohamedabad—Bribery  
amongst native police—Torture by the same.

ON the 6th October, 1902, I left Tilbury Docks in response to the call of duty, and upon my arrival found another small station awaiting me. This was Julaon, with about six Europeans—beating Basti by a short head.

One of these Europeans, a civilian's wife, was somewhat erratic, to say the least of it, and for some reason or other took a decided dislike to my little lot. The first time we dined with her (there being a number of people from adjoining districts present), she said in a loud voice :

“Oh ! I knew a number of Troups in Southern India, black as your boots, half castes of course, any relations of yours by the way ?” I could have slapped her—hard. I heard later that the lady had quite a flair for distinguishing herself at dinners.

While Sir Digges La Touche, the then Lieutenant-Governor of my province, was inspecting Julaon, a dinner was given by the leading civilian (our lady friend's husband) in his honour. I had placed one

of my police sowars at the disposal of this official for headquarters and camp work, and during dinner, Sir Digges remarked that they doubtless found the sowar very useful in his official capacity. She replied airily :

“ Oh, no, I use the man for quite another purpose—he is priceless for keeping the flies off the babies, when they are asleep in the verandah.”

After dinner the Governor told me privately that he proposed transferring me to Jhansi as Magistrate and Superintendent of Government Railway Police, an appointment I had always had my eye on.

During this year, the Authentics Cricket Team toured India, and I captained the All India XI. against them at the Delhi Durbar, C. T. Studd, the famous Middlesex and England cricketer, and K. O. Goldie, of Sussex, being members of my team. Lord Curzon, the Viceroy, was present at the game, but my luck was dead out, when batting the very first ball split my thumb, opening the old rifle shot wound.

Talking about my team brings recollections of an amusing story which was told against one of the members, a Mr. Hoare of the I.C.S. He was a fine athlete and had a passion for dogs, particularly fox terriers.

While he was out camping one season, his bearer informed him that his pet terrier had been rushing round all morning and looked as if he were going mad. Hoare told him to chain the dog up and

went on working. About ten minutes later he was suddenly interrupted by a low growl, and looking up saw the dog coming for him ; without awaiting further developments he shinned it up the tent pole as quickly as possible—not quite quickly enough though ; the brute nipped him in the leg. Rushing into headquarters he had it examined by the doctor, who promptly ordered him home to Paris for Pasteur treatment (there being no such institute in India at that time).

Curiously enough, when he returned from leave he was re-posted to the same station, and the first thing to greet him as he stepped out of the train was the dog, mad with excitement certainly, but not with hydrophobia.

Another good dog story comes from Agra. We were all in church one Sunday evening when a frightful dust storm came on. Everyone's nerves were more or less on edge, and when a dog at the far end of the church started up in opposition by howling at the top of his voice, we all wondered what on earth was going to happen next. The padre was a thundering good chap, and looking down the church he said earnestly : "I wish the owner of that dog would take it outside," whereupon a sheepish looking Tommy got up and went out.

The storm had subsided somewhat by the time the sermon commenced ; the padre was just getting warmed up and well into his theme when the dog struck up again. He continued for a minute or



two, attempting to ignore it, but as matters got worse, instead of better, broke off suddenly in the middle of an impassioned flight of eloquence with a frown at the unfortunate Tommy and a stern : " Two of us can't preach in this church, either that animal goes or I do."

I had been at Julaon only a few months when early one morning I was awakened by my bearer handing me a red envelope. These red envelopes are only sent from police stations when a serious offence has occurred, so I lost no time in opening it. It appeared that a large sum of Government money had been stolen from the postal safe at Mohamedabad Police Station, some seventeen miles from my house.

The sub-inspector's report read :

" At midnight, Constable Sohan Lal, who was on sentry duty at the time, reported that after examining the cell containing prisoners, he proceeded to the iron postal safe (which is always buried in the ground) and found it open with the two padlocks belonging to it smashed. At 6 p.m. on the evening of the theft, the local postmaster brought a postal bag containing G.C. notes and rupees, which he deposited in the postal safe. I witnessed this and also superintended the padlocking. I will take up the inquiry in the morning."

After a hasty breakfast I sent the necessary wires to Government and proceeded to Mohamedabad, where I found the facts as reported. As a terrific storm had been raging all night, it was

little use interviewing the sentry, who could not have heard a cannon fired, much less the noise of the lock being smashed above the thunder and the roaring of rain and wind.

After satisfying myself that everything was in order I gave certain instructions to the sub-inspector and left him to carry on. There was no doubt as to his ability, and as he was shortly expecting promotion to an Inspectorship, I naturally placed every reliance on a straightforward investigation.

For several days his special diaries contained little of importance, but about a week after the occurrence the following entry appeared :

“ I have to-day learnt that on the night of the theft, Pir Bux, a local bad character, was absent from his home at Sonapur, some five miles from my charge. He returned yesterday and I have sent for him and will report later.”

This report duly arrived and read :

“ Having examined Pir Bux and not being satisfied with his story, I applied to the nearest native magistrate for a remand for a week and have taken him into custody.”

The next day, however, the sub-inspector in his diary applied for twenty-four hours' leave to go to Cawnpur, where, he said, his brother was on his death bed—this I granted.

Two days later the diary read :

“ The accused Pir Bux has to-day admitted that he, with others (whose names he will not divulge),

committed the theft under inquiry, and that he is prepared to point out the ploughed field where the postal bag and contents of the same are buried. I have made arrangements for his confession to be recorded by the native magistrate."

The confession duly arrived, recorded as follows :  
" Pir Bux, the accused, was placed to-day before the native magistrate at his house ; the accused made a full confession, completing it by telling the magistrate that he was prepared to take him to the field and show him where the postal bag and the major portion of the loot was buried."

The magistrate, myself and two reliable witnesses accompanied the accused to a ploughed field a mile away from the police station where he said the stolen property was buried two feet under the ground. This we found to be correct, and the postal bag contained about two-thirds of the original amount.

A clearer case against the accused it would be difficult to imagine. Pir Bux was duly sent up for trial, the case being heard by a European magistrate.

The story as told by the prosecution witnesses was most convincing, until the local postmaster of Mohamedabad was examined. Asked by the magistrate as to the number and district of the postal bag which had been stolen, he replied :

" Cawnpur Division P.O. Bag No. 18765," and produced his register to verify his statement.

Now affairs began to take a really interesting

turn, for the bag produced by the police was "Cawnpur Division No. 23748." Silence fell over the court as everyone realized that the case was a concocted one.

Taking the inquiry into my own hands, I placed the sub-inspector under arrest, confining him to the police lines. There was little material to work on, but the first thing to be discovered was, how he obtained the faked postal bag; his asking for twenty-four hours' leave seemed significant, and I decided to visit Cawnpur.

Local inquiries placed his dying brother—a clerk in the G.P.O.—still very much alive. After examining him, he saw the fat was in the fire and admitted giving his brother the bag in question. So much for how he obtained the bag—now why did he obtain it? Judicious inquiries at Mohamedabad revealed two facts; firstly, the sub-inspector was by no means a popular man; secondly, he frequently took bribes, which he refused to share with his subordinates. Then I began to see through matters.

Interviewing the sub-inspector, I told him of my visit to Cawnpur, and asked him what he had to say about it. He admitted his guilt and added: "Sahib, I fabricated the case thinking I would get promotion. The accused, Pir Bux, I had in the cells at Mohamedabad was not the man I put before the native magistrate when he recorded his confession; he was a friend of mine from Allahabad,

and impersonated Pir Bux. The discovery of the postal bag in the field was prearranged. You know how the bag was obtained, I provided the contents."

"But," I said to him, "when you took the bag from your brother at Cawnpur, there must have been some eye-witnesses?"

"Yes, Sahib," he replied, "there were two such, and fearing that they might raise trouble in the future, I paid their way to the Mauritius."

Looking him squarely in the face I remarked :

"So much for your faked case. Now, why on earth did you do it?"

Hanging his head he sadly answered : "I knew the morning after the theft that it was my subordinates who had stolen the money, Sahib. They shared it between themselves and burnt the postal bag, because I would not share the bribes I was foolish enough to take."

He got three years' "Rest" for it, I forget how long they gave his brother, but we could never trace the blighter who impersonated Pir Bux.

Luckily, these cases are of very rare occurrence in the police. Apropos of natives taking bribes—all the butter is not on one side ; bribery amongst them is an inherited vice, and try as hard as he can, the European police official will never entirely stamp it out—it can't be done. The accepting of bribes by native officers and men was very rampant when I first joined the force, now it is not nearly

so bad, but once again, it can never be entirely eliminated.

On one occasion I remember having a heart to heart talk with a retired native inspector—a man very wise in knowledge of his fellow men.

“It isn’t always fair to blame the police for accepting illegal gratifications, Sahib,” he remarked —“there are side issues to be met, and sometimes costly ones at that. For instance, a native magistrate, we will say, is inspecting in the jurisdiction of the police station where I am employed as station officer. Before his arrival I am out of pocket, doing my little bit towards making his camp comfortable—but this is a small matter.

“After I have been at his beck and call for a few days and whilst enjoying a well-earned rest, his Government chuprassi (servant) is ushered into my private quarters. We have a talk and then the servant guardedly hints that the magistrate is not altogether satisfied with what he has heard of my work, my ways, and the handling of my charge. He is seriously thinking of putting in an adverse report to the superintendent of police. To prevent this, at all costs, I have to dig deeply in my pockets.

“Three or four months later I have a case of cattle-theft before the same magistrate at headquarters. A true case from beginning to end—if ever I investigated one. All my witnesses have been examined and I rest assured that a conviction is certain—until, in the evening, that harmless and innocent

looking chuprassi pays me another visit. I know what it means. He tells me that the magistrate does not like the look of the case before him and thinks of discharging the accused without calling on him for his defence. In other words, he will regard it as a false case—unless, and in desperation, I dip again. The fact that the native rarely takes a bribe direct makes detection almost impossible, which is another example of his infernal cunning.”

I remember once having occasion to doubt the integrity of one of my inspectors, though I could get no proof of his actually having taken money ; he was a very able man and a wonderful detective, so I decided that a broad hint would not come amiss. Sending for him I said : “ Ram Bux, I have had complaints about your being corrupt——”

“ Yes, Sahib,” he replied cheerfully, “ I may have fallen once or twice, but I have never spoilt a Government case.”

Then there is the matter of torture by native police—a lot has been written and said about this. However prevalent the custom might have been in the past, in my time it was of rare occurrence ; the penalty that followed detection was too severe to take chances on.

During my early service three methods came under my notice.

Firstly, the accused (naturally in police custody) would be asked if he knew anything of the offence with which he was charged. Being a native, he

would, of course, deny all knowledge—and then a harmless looking ant would be produced (procured, I believe, from the banks of a certain river) and applied to his forearm. If the poor beggar knew anything, it didn't take him long to remember it. I have had one perform on me for three seconds—and I know. Brushing the ant aside, it left a mark like a mosquito bite, and these are of daily occurrence.

Secondly, the arm of the accused would be tightly bound with a long length of cloth, some two inches wide, which had been previously soaked in water. As this gradually dried, the pain can be better imagined than described.

The third torture is the most harmless, and in my opinion the most diabolical of the lot. After the accused has been dined and wine very, very well, he is put back into his cell with a sentry over him, to jog him every time he becomes drowsy, so preventing him going to sleep. Twenty-four hours of this misery is usually sufficient, and if the accused has anything to say, he says it quickly.



## CHAPTER XV

I attain my ends and my appointment in Jhansi—My private railway carriage—I score off the "Boss"—I become Honorary Secretary of the Club—Enlarging the same and making it pay—A wonderful achievement—A marvellous thermometer—My team win the Aga Khan Hockey tournament—My heart becomes weak and I am not allowed games or whisky—I kick over the traces and find there is nothing the matter with me.

ON the 16th of April, 1906, I took over my long coveted appointment from R. K. Moseley (son of the late General Moseley), a great friend of mine.

Jhansi was without doubt the hottest place in which it has ever been my misfortune to live. When describing the place to my mother in England, I remember writing : " That to enable one to keep cool at all, it was necessary to sit in front of a roaring fire, but that this same fire was quite unnecessary as far as cooking was concerned ; one hung the joint, whatever it was, on the back of the trap before going out in the morning, and by lunch time it was cooked to a turn."

As regards my work :

The length of my "beat" on the Great Indian Peninsular Railway was from Cawnpore to Bhopal with the junction lines—a very big charge.

I was a magistrate holding first-class powers, trying all cases which occurred within the railway fencing in native states through which the line passed, and as all railway buildings, stations, etc., came within the fencing, I had much criminal and civil work to attend to.

To enable me to carry out my duties, a reserved railway carriage was placed at my disposal. This was luxuriously furnished and appointed with a combined dining-room and bedroom, bathroom, kitchen, verandah either side, electric light, fans, etc. With the exception of the Bombay mail, I could attach my carriage to any train and have it detached wherever and whenever I liked. This enabled my family and myself to travel all over India free of charge—a very big consideration ; indeed, my wife got so used to travelling long distances by rail, that on one occasion she went to Bombay and back, a distance of 1,400 miles, simply to have a dress fitted.

My Deputy Inspector-General at this time was a very capable officer as well as a good sportsman. It was difficult to score off him at any time where work was concerned, but I succeeded in doing so on one occasion. From a police point of view he was my superior officer, as railway magistrate he had no jurisdiction over me, and my word was final.

Some time after my arrival a rather serious derailment occurred. The Ocean Mail to Bombay smashed while going through a deep cutting ; in my opinion the accident was caused by rocks

falling across the track. It was during the monsoon and they would be loosened by the heavy rains. Accordingly, I made no great fuss over the affair, simply stating this opinion in writing to my chief. He would not accept the theory at any price and was sure the line had been tampered with. Quite a lot of correspondence followed and matters reached a climax when he wrote ordering me to register a case of derailment under the Railway Act, institute an inquiry, and having done so, report to him by wire. I duly reported and the wire read as follows :

“ I have registered a case of derailment in accordance with your orders, and, as railway magistrate, cancelled them.” The “ boss ” had his leg well pulled over it, but he was a good sort and we became quite friendly afterwards.

I had been here a year when I was elected Honorary Secretary of the Club, taking over from Colonel Pelham-Burn of the 40th Pathans. This club was beautifully appointed, but rather small for such a big station, and when other regiments began to arrive it had to be considerably enlarged, the badminton court had to be extended, new tennis courts, both hard and grass, were needed, and a new bridge room was another matter of necessity.

I had all this done, and also had a new spring teakwood floor laid in the ballroom. This improved matters out of all knowledge, and everyone was most complimentary until the question of payment arose. A committee meeting was called and it was decided

that the club had simply got to be made to pay—mine was to be the pleasant task of making it do so.

I put up two helpful suggestions, one that ham sandwiches be served at the bar and elsewhere ; two, that the ladies be given free ices ; but the committee laughed them to scorn. I pointed out advantages to be derived in such glowing terms and with such perseverance, however, that eventually shoulders were shrugged and I was told in a resigned tone to carry on.

Receipts soon proved that I was right. Ham, during the hot weather, is seldom seen “up-country,” as in the ordinary way it is impossible to keep. The club had a fine refrigerator, and our ham soon became a popular feature ; we supplied civilians and messes wholesale, while sandwiches in the club itself could scarcely be made fast enough. Regarding the ices, when it became known that they were free, no officer would ever allow a lady to have one without offering her a liqueur—result, huge profit on liqueurs.

The finest money-making proposition in the whole club, however, was undoubtedly the thermometer, which was kept in a prominent position near the “bar.” Members coming in went automatically to it, like a penny-in-the-slot machine. “Gad ! a hundred odd, let’s have a drink quick, for heaven’s sake.” Having played “The Great Game ” it’s as hot as—well, as it’s possible to be, and everyone troops for another look at the idol, which is

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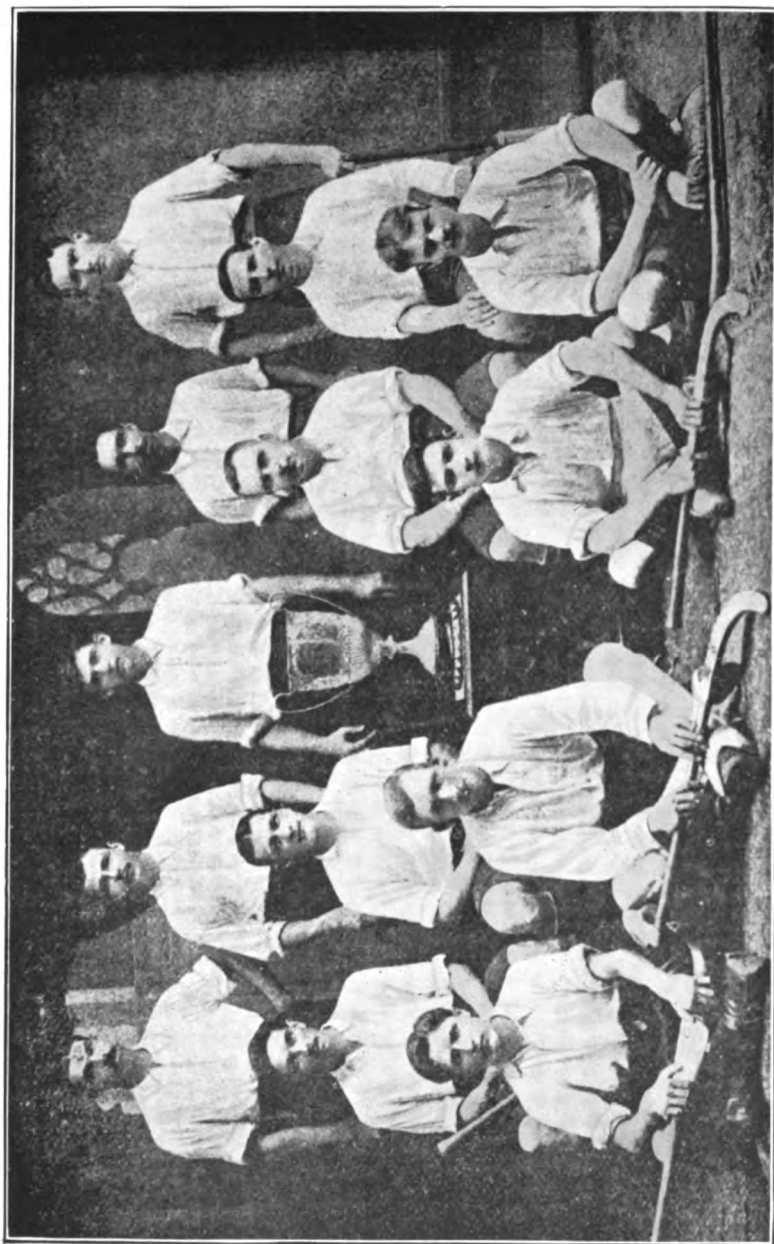
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miraculously ascending by leaps and bounds. Phew ! more drinks. What a country ! and *what* a thermometer.

Jhansi had at least one thing in its favour—an ideal cricket and hockey ground. It was situated in a little hollow about half a mile from the club ; a stream fringed with palms and trees ran at the bottom (in the rainy season), and the lane leading to it, also thickly overhung with trees and palms, was commonly known as “ The Lovers’ Walk ! ” It has been responsible for many a good man’s downfall, that walk.

It was in 1906 that my Jhansi Railway Hockey Team (incidentally the finest I have ever captained) won the cup in the Aga Khan tournament. This tournament usually takes a fortnight to play off. British and native teams are allowed to enter, and the games are played on the splendid turf of the Bombay Maidan. The donor of the cup, the Aga Khan, is the leader of the Mohammedan race ; he is also the owner of that famous racehorse Mumtaz Mahal.

During the tournament a brother officer and myself stayed at the Taj Mahal Hotel, while the remainder of the team were put up by the railway authorities in two large saloon carriages at the Victoria terminus. They were good boys and did not require looking after save in one respect—they spent far too much time in the baths. This was easily excusable in the unaccustomed damp heat, but that did not



**JHANSI RAILWAY INSTITUTE HOCKEY TEAM—1907.**

*Standing at the back*—A. Hill, C. Seymour, H. MacMullen, A. W. McLeod, S. McMullen.

*Sitting*—E. McLeod, C. S. Naylor, W. Troup (*captain*), R. J. Fitzpatrick.

*Sitting on the ground*—L. D. Shanahan, A. McCombie, A. Clough, S. Smith.

[To face p. 142.]





make it any more healthy for them. They caught chills, and on the morning of the final I went down to the station to find the lot of them in their bunks in various stages of fever. Ignoring entreaties and excuses I bundled them out of bed to the nearest chemist, leaving them in his hands with strict instructions to get them fit for play in the afternoon at all costs. He dosed them into a playing condition all right, and we won the match by three goals, which I scored.

This was a big feather in our caps, as it was the first time we had competed, and this cup takes some winning. We tried for it again next year, but had rotten luck. The team was a splendid one and trained to the second ; we reached the semi-final without the slightest effort, and our ultimate victory was an accepted certainty. On the great day, however, we were let down by our goalkeeper, who had been celebrating victory in advance I think, for he arrived on the ground in an intoxicated condition. I never remember playing a harder game, but all our herculean efforts failed against such a severe handicap, and we lost by a small margin. My wife did not wait to see the final, leaving for England the previous day with my only daughter Evelyn.

After our defeat I returned to Jhansi thoroughly disgusted with everything and everybody, and when my heart began to feel a bit groggy promptly put it down to the gruelling effects of the tournament.

As time went on the "groggy" feeling developed into a dull aching pain, so I decided to run down to Bombay to consult a specialist. He examined me and told me that if I ever played a strenuous game again I should drop down dead. I felt pretty sick on hearing this, and listened dismally to his advice, which consisted mainly of the ruthless elimination of whisky and heavy meat courses from my diet. Bad as I felt I summed up courage enough to protest, so he contented himself by halving my whisky ration and putting me under a doctor in Jhansi. I wired the news to my wife, who could not, of course, return until the hot weather was over.

Several months elapsed, and as my condition was no better the doctor once again cut my liquor allowance, and was proceeding to still further reductions had not my patience—already stretched to breaking point—suddenly snapped. It was bad enough to have to look on at games, to spend endless nights tossing in sleeplessness, to worry every hour of my life as to when my heart was going to jib altogether, but this was too much to ask. Furiously I told him that my life was not going to be made an even further misery, and consigning him to a warmer—a much warmer—climate, I stamped out. This outbreak did not disturb our friend the Jhansi doctor in the least. He quite agreed with my point of view, and a little later suggested a mild game of hockey, just to take my mind off things.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said, "I'll watch you very carefully throughout the game and examine you immediately afterwards. You, on your part, must stop if you feel the slightest discomfort.

The game proceeded merrily. I felt as fit as a fiddle, and after my examination in the pavilion at the finish was pronounced sound, even to the extent of captaining my side in the forthcoming Christmas Police Hockey Tour.

This tour is of annual occurrence, and is in reality practice for the sterner test of the "All India Tournament" at Allahabad, which takes place early in the New Year.

Feeling quite fit after it I decided it was high time to interview my eminent specialist again. After examining me he said frankly :

"Well, the truth of the matter is this, Troup, you're a well-known athlete. As a matter of fact your heart is perfectly sound, but should anything serious have happened to you, owing to your weight and age, it would have damaged my reputation considerably."

For the moment I was utterly aghast at the man's overwhelming arrogance and audacity, but I quickly recovered myself, and my blood boiled as I thought of all those sleepless nights and all those whiskies that might have been. Keeping my hands in my pockets, with the greatest difficulty I said warmly :

"Doctor, if you were only a bigger man I'd give

you the damnedest hiding you've ever had in your life."

However, I was fit again, which was all that really mattered, and reflected jubilantly as I returned to the Yacht Club and full rations that life after all has its compensations.

## CHAPTER XVI

Some cases I have investigated—The imaginary consignment—  
How wheat was sold which did not exist—The case of the  
counterfeit rupees—The V. P. P. case.

MY exuberance died down somewhat on my return from Bombay, however, for a wire from the firms of Mohan Lal & Co. and Hari Dass, both corn merchants of Bombay, awaited me. It read: "Please come here by first train, a big swindle involved; your jurisdiction concerned."

I had returned a week before I need have done in order to play hockey in the Dewar Shield Tournament, so I felt pretty sick on reading it. Still, Government work had to come first, so I departed forthwith.

On my return to Bombay I lost no time in interviewing the firms who had sent the wire. Six weeks previously, it appeared, they had received a letter from the firm of Seth Mull & Co., corn merchants of Kandypur, who are as well known in India as Ralli Brothers, to the effect that Agents of theirs had started an agency at Dip, and that the firm would hold themselves responsible for any advance made to the above branch on any consignments

of grain in transit to Bombay on the production of railway receipts.

Accordingly they had no hesitation in advancing eight thousand rupees on a very large consignment of grain, when, a fortnight later, one Ram Lal, agent to Seth Mull & Co. at Dip, appeared and asked for the above advance, presenting the authorized railway receipt as security.

Goods from Dip to Bombay take a fortnight in transit. This period having lapsed without the appearance of the goods wagons containing the corn, they began making inquiries.

The railway authorities, after making endless inquiries, denied all knowledge of the consignment, and Seth Mull denied ever having written the letters, whereupon the firms became alarmed and decided to call the police to their aid.

Hari Dass repeated the same story, but the agent in this case was Pir Bux, and his consignment warranted an advance of only five thousand rupees (fifteen hundred rupees, roughly, being a hundred pounds).

I obtained possession of the railway receipts, and later had them photographed to ten times their original size. It was an easy matter to trace the numbers of the two railway receipts from the station where they had been stolen, but there the thread ended. The stationmaster was quite ignorant as to how and when they were stolen from his blank book.

I had had the case in hand about a week, when, sitting in the Taj Mahal Hotel at Bombay one day puzzling over the photographs with a magnifying glass, I suddenly noticed that a portion of the A of the rubber stamp which had stamped "AT OWNER'S RISK" across the middle of the receipt, was missing; under the magnifying glass the A appeared thus A, though this could not be discerned with the naked eye.

So far so good, but there are many railway stations in India; the difficulty was to find the station with the imperfection in the rubber stamp.

I visited the manager of the line at Bombay, and told him of my discovery, and arrangements were made for myself and two detectives to visit the head goods office the following Sunday (when, of course, the working staff would be away) in order to examine the various receipt forms arriving there from up-country, in the hope that fortune would favour us to the extent of finding the station with the flaw in its stamp.

We spent the whole of that Sunday examining receipt forms under strong magnifying glasses. It was tedious work and thousands of forms were examined with no result. I had almost given up all hope, when one of my assistants came over and asked me to look at the stamp on a Rambagh receipt—He had it! without the shadow of a doubt, the clean cut break was there, and a wee smudge on the tip of the letter corresponded exactly with those on my receipts.

Next morning I lost no time in seeing the manager



and informed him of our success, but asked him to do nothing in the matter until after I had returned from Rambagh, where I proceeded the same afternoon.

On arrival there, my first call was at the general post office, where I interviewed the postmaster (who happened to be a European) and ordered him to detain all letters arriving for the stationmaster. Next morning luck was on my side. In calling for the letters, I found, to my delight, that a hundred to one chance had come off. One of them bore the postmark of AHMEDABAD and was from Pir Bux and Ram Lal. According to the letter, they were ready to pay the stationmaster his share of the loot and would be glad if he would wire in reply when and where they could meet him.

After this, I had a confidential talk with the postmaster, giving him the following wire with strict injunctions not to dispatch it until 4 p.m. the following day: "To Ram Lal, Sadar Bazar, Ahmedabad. Meet me without fail to-morrow, waiting room, Watson's Hotel, at 9 a.m. You should leave by the Ocean Mail, arriving Bombay 6 a.m.—Station Master, Rambagh."

This done, I caught the mail to Bombay, arriving there early next morning. At midday I saw the manager and arranged for him to send a wire to the stationmaster at Rambagh as follows: "Please catch to-night's mail for Bombay. Transferring

you to a more important charge. Consider the order very urgent." I remained until this message had been dispatched, and then departed to make arrangements for the impending arrests.

Waiting about at 6 a.m. on a rainy morning is not by any means a pleasant way of passing one's time; still we got the stationmaster, which was all that really mattered. He was in a funk too, and "split" on Ram Lal and Pir Bux almost as soon as he'd got his bracelets on.

Breakfast came next (and very glad we were to get it too) and we then adjourned to the hotel to await the arrival of the perpetrators of the clever swindle. They were punctual to the minute, and very surprised to see us awaiting them. Surprise turned to dismay pretty quickly though, as they were marched off to the cells with a constable on either side.

I interviewed them a little later and recorded their statements. Fortunately for the firms concerned, they had spent very little of the money, though they showed much reluctance in handing back their ill-gotten gains.

Their method of conducting the swindle was ingenious to say the least of it.

Seth Mull & Co. employed a confidential secretary of the name of Miss Cooper. She was a Eurasian and was entrusted with the whole of the firm's correspondence.

Ram Lal and his confederate Pir Bux had got this

woman in their power, by some means or other, and through her agency they managed to obtain some of the firm's printed stationery.

With this in their possession, they departed to Dip, a small place on the main line to Bombay, where they opened up temporarily—very temporarily—as corn merchants.

Ram Lal and Pir Bux are charming fellows and universally popular—from a native point of view ; accordingly acquaintanceship with the stationmaster twenty miles up the line soon ripens into friendship and they occasionally spend an evening with him in his private office.

On one of these occasions, Ram Lal asks him to go out and have a drink with him. The stationmaster hesitates about leaving his office unguarded, whereupon Pir Bux kindly offers to stay and look after things for a few minutes—the temptation is too much for our friend the stationmaster, and off he goes.

On his return, he finds everything in order, and a short time later the two depart, charming fellows ; how is the stationmaster to know that Pir Bux has during his absence extracted half a dozen goods receipts from one of the dozen blank-books he has on his shelves ?

Next morning Ram Lal takes the train to Kandypur. He interviews Miss Cooper in her private house in the city, explains their plan to her, and makes her write two letters in the name of Seth

Mull (on paper bearing their name, etc.)—one to Mohan Lal & Co. and the other to Hari Dass & Co., both corn merchants of Bombay.

We already know what those letters contained, and before leaving Ram Lal extracts a promise from the secretary to forward the replies to him, under registered cover, as soon as they arrive. The replies reach Dip in due course, to the effect that the firms in question would be only too pleased to honour the firm of Seth Mull & Co. in respect to their agents at Dip. Only one more difficulty had to be faced, and they were ready to start their profitable transactions.

They had the railway receipts, and it was a matter of simplicity to fill them up—the problem was how to get them stamped—"AT OWNER'S RISK," which is necessary on all goods of this kind. Eventually Ram Lal remembered that the station-master at Rambagh was a particular friend of his. If approached properly on the subject he would doubtless stamp the receipts for them. It meant splitting the proceeds again, but there was no other way of procuring the stamp, so they were compelled to offer him a third share in consideration of his services.

With the complete receipts in their possession, the pair depart for Bombay, where their respective interviews pan out in accordance with their anticipations. Ram Lal visits Mohan Lal & Co., and Pir Bux, Hari Dass & Co., and in both cases

the managers pay without qualms on the production of the railway receipts.

It was a wonderfully well-conceived plot, and if we had not been lucky enough to find that broken "A" it would have been yet another item on that already long list of "Untraced Mysteries."

Another interesting case which came under my notice here concerned the making of counterfeit rupees.

It is common knowledge that in India bad rupees are as common as the mosquitoes are in the rains. Authority kept up a half-hearted opposition at that time, but when retribution did overtake the offenders, the punishment was so light it served merely as an incentive to further efforts. Matters got so bad eventually, however, that they resolved to make a firm stand.

Special men were sent to investigate the cases, and all inspectors, sub-inspectors and constables were put on extra pay. Six months went by and still nothing happened, and authority, with an eye on the pay roll, sent down an order to the effect that unless some results were forthcoming, the inquiry had better be closed.

The chief in charge of the matter was a very nice fellow and a very able officer, but he didn't know much about the native, and this nearly brought about his undoing. Thinking to buck things up a bit, he sent a copy of this order round to all the sub-inspectors, and, needless to say, it filtered down to

the lesser fry. They promptly held a council of war, with one fact crystallized in their minds—unless they did something quickly their extra pay was going to be stopped. Enough.

The next day saw two weary looking coolies struggling up to Delhi railway station with a square wooden box. They got in the train for Meerut, and soon began making friends with the other occupants of the carriage.

At Ghaziabad they politely asked the two passengers next to them to look after their box for a minute or two, and, hopping out of the train, made good their escape.

Meerut reached at last, the two unfortunates who had been inveigled into minding the box prepared to leave the carriage quietly without it. Two policemen, however, happened by the greatest ill-fortune to be stationed immediately outside their carriage door, and becoming suspicious at this ruthless abandonment of property, promptly broke the box open to see what it contained. Inside was the complete apparatus for coining rupees, and the unhappy pair were roughly marched off to the cell. Useless to try to explain how they had been caught; a native policeman judges everybody by his own standards, therefore every prisoner is a liar. But luck had not quite deserted them, for another passenger who had been watching events with some curiosity followed behind. On arrival at the police station he gripped the astonished

constable by the arm, told him that he was the police inspector of — and bore out the prisoners' story of how they obtained possession of the box.

The matter was thrashed to the bitter end of course, and there was a holy row for everyone concerned when it was discovered how the constables had stage-managed matters.

Another case I had under investigation at this time concerned the V.P.P. system.

In India, if you happen to live miles away from everywhere in an up-country station, you can buy anything from any of the big shops in Bombay, Calcutta, etc., under this Value Payable Post system. Say, for instance, you wish to buy a dress value one hundred rupees. You send an order down to your favourite shop and they send the dress to the stationmaster. The postman then calls with the railway receipt in a sealed envelope, which he gives you in exchange for the one hundred rupees. With this in your possession you may call upon the stationmaster and claim your goods, but you must do so within a fortnight, as after this time has elapsed they are sent back again.

This particular case concerned a gramophone. The firm of Bind & Co. of Bombay had sent a gramophone value 250 rupees and six dozen records to the care of the stationmaster at Ajmere on the order of Abdul Aziz, a native magistrate, care of the G.P.O.

There was no magistrate of this name in the place,

and as the fortnight went by without the parcel being claimed the stationmaster sent it back to Bombay. It returned to Bind & Co. apparently intact, but upon opening it they found shavings and old nails in place of the gramophone and the records. The police were immediately communicated with, and I proceeded post-haste to interview the stationmaster. Things looked pretty black against him, but we could not find a particle of evidence against him, and he seemed only too eager to help us in any way possible. The box, on its arrival at the station, had been deposited in the railway parcels office, where it could not possibly have been interfered with. It had obviously been tampered with during transit, but where and by whom was indeed a problem. To trace one small box through the many devious channels of a journey of this description was about as hopeless a job as tracing the proverbial needle through a haystack. I worked for weeks on it and traced and sifted half the parcel post of India with no result, until eventually I was forced to admit that I was "beat."

But coincidence has played havoc with many a man's schemes. Nearly two years later the stationmaster at Ajmere retired to a small place down country called Phulera.

A few weeks afterwards while glancing down the "ads." column of the *Pioneer* I found a gramophone by Bind & Co., together with six dozen records, for sale, apply to Mohan Lal, Sadr Bazar,



Phulera. Gramophones, after the V.P.P. affair, were a sore point with me, and I was idly going through the case again when I suddenly remembered that that gramophone had been sold by Bind & Co., and had had six dozen records, and—heavens above! the man advertising was my stationmaster.

I lost no time in journeying to Bombay and interviewing the firm in question. Lengthy poring over their books revealed the number of the machine and the names of all the records. With these in my possession, I made tracks for Phulera and Mohan Lal. He was very surprised to see me and agreed to my request to look at the gramophone he had for sale. There was no possible doubt about it, the gramophone was the same one, and the villain got a year's imprisonment. We never found the man who wrote the original letter to the firm, and Mohan Lal was sporting enough to refuse to give him away. "I ordered the gramophone, Sahib," he said, "kept the box in my parcels office and substituted the shavings and nails. I had an accomplice, certainly, but, as I have admitted my responsibility, there is no need to go into further details."

## CHAPTER XVII

### The Mussoorie murder case.

ONE of the most sensational murders of all time occurred while I was in Jhansi. I refer to the murder or suicide of Miss Garnett Orme.

The whole of India was aroused over it as nothing had aroused it since the days of the Mutiny. Whoever conceived the plot, if plot there was, was undoubtedly a genius. In all murder cases, even the untraced ones, some clue, some trace is left, but in this one there wasn't a semblance of anything to work on, and the case remained one of the most baffling of those "untraced mysteries."

Miss Eva Mouncestephens was arrested on the charge that on or about the 18th of September, 1911, she committed murder by causing the death of Miss Garnett Orme, a lady of about forty-nine years of age, whose friend or companion she was, but was acquitted as nothing could be proved against her.

Miss Garnett Orme was a lady who usually resided in Lucknow. At the time of her death, however, she had been up to Mussoorie for the season.

On the night of the 18th there was a dance at the

Savoy Hotel, where the deceased was living. About 10 p.m. she was seen to go to her room apparently happy, fit and well. On the morning of the 19th her servant went as usual to her room in order to get cups and saucers, etc., for Chota Hazri. Miss Orme usually locked her door, and the boy, having received no answer after repeated knockings, went round to the window, where he found an ayah of the lady next door, who inquired what the noise was all about.

He was told to look in at the window and see what was the matter, and on climbing up on to the sill to the upper window, which was open, he saw Miss Orme lying stiff and straight on the bed, with both eyes open, apparently dead. Various persons then arrived on the scene—the hotel manager, the assistant manager, the housekeeper and Doctor Osborn. It was quite clear that the windows looking on to the verandah, through one of which the servant had looked, could easily be opened, and Doctor Osborn and Frazer, the assistant manager, entered the bedroom through one of them.

The room was scrupulously tidy in accordance with the general and well-known habits of Miss Orme, but the state of the body was the thing which most immediately struck their attention; indeed, it must have struck the attention of anybody. The body was lying on its back, the clothes were drawn up to the breast and the arms were lying outside folded on the counterpane. The hair

appeared to have been laid out with considerable care on either side of the head on the pillow, the bedclothes and pillow were without a wrinkle, and the figure was perfectly straight. The bathroom door was bolted and the window closed ; it would have been impossible for anyone to get through it in any case, because it was protected by strong wire netting. In the bedroom were found only the following things : a tumbler of water from which nothing apparently had been drunk (this was found on a small stool near the foot of the bed), alongside the bed a handkerchief faintly scented with prussic acid, and on a table near the bed an unfinished letter which Miss Garnett Orme had evidently been writing that night to Miss Mouncestephen, who was at Jhansi preparing a bungalow in readiness for her.

This letter commenced in the most affectionate way, and in the course of it the deceased said : " I am so looking forward to seeing our new bungalow, and am simply counting the days now until we go on the 27th." The letter ended with : " I am so tired to-night ; I'll go to bed now and finish this to-morrow."

There was also found on the table a small account-book, some leaves of which had been torn out. In the fireplace were some burnt ashes, on the top of which was some burnt paper, including what were indubitably the torn-out pages of the account-book. A used cheque-book, from which some of the

counterfoils had been torn out, was also found, and amongst the ashes in the grate was a label which had been on a one-ounce bottle of prussic acid. There was no sign of any bottle about the place, nor was there anything from which it could be gathered that the prussic acid had been taken.

At the post-mortem held in the afternoon it was found that an upper set of false teeth which the deceased lady had been in the habit of wearing were missing from the mouth. Inquiries were made as to whether any set of false teeth had been found in the room, and a new set was found in a little cardboard box, which included a packet labelled bi-carbonate of soda (but which was found on analysis to be arsenic) at the bottom of a locked trunk.

No further light was thrown on the mystery of the teeth until the 23rd of October, when the accused wrote from Jhansi to the district magistrate and said she had found another set of teeth amongst the deceased's things there.

The contention for the Crown was that the set of false teeth Miss Orme had been wearing immediately before her death were the ones produced by the accused at Jhansi. Their suggestion was that the accused, when she went up to Mussoorie just after Miss Orme's death, obtained these teeth from someone in Mussoorie, who had taken them away on the night of the 18th, and as the teeth found in the wrapper at Mussoorie were clean, while those

found at Jhansi had tartar and food adhering to them, it certainly seemed feasible.

The state in which the body was found indicated that death had taken place in the early part of the night. After the post-mortem the Civil Surgeon ordered certain organs to be sent to the Chemical Examiner, who reported quantities of prussic acid in them.

Miss Mouncestephen undoubtedly possessed a remarkable influence over the deceased, which she gained by crystal-gazing and palmistry. Miss Orme told a prominent witness that she could not see things in the crystal herself, but could with the aid of Miss Mouncestephen. Miss Orme believed in crystal-gazing implicitly, and Miss Mouncestephen appeared to do so. Miss Orme was often heard to speak of a Mrs. Winter whom she believed to be her "Guardian Angel." She foretold things for Miss Orme's benefit through the mediumship of Miss Mouncestephen.

According to Miss Orme, Mrs. Winter was the spirit of a dead person who had been killed years previously in a motor-car accident in Birmingham. She was Miss Orme's affinity, and Miss Orme believed in her predictions implicitly and obeyed her behests. To show how thoroughly the unfortunate lady believed in her, I give the following instance :

On one occasion Miss Orme was standing on a stool hanging up a picture when the stool slipped.

II\*

Miss Mouncestephen told her that she would have had a very nasty fall if Mrs. Winter had not held her head, which she had seen her doing. Miss Orme thoroughly believed in her companion's explanation, even though she had never seen Mrs. Winter, neither did she know of her existence until Miss Mouncestephen informed her.

Mrs. Winter foretold the most wonderful things, and on one occasion Miss Mouncestephen wrote to Miss Orme telling her that she had seen the spirit of Jack Grant (Miss Orme's former fiancé) hovering menacingly over her, and advised her to put out of the house everything received from him. Miss Orme obeyed Miss Mouncestephen's instructions. If she had told her that black was white she would have believed her, so great was the surrender of her will.

Miss Mouncestephen refused to take a salary from Miss Orme, because she said that it would spoil their friendship; she had no hesitation in accepting large gifts of money, or allowing Miss Orme to pay her bills for her, however, and even wrote to England obtaining money from Miss Orme's relatives which she used for her own purposes.

Miss Orme declared the will she had already made in favour of her own relatives null and void, and left everything she possessed to her dearest and greatest friend, Miss Mouncestephen, but Miss Mouncestephen never got her legacy, for the Court held that the testatrix in this case was not of

a sound disposing mind and the will was the offspring of deceit practised by Miss Mouncestephen on the testatrix.

Discussing whether the deceased died of murder or suicide the Judge said he believed Miss Orme died by taking prussic acid as a love philtre. The strange fact of the teeth found in the box at Mussoorie being clean, while the old ones with tartar and food on them were found at Jhansi, was also discussed, and the Judge further said that her teeth must have been removed by the person or persons who laid out the body so carefully, and he or they must have handed the teeth to Miss Mouncestephen.

The Court expressed an inability to believe that the accused did not know that Miss Orme was going to die that night ; she certainly impressed upon any and every body the fact that Miss Orme was very ill, and that something terrible was going to happen to her, while she wrote to friends in England: " I wish my friend could come too, but I have a feeling that she will never see her new home, she is so ill. I have booked a passage in March. . . . When I do come home, I intend enjoying life thoroughly and seeing a little of London. It will be nice to have plenty of money, and know that one has not to be careful of it." She also told a lady in Lucknow that a lady in England had told her that she would live with a sick lady who would die, and leave her her property in the



year 1911 in the ninth month between the 15th and the 25th.

For the defence Mr. Ross-Alston said that the argument about the teeth was bunkum. The point was that they must have been the teeth Miss Orme was wearing which must have been taken out of her mouth by someone, the supposed accomplice, after her death. Miss Mouncesteven could certainly not have done it as she was in Jhansi, nearly eight hundred miles away, at the time. He took it that the argument regarding these teeth was, if they had not been in use, traces of food would not have been found on them, and emphasis had been laid on the fact that the plate found in Mussoorie was much cleaner. This plate had been found in an old bi-carbonate of soda packet which was found to contain arsenic. If the argument that the arsenic was placed where it was in the hope that Miss Orme might use it in mistake for something else were a sound one, why was the arsenic placed with a tooth-plate out of use? The reason for believing the Jhansi teeth were the ones in use showed that there was little chance of the deceased opening the box and coming across the bi-carbonate of soda or arsenic.

Regarding the purchase of the arsenic, it had quite possibly been bought for some harmless purpose that had no bearing on the case whatsoever. The position in which it was found inferred that it had really been bought for the purpose of ex-

terminating insects. It was not used at the time, so Miss Orme hid it away in the box for safety.

Coming to the prussic acid, there was a bit of evidence which indirectly supported the theory of suicide. In the first place, there was the label on the prussic-acid bottle. The accused left Mussoorie on the 12th of September. Between the 12th and the 19th, suppose she had been responsible for the administering of the poison, that piece of paper must have remained in the fireplace during that time. There was a letter dated the 13th which showed deceased had a fire on that date, so it was impossible for it to have remained there. The prosecution suggested that the accomplice might have tried to burn this label, and not quite succeeded—the accomplice might have done anything; it was useful to be able to introduce him whenever a link was missing.

He contended that it was much more probable that Miss Orme herself opened the prussic-acid bottle and threw the label into the fire on the evening of the 18th, that it was all burnt save one little piece, and that Miss Orme herself had burnt the letters and other articles she wanted destroyed. There is always "motive" where a suicide is concerned, however, and why should this lady, happy in her own little way, with a circle of friends, a fairly large fortune, and nothing to worry her in the world, have wished to take her life?

Then there is the question of the laying out. The

amount of prussic acid found in her system was sufficient to cause death within the space of a few minutes. She might have brushed her hair and tidied her room and burnt the papers before taking it, but she certainly would not have had time to destroy the bottle and the vessel she drank from or arrange her hair and compose the bedclothes.

Regarding the teeth found at Jhansi, the counsel suggested that it would have been a very shrewd person who would think of taking the teeth out of the deceased's mouth, as was suggested by the prosecution; it was impossible to imagine such a shrewd person not taking the simple precaution of cleaning these teeth.

It was extremely difficult to imagine a lady of Miss Orme's character committing suicide. If she had intended doing so, she had taken most elaborate precautions to hide the fact.

The most extraordinary part of the affair was that the accused, Miss Mouncestephen, knew that Miss Orme was going to die; the point was, did she also know that she was going to die by committing suicide? If she did, she might be morally responsible for the death, though legally she was not in any way responsible, and would certainly not be guilty of murder.

The whole circumstances of this lady's death, however, went against the theory of suicide. It was impossible to imagine her partaking of her dinner in the ordinary way, and then calmly return-

ing to her room, writing a portion of a letter, burning all her papers, locking all the doors, and taking this deadly dose.

Evidence clearly showed that she believed she would die suddenly; the will and the elaborate preparations made for her companion in the event of it proved this, but contemplation of death and contemplation of death by one's own hand are two very different things. She certainly never made the suggestion to any living soul that she intended to commit suicide, though according to Doctor Osborn's evidence she stated to him that she had a presentiment that she was going to die, and that her end would come suddenly.

The purchase of the prussic acid remained a mystery. There was no evidence to show that Miss Orme did not herself buy it, and there was certainly nothing to show that Miss Mouncestephen had done so. As regards the arsenic, it was subsequently discovered that Miss Orme herself had bought it for the destruction of fish insects. Then came the question of this presentiment of the deceased's that she was going to die. Who put the notion into her head? Had the accused done so, and used the hypnotic or magnetic influence she undoubtedly possessed over the deceased in fostering the obsession?

Although it was difficult to adopt the theory of suicide, it was almost impossible to adopt any other; almost any theory as to how the woman met her

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Although it was difficult to adopt the theory of suicide, it was almost impossible to adopt any other; almost any theory as to how the woman met her

death could be met with grave criticism. There was the idea that the accused hypnotized or mesmerized the deceased and that she was in this way able to make her take the poison ; there was evidence of the extraordinary power the accused possessed over the deceased, but as it was impossible to produce evidence of her having hypnotized her into taking poison, the jury could not very well come to the conclusion that she had done so. That being so, they could not find the accused guilty of murder ; the only question they had to decide was—Whether or not she was guilty of abetment of murder. To find her guilty of abetment of murder, it would be necessary to find first that some person or persons other than the accused had murdered the deceased. Further they would have to find that it was the accused who instigated that person or those persons to commit the murder.

The question of murder by outsiders was an even greater source of difficulty.

The murder, if it was murder, took place in an hotel in which there was a large number of guests. Miss Orme's room was not particularly private, and it was difficult to imagine how the murder could have taken place under these circumstances.

It had obviously been committed by means of the prussic acid, and the person or persons administering it must have given large quantities to prevent the possibility of crying out, laid the

body out, smoothed down the bedclothes, brushed out the hair, removed all traces of the poison and burnt the letters, etc.—a pretty daring individual to stop in the room long enough to do all that.

All things considered, the theory of suicide, notwithstanding all its improbabilities, is more feasible than that of murder. The great strength of the case against the accused was the extraordinary knowledge she possessed.

If the accused knew the deceased was going to commit suicide, and could tell people that she was going to die and that she (accused) was coming into the money, one word to Miss Orme herself from the accused would have saved her, but did she know that deceased was going to commit suicide—did the deceased commit suicide, or was she murdered?

Any theory that can be put forward in either case meets with some insurmountable difficulty, some ridiculous improbability, or some missing link in the chain of evidence.



## CHAPTER XVIII

King George V. and Queen Mary, as Prince and Princess of Wales, visit Gwalior—The Royal train—Arrangements for their Majesties' safety—The entry into Gwalior—State procession on elephants—A State banquet—The Prince and the toy train—Some Royal tiger shoots—The Christmas tree.

ONE of the episodes of King George and Queen Mary's visit to India in 1905 was a visit to Gwalior, where they were the guests of the Maharaja Scindia. As Gwalior was in my jurisdiction I was responsible for the safety of the Royal train in transit.

A visit of this kind entails much work and anxiety on the part of everyone concerned. Months beforehand arrangements have to be made, from the smallest detail to the most comprehensive scheme, and everything has to be perfected by rehearsal.

The wonders of the Royal train have been too widely broadcasted to need any further description here—sufficient to say everything is the last word in perfection.

Before the train leaves the terminus an exhaustive examination has to take place just in case any bombs, etc., have been deposited in an odd corner (this is my job). The agent of the line and the general traffic manager accompany the

train throughout its journey on their particular line, the local superintendent and the local traffic superintendent accompany it through their district. I accompany the train and am responsible for the personal safety of the Royal Family throughout my jurisdiction.

To this end the following arrangements have to be made :

During the daytime village chaukidars (police-men) are placed every two hundred yards or so apart along either side of the track. At night they are stationed every hundred yards apart and have lighted torches. Culverts, bridges, stations, etc., are protected by the police according to their significance.

A culvert will be guarded by two constables, a large bridge will probably require a sub-inspector, two head constables and twelve constables ; wherever the train halts a sub-inspector and two constables will be posted, while a station is guarded by rows of constables who stand all along the line with their backs to the train until it starts again. When the train stops at the end of my jurisdiction, I heave a deep sigh of relief and hand a document over to the superintendent of the next province, who signs to the effect that he has received their Majesties' persons safe and sound.

The State of Gwalior is one of the largest feudatory states in India and by far the largest of the numerous principalities comprised within the political charge

of the Central Indian Agency. Its area is not much inferior to that of Scotland, and as that Kingdom consists of one compact body with outlying islands, so Gwalior consists of one large block with numerous detached districts.

Their Royal Highnesses arrived at Gwalior in the early hours of December 20th, 1905, and were conducted to the palace on elephants; four-horsed carriages had hitherto done duty on the tour, but it was left for the Maharaja of Scindia to welcome them in true Indian fashion by a great State procession on elephants.

The march of the gorgeously caparisoned animals was the real Imperial India; redolent of the East, it presented a series of Oriental pictures such as the Prince and Princess had previously had no opportunity of seeing.

Most gorgeous of all were the leading pair, on which were mounted His Royal Highness, the Princess, the Maharaja and Major Daly, Agent to the Governor-General. Their howdahs were of wood, covered with plates of beaten gold, trappings of crimson velvet heavily embroidered with Scindia's arms almost swept the ground; frontlets of gold chain mail with circular embossed shields of hide adorned their broad brows, while massive gold chains hung round their necks, ornaments of gold filigree covered their ears and silver "toras" encircled their huge ankles. The mahouts bore "chowries" of peacocks' feathers fixed in sockets of

gold studded with gems, and drove their unwieldy-looking charges with "ankuses" (hooks) of gold, the silver bells hanging from them tinkling melodiously as they swayed from side to side. To add to the picturesque effect, the elephants had been painted slate colour and decorated with various devices, culminating in the Prince of Wales' feathers on their foreheads.

The elephants which were to carry the rest of the Royal Suite and the principal Sardars vied in gorgeousness with the leading pair, except that silver was substituted for gold, while the painted designs were even more Oriental and original. They did not comprise the whole procession by any means, however, for rank after rank of picturesquely clad troops brought up the van and rear-guard.

Their Royal Highnesses stayed with the Maharaja at Jai Bilas Palace, while the numerous guests were accommodated either in the beautiful Nao Tala (nine tanks) Palace, or under canvas.

The ceremonials included a Durbar, a review of troops, and last, but not least, a State Banquet. As is usual upon these occasions, the Maharaja did not put in an appearance until dinner was nearly over; his entry was the signal for the big feature of the affair to be brought into requisition—a neat and novel device for passing wines and cigars round the Royal table.

A miniature silver electric train, consisting of an engine and six cut glass coaches, had been waiting

“line clear ” all dinner time, and was set in motion by a switch placed under the Prince’s hand, by means of which he could start, accelerate, or retard the train at his pleasure. Much amusement was caused by the advantage His Royal Highness took of his power over the toy—he played with it for hours.

The ceremonials connected with the Royal visit concluded with this banquet, and the two following days were to be devoted to attractive relaxation in the form of tiger shooting. Hopes were high next morning that My Lord Tiger would be obliging, and everyone eagerly awaited news from one or other of the different tiger beats. About nine o’clock messages began to arrive from various beats, of doubtful or discouraging import, but at last came one from Panihar, about twenty miles south of the palace, “Sher ne baoli tori.” “Sher kho men hai” (the tiger has killed. It is in the beat).

Information was quickly conveyed to their Royal Highnesses and cars began to stream out towards Panihar. A road had been cut through the jungle to within a mile of the beat, and here the motors halted ; a camp for refreshments, etc., was pitched and the three hundred beaters who were to circumvent the wily Raja Nahan assembled.

These were quickly marched off to take up their positions and were to begin beating when they received the signal. The shooting party then took their way to their various stations, the Princess and Lady Eva Dugdale being carried in tonjons

(chairs carried on men's shoulders), the Prince on horseback, and the remainder on horseback and on foot.

The path lay through desolate looking country with hills all round covered with scrub jungle. At a dip in the path, they came across the pool where the feline family were apparently in the habit of slaking their thirst, for several times pug marks could be clearly seen in the dust. After about a quarter of an hour they reached the Mālā (a stone tower with little windows in it to shoot from) which had been built for them. Instructions were given for the beat to commence, and soon were heard the beating of drums, the discharge of blank cartridges, and the wild yells of the beaters.

The Panihar beat consists of a number of radiating nullahs (small ravines) converging on the valley where the Prince was watching, and it is by no means easy to manage successfully, for there is always the possibility of a tiger lying up in a small nullah and allowing the beaters to pass over it, or of its breaking out altogether. Twice it was thought that one of these catastrophes had happened, and the beaters were recalled to go over the ground again. At length the Maharaja, who was sitting with their Royal Highnesses in the tower, thinking something had gone wrong, went off to join the beaters to try to bring the line on with more regularity and vigour.

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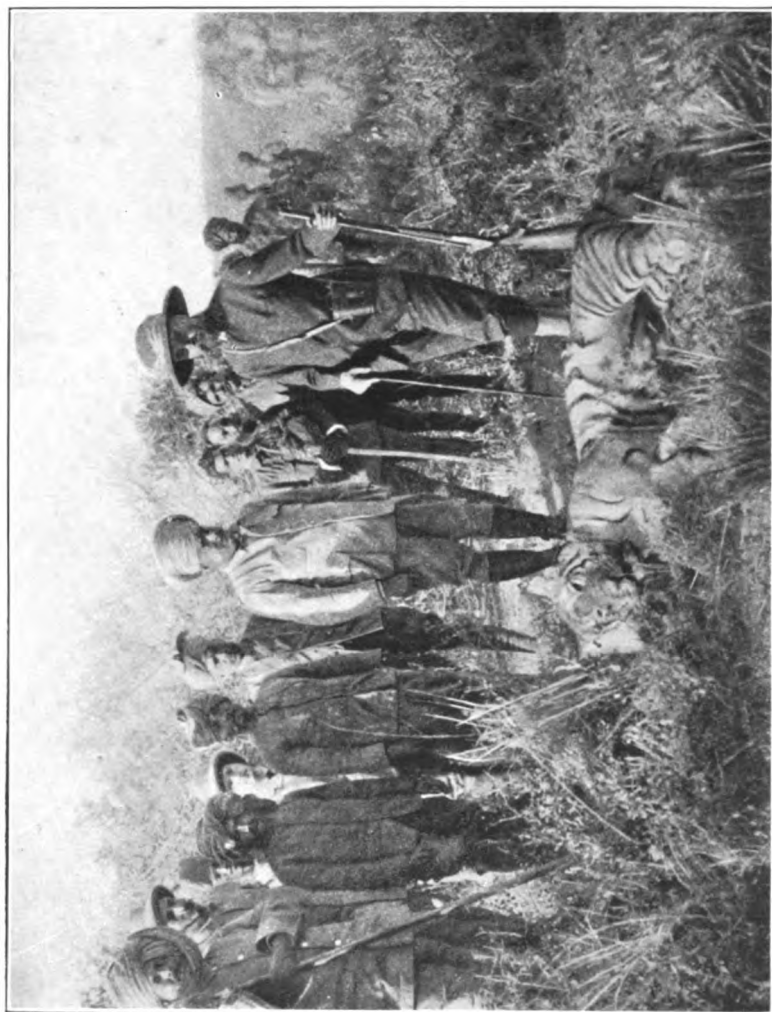
tower grew intense, but still nothing appeared, though a few beaters could now be seen pushing their way through the scrub.

Suspense had almost given way to despair, when a tawny form was seen crouching at a slow trot along the opposite slope about eighty yards off. The Prince immediately covered it with his rifle, but the dense jungle prevented him for a few minutes from obtaining a clear view of the beast. In a few seconds, however, a favourable chance presented itself, the Prince pulled the trigger, the tiger turned, rushed down the hill—and disappeared. Was he dead or had he escaped into the jungle and out of the valley?

Everyone was in this state of doubt when the Maharaja reappeared much heated and excited by his exertions. Almost at the same moment a sepoy up the hill shouted: “Mara Hua Hai” (it is dead), and there was a general rush up the hill. The tiger lay against the trunk of a tree, and well had the unerring eye of the Royal sportsman and the ball of the trusty weapon done their work.

Behind the right shoulder was a wound which must have been immediately fatal.

The shoot next day was at Tekanpore, where a tiger and tigress were reported in the Kho. The sportsmen started out in much the same order as before, but the Princess did not accompany the party. In striking contrast to the scene of the previous day was the far stretching plain, bounded



The King's First Tiger.

*To face p. 178*



by the circle of distant hills. To the north, immediately at one's feet, lay the lake where a few water fowl sailed at ease. Far to the south was visible the ancient fort of Pichhor; to the west, the small fragment of ridge is capped by a tiny fort containing a spring of perennial water, while to the east lay the larger half of the ridge which was to be the venue of the day's operations, covered with the densest scrub jungle.

A walk of half a mile along the base of this ridge brought the party opposite the saddle on which the tower for His Royal Highness had been erected. In this, the Prince, the Maharaja, General Beatson, and Sir Partap Singh took up their position, while other members of the party had posts on the back of the ridge from which they could watch operations with the chance of a shot if the tiger managed to get past the Prince.

The Prince's tower commanded a complete view of the beat, which was not at all like the usual haunt of tigers, being rather shadeless and exposed. The attraction from the tiger's point of view must have been the lake from which water is always obtainable and a numerous "Sounder" of pig which frequent this jungle.

The beat began from near the shore of the lake, and advanced eastward, the line stretching entirely across the shallow valley from summit to summit. The beaters, eight hundred in number, proceeded silently at first, only occasionally clapping their

hands, then, as it seemed that the quarry was likely to lie close, more noisy demonstrations commenced until the hills echoed with the uproar. And lie close it did, for a beater came right across the tigress lying under a bush ; she jumped up with a roar, broke cover, crossing the open space below the tower at full gallop. It was a difficult shot about one hundred yards off ; the Prince fired twice with his 400 cordite rifle and twice with his 350, but the tigress, without slacking speed, dashed into the opposite cover to the right of the saddle. The hawk-like eye of Sir Partap Singh, however, had detected a peculiar flick of her tail, which convinced him that she was hit. If badly wounded she would probably have not gone far ; if unwounded, or only slightly hit, she might have escaped out of the valley altogether. The Maharaja was so eager to test this point that he left the Mâlâ, followed by General Beatson and Sir Partap, and all three proceeded to the bottom of the valley to rearrange the beaters.

They were sent off to the eastern end of the ridge to beat in the contrary direction ; the line must have come within fifty yards or so of the tower, when suddenly a terrific roar was heard and the tigress was seen charging down the hillside, straight towards the spot where the Maharaja and his two companions were standing. He and Sir Partap had rifles, General Beatson only a walking-stick. All eyes turned to see what would happen next ;

none of those above dared to shoot on account of those below, and the result seemed to rest "on the knees of the gods." The Maharaja fired as the brute came into the open, but missed. The position was then one of great danger, for the Maharaja's loader had bolted and only one cartridge remained in the rifle . . . but Scindia's sang-froid did not desert him. Stepping behind a bush he deliberately took aim and fired; the tigress fell dead about fifteen yards from him. On examination, Sir Partap was proved to have judged rightly. Rather far back was found the minute hole of the cordite rifle bullet. She measured eight feet three inches as she lay—a fine specimen, with the skin in the beautiful condition only found in the cold weather. It was never definitely known whether the consort of the deceased was in the Kho or not, but probably not, at all events he will be heard of again.

But for the necessity of a second beat, the whole affair would have been over by lunch time. Perhaps the sensational and successful finish compensated for the extra part, but it was now four o'clock and the long walk back to the luncheon tent still remained. With what delight then did the sportsmen hail the appearance of two brakes drawn by teams of artillery horses! Mounting these, they soon arrived at their destination, and were speedily occupied in repairing the ravages of hunger and thirst. The return journey was accomplished as before, after nightfall, by torchlight.

While the Royal party were engaged in shooting expeditions, the guests in Nao Tala Palace and Dilkusha camp had not been neglected. Many had driven out to see the sights of Gwalior—the Fort, the City of Lashkar, and the various monuments and buildings of note in the neighbourhood. Pig-sticking expeditions were organized at Susera, a preserve of the Maharaja's about eight miles from the capital, where fairly good sport was obtained. Finally, under the auspices of the Amusements Committee, on one day a Gymkhana was held consisting of six amusing events, and on other days, tournaments which extended throughout the whole visit and included rifle shooting, badminton, golf putting, croquet, billiards, bridge, all of which were entered into with keenness and zest.

The Cantonment of Morar lies about four miles from the palace, to the north-east beyond the little stream known as Morar River. It is laid out on the familiar lines of a British military station—rectangular blocks of land formed by broad metalled roads and occupied by bungalows or barracks, with a large bazaar immediately adjoining. This much, however, should be said in justice of Morar—that it is better wooded and on the whole laid out in a more æsthetic style than most cantonments.

The survival of these buildings carries back the imagination to the time when Morar was garrisoned by the Gwalior Contingent, a force which, in spite of the loyalty of the Maharaja, mutinied in 1857,

and murdered its European officers. After the suppression of the mutiny, the contingent was abolished and replaced by a British garrison of all arms (my father was in command here for a considerable time), which was maintained till 1886, when the British troops were removed and the Cantonment restored to the Maharaja Scindia.

Since that year the old barracks have been occupied by a part of the State troops, known as the Morar Brigade, and except that some of the buildings have fallen to ruin, the outward appearance of Morar has been preserved much as it was in former days, though of course the residents have changed and the old institutions disappeared. Thus, the Bengal Cavalry mess still stands, being inhabited by one of the State engineers, while another occupies what was once the Morar Club.

Now every British Cantonment possesses at least one church; Morar rejoiced in three—one for worshippers of the Anglican, a smaller one for those of the Scottish, and the third for those of the Roman Catholic persuasion.

The day of Peace and Good Will dawned fair and cloudless, and every guest found with his "Chota Hazri" a Christmas card conveying good wishes from his kind and thoughtful host, the Maharaja. Christmas is, so to speak, a day of both worlds, as commemorating a momentous event in the history of Christianity: it is a religious festival,



but on this day, religious observances are also happily combined with secular enjoyments and social gatherings. In this form and in this spirit it was spent by the Prince and Princess at Gwalior. The morning was devoted to Divine Service at Morar Church, the Bishop of Nagpur preached the sermon, and appropriate hymns were sung.

But meanwhile, exciting news had been received at the palace and had indeed reached Morar. The Tekanpore tiger had returned and "killed," moreover he was in the Kho. So confident had the Shikaris been of khabar (news) from Singpore that the beaters had been withdrawn from Tekanpore after the last shoot, but Singpore had again proved a disappointment. Consequently, the problem was to get the beaters out to Tekanpore in time to decide the fate of the tiger that day, as the Prince was leaving Gwalior that night on his way to Lucknow.

But the Maharaja Scindia is at his best in a difficulty, and he rose to the occasion at once with a characteristic effort.

Tekanpore being a wide beat, he determined this time, in order to make assurance doubly sure, to send not 800 but 1,500 men to the spot. Orders were immediately issued for a cavalry regiment to hurry out by road, while His Highness' private secretary was dispatched post-haste to the railway station to requisition a special train to convey the infantry to Antri, which is the nearest station to

the beat. The soldiers had orders to march with all speed to the scene of occurrence.

The motor buses were soon got under way, followed by other cars. The pilot car with the red flag shot off, and the Maharaja drove the Prince, who started as soon as possible after the return from church. The Princess had again elected to spend the day at home.

By one o'clock the camp was reached by His Royal Highness and the Maharaja, and there in the lake lay an alligator basking in the sun, at which for a moment the Prince was tempted to have a shot, but consideration brought caution, for the wind was towards the tiger, and thus the unconscious saurian was spared.

In view of the hour, His Royal Highness declared lunch first and sport after. The meal was soon dispatched, and the whole party proceeded to the Mālā and waited in it. The beat was conducted in much the same manner as on the previous occasion. The tiger was the one which ought to have come out with the tigress, but he was found to have wandered away and had been cunningly enticed back. Again, like his consort, he refused to move till the beaters were close upon him, and when he did break cover, as in her case, it was far down the hill and at a gallop. However, the Prince had time to fire rapidly two or three shots. Here also history repeated itself, for the tiger dashed into the opposite jungle without pausing or faltering, and it was

difficult for the occupants of the Mālā to tell whether he was hit or not. At this juncture someone who had been busy taking photographs from the top of the ridge ran up the steps and announced that he had seen the tiger, after crossing the open, rub himself against a tree and lie down, which proved that he was hit. The greater part of the beaters, therefore, were brought round to drive him back, the others were ordered to remain where they were in case the tiger tried to break away in that direction, while the Maharaja and some other members of the party mounted elephants, leaving the Prince in the Mālā.

In a few minutes there was a sudden roar and the tiger rushed out from the jungle. Once more the Prince fired, but the tiger succeeded in reaching its original cover on the left. The beaters, who were standing almost shoulder to shoulder, right in its path, were now in a dangerous situation and began firing rapid volleys of blank ammunition to check the wounded brute.

The sportsmen were anxious spectators of this scene, but the tiger, having found cover, did not reappear to face the fusillade, or attempt to break through the line, the beaters thus having a narrow escape.

The Maharaja at once directed his elephant to the point where the tiger had vanished into the scrub, and found him within a few yards of the open, disabled and powerless to attack. In a moment

the wounded monarch received his *coup de grâce*. The tiger proved to be a fine male, measuring nine feet five inches from nose to tip of tail.

Thus, on the very day of his departure, did the Prince slay his third tiger in Gwalior. Little did any of those present guess that within two months (the Prince's trip to Naipal having been abandoned, owing to a serious outbreak of cholera) he would be again in the jungles of the same State bent on the same quest, or that he would in the course of that second visit add six more tigers to his bag.

By this time the sun had all but set and the party motored back to the palace with all speed. Just as they were in their shikar-kit, the Prince and the Maharaja, with some members of the staff, on entering the Durbar Hall, encountered as pretty a spectacle as anyone could wish to see on Christmas Day.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales had arranged to distribute Christmas presents to some five English and forty-four Indian boys and girls who had been especially invited. At a quarter to six the children assembled and grouped themselves around the Christmas tree, at which they gazed with a respect due to a novelty. The Christmas tree, which had been brought from Simla, was decorated in the traditional way, with its snow-clad branches adorned with countless blown-glass ornaments and crackers.

Placed as it was in the very centre of the Durbar

Hall it looked extremely imposing and very self-satisfied.

The room was lighted by coloured electric globes on the tree, and all the presents, it is worthy to note, had been especially selected for the Gwalior children by her Royal Highness' own children before the departure from England.

So far the party had seemed likely to prove a rather formal ceremony, but immediately all the Christmas presents had been given out the Princess stepped towards the tree, and taking down a cracker from the branches, proceeded to pull with a little English girl. The rest of the children stared for a moment, apparently not knowing where the noise came from ; but when the little girl took a paper cap out of the cracker and had deftly placed it on her head the children with one accord rushed forward to the tree, and in a moment had captured every cracker within reach.

This charming and graceful entertainment practically brought the Royal visit to an end. The same evening, after dinner, the body of the Prince's Christmas tiger arrived at the palace, as their Royal Highnesses were on the point of starting for the station, and the Princess had the satisfaction of seeing this further trophy of her consort's rifle.

At eleven o'clock that evening the special train (of which I was in charge) bore away the Prince and Princess, and on both sides the regret of parting was apparent.

## CHAPTER XIX

Gwalior: its territory, boundaries, population, etc.—Early history—Ruling Chiefs—The present Maharaja—Improvements he has made regarding railways, schools, etc.—Scindia's army—His wealth.

THE narrative of the official visit of their Royal Highnesses having been dealt with it would not be out of place to devote a chapter to the Ruling Chiefs of the past and present—the mighty dominions they control, the population, etc., etc., just to give the reader a little idea of what a native State is really like, and how it is run.

The territory belonging to the State of Gwalior, etc., consists of over 16,000 square miles. It is bounded on the north and north-west by the Chambal River, beyond which lie the districts of Agra and Etawah, belonging to the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, and the native States of Dholpur, Karauli and Jaipur in Rajputana; on the east it marches with the districts of Jalaon, Jhansi, Lalitpur, and Saugar; on the west with the States of Jhalawar, Tonk and Kotah, and on the south with those of Bhopal, Khilchipur, Rajgarh and others. Beyond those States, to the south and west, come the Malwa districts of Gwalior, comprising an area of over 8,000 square miles.

The character of the country lying within these limits shows considerable variety. The northern portion immediately to the south of the Chambal is, generally speaking, a vast plain, dotted here and there with low hills, while further to the south the hills become higher and more continuous until Malwa is reached, a plateau with an average elevation above the sea of about 1,600 feet. This territory supports a population of 3,000,000 souls, the more densely-peopled districts being those in the north and in Malwa, though all are capable of providing for a far larger population than exists at present.

In the intermediate tracts the population is extremely sparse, partly owing to the want of water, partly to the existence of vast stretches of uncultivable jungle, and partly also, in all probability, to the terrible anarchy which prevailed during the early years of the nineteenth century. Out of the three millions of population over 84 per cent. are Hindoos, and the remainder are nearly all Moham-medans and aborigines, the latter being confined to the remote jungle tracts of the State.

The advent of the Marathas to the country north of the Nerbudda came about in this wise. The Peshwa Baji Rao was an able and ambitious minister, and having the reconstituted army at his disposal, consisting of horse, foot and artillery, he determined to strike out what he called the withered trunk of the Moghal Empire, with the assurance that the boughs would then drop off of themselves. He first

turned his eye towards the fruitful province of Malwa and finally obtained possession of it, under the pretence of holding it as a vassal of the "Tottering Empire," but, being busy with other affairs, he proceeded to parcel out his newly-acquired territory between two of his most trusted officers, granting the southern portion to Malhar ji Holkar and the northern to Ranoji Scindia, and so the Scindias came into possession of a territory which they still hold, though it constitutes only a small part of the present State.

It is impossible to follow the chiefs right through from these early days. It would take far more space than I have at my disposal, besides boring my readers "stiff."

In 1794 Gwalior received a splendid ruler in the person of Maharaja Scindia. In qualities of both head and heart, as in the measure of his success, he stands out from the Indians of his time with commanding superiority. His far-reaching aims were clearly defined and pursued with determination and methodical tenacity, yet in an age which was full of savagery, brutality and treachery, he was free from cruelty, and he kept faith. No wonder they respect his memory.

He died without issue but expressed a wish that his grand-nephew should succeed him ; it is a signal mark of his influence that Daulat Rao Scindia, though only a youth of fifteen, was immediately accepted without question.

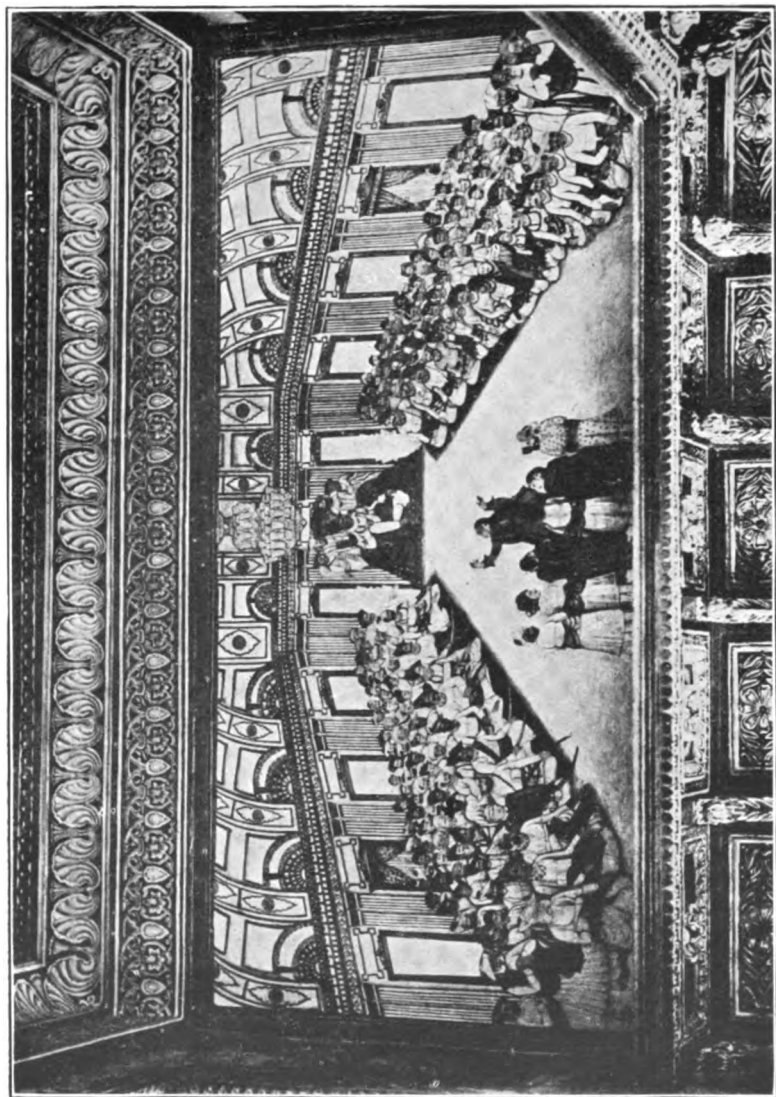


Within a very short time this man's headstrong folly had alienated the authorities at Poona and let him into war with the British, from which he only emerged after a series of defeats, ending with Laswari, shorn of all his possessions north of the Chambal and south of the Ajanta Hills. The Scindia territory as settled in 1803, though modified in details, has remained substantially constant to the present day.

During the years that followed the *pax Britannica* was gradually introduced into Central India, and from the year 1818 it may be said that the reign of law and order succeeded to the previous state of misery and confusion.

Daulat Rao left no heir, and neither did his adopted successor, Jankoji Rao. After the death of the latter, a boy of eight years of age, called Bhagirath Rao, was adopted by the widow and ascended the gadi (throne), under the name of Jiyaji Rao, in the year 1843. He was the late Maharaja of Gwalior. Soon after his accession dissensions between the two parties in the State brought about a collision with the British Government and necessitated military operations, which ended with the battles of Maharajpur and Panihar, fought on the same day. Since that time the relations between the rulers of Gwalior and the paramount power have been of the most cordial description.

In the dark days of the mutiny the Maharaja, then a young man of twenty-two, remained staunch



A Durbar in the reign of Maharaja Jiyaji Rao Scindia.

[To face p. 192.]



and loyal in spite of the insurrection of the contingent stationed at Morar Cantonment (already referred to) and of his own troops. Jiyaji Rao Scindia proved to be a ruler of great capacity, keen discernment and untiring energy.

Of military pursuits he was passionately fond, and nothing would have pleased him better than a command on active service.

On his death in 1886 he bequeathed to his son, the present ruler of Gwalior, a prosperous dominion and ample resources.

Being at this time of the immature age of ten, the young chief was placed in charge of English tutors, while the administration of the State was conducted by a Council of Regency.

In 1894, when the Maharaja was eighteen years old, the Government of India decided to invest him with the ruling powers, which he has exercised ever since. Even as a boy Madho Rao Scindia II. gave evidence of great energy and versatility of mind, combined with remarkable powers of observation and activity of body, and when the reins of government were put into his hands he at once proceeded to make himself acquainted with every detail of administration with a firm determination to raise his State to the level of modern standards.

Having inherited all his father's love of military pursuits, he has brought his army to a high state of efficiency; but every other department has been equally impressed with the stamp of his individuality.

The revenue system has been reformed, irrigation works have been multiplied, many miles of roads and railways have been constructed, while in addition to the number of schools being doubled, institutions for the special instruction of the young nobles and for training youths for various kinds of State service have been established on His Highness' initiative, including a large technical institute to encourage trades and manufactures. The education of women has also made a most encouraging beginning and receives a large share of his attention and interest.

All this proves the practical bent of Scindia's nature, and the devotion with which he applies himself to the improvement of his State, but his appreciation of the lighter side of life is equally keen. When he unbends for sport or amusement, he does so with whole-hearted enjoyment, and his friends know a jest appeals to his sense of humour.

With reference to his army, the review ground is well situated. It is a great stretch of yellow plain, skirted on the south and east by low hills, and on the north by trees, with the scarred and rugged face of the Fort in the background. Every school-boy knows that Gwalior has been for generations one of the great martial States of India, and its present ruler, by the ardour with which he pursues the military calling, well sustains the reputation of his ancestors. To-day Scindia's army numbers

over 8,000 regulars and 3,000 irregulars. The regulars are a force of all arms. The artillery comprises six batteries of different kinds, with a strength of about 100 men each. First in order are the "A" and "B" Horse Batteries, the uniform being black jackets with red facings, and next a single Field Battery in blue-black tunics with yellow facings, all three being horsed by teams of Australians, while one Heavy (Elephant) Battery and two Bullock Batteries, having uniforms identical with the Field Artillery, complete the tale of gunners.

Of cavalry there are three Lancer Regiments, all incorporated in the Imperial Service system. The uniforms of these are similar—blue tunics with red facings and white turbans, and their total number is 1,897 officers and men, each regiment containing one squadron of Marathas, one of Mohammedans, one of Thakurs (Rajputs), and one mixed.

The Infantry consists of one company of Sappers, who have a uniform of khaki with red facings, and seven regiments of the line, which amount to a total strength of 5,335.

The first four are composed of eight companies each, two Maratha, two Rajput, two Mohammedans, and two mixed (Brahmins and others), the remaining three being of similar caste composition, but having only six companies each. As to uniforms, the 2nd and 4th are rifle regiments and wear rifle green tunics and caps, while the other five

wear red tunics with black facings, and white turbans. The 3rd and 4th, it may be remembered, are Imperial Service Regiments and are armed with the Lee-Metford rifle.

Last, but by no means least, come a most useful and important branch of every modern army—the Transport Corps, which also belongs to the Imperial Service. It underwent its baptism of fire in the Chitral Expedition of 1895, and again served all through the long Tirah Campaign of 1897-8. This valuable body is composed of 447 men, 725 ponies and 300 carts, and the men wear a uniform of navy blue with white piping.

The bulk of this force is cantoned at the head-quarter stations of Lashkar, Morar and Thatipore, but one Bullock Battery and the three last infantry regiments are stationed at Ujjain, Karera and Ambah respectively.

The Elgin Club was established by the Maharaja during the Viceroyalty of Lord Elgin for the benefit of his Sardars and European officers, of which he has many, holding high appointments in his territory, such as the Resident at Gwalior, the Inspector-General of Police, the State Engineer, Prime Minister, etc. Opposite to the club may be seen the Victoria College, a massive structure of sandstone, profusely adorned with carving and delicate lattice work. It was erected in honour of Queen Victoria's first jubilee, and was formally opened by Lord Curzon when he visited Gwalior.

For educational purposes the college, which is attended by about one hundred students, is affiliated to the Allahabad University for the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science.

Thus the giant strides made since those early days will readily be seen.

Gwalior is run by its native ruler now on exactly the same lines as other provinces under the British Raj. As far as its wealth is concerned, not having Scindia's bank book before me, I am afraid I can make no statements.

A story is told though, and I have a shrewd idea that its locale is not many miles short of a thousand from this State.

A certain personage was told that the wealth of a particular State was so great it could never be estimated. Having occasion to doubt the integrity of his informer, and feeling inclined to take the story with a pinch of the proverbial salt, he asked the Ruling Chief point blank how much he was worth, whereupon the chief said he didn't know. "What, you don't know how much money you've got?" said the Personage (who was a very great personage indeed) incredulously, "impossible." "Very well, then," replied the Chief courteously, "if the Sahib doubts my word, let him come with me to-morrow morning, when I will conduct him to my treasure-room." The treasure-room turned out to be a gigantic cellar, the floor of which was literally



covered with long thick bars of solid gold. These had gradually accumulated as ancestors had died, children had been born, etc., and lay there too heavy for mortal man to lift to judge their value.

## CHAPTER XX

An ingenious swindle—How a Hatton Garden diamond merchant lost his jewels in the train.

TO leave the glories of Gwalior for the more prosaic narrative of my life and work.

I had one of the most ingenious and diabolical swindles to investigate about this time it has ever been my misfortune to attempt to solve.

A well-known diamond merchant of Hatton Garden was visiting India for the first time, and for the benefit of various Ruling Chiefs his coming had been widely advertised in the leading newspapers. According to these notices he was staying at the Taj Mahal Hotel, where he would be pleased to exhibit his wares to intending purchasers.

I read about it in the club one morning and wondered, idly enough, whether he would succeed in getting off scot-free, and if not, who'd have the pleasant task of finding his gems for him again. It happened to be me. I received an urgent wire from a Mr. Mappin of Hatton Garden several weeks later—would I immediately proceed to Kumbakut, where the above mentioned gentleman was in dire distress.

Wearily I proceeded and arrived at the little out-of-the-way station to find the unhappy Mr. Mappin minus jewels and absolutely frantic at his loss. A whisky and soda pulled him together sufficiently to tell me what had happened, though I've never seen a man more upset about anything in all my life.

An Englishman's first necessity in Bombay is a bearer, and Mappin had set about procuring one immediately upon his arrival. Interviewing the head bearer of the Taj Mahal, one Gunga Din, he informed him of his requirements in this direction, and Gunga Din dutifully sent him up three or four bearers to choose from.

Gobind Pershad was the only one who spoke English, and so the others didn't get a look in. Gunga Din complimented the merchant on his choice and assured him that if he had searched all India he would never have found a more reliable man. Mappin remained in Bombay two weeks doing good business and making the acquaintance of various Ruling Chiefs, or their private secretaries.

One of these, Amir Ali, private secretary to the Rajah of Kumbakut, presented a letter from his master—a request for the merchant to go up to Kumbakut to interview the rajah, who regretted that he was unable to come down to Bombay and wanted to buy some stones for a crown he was having made for his son, who was about to be married. The letter concluded by urging him to

lose no time in complying with the request ; if he could come within a few days the secretary Amir Ali would wait and accompany him.

During these weeks Mappin had learnt to trust his bearer implicitly. He packed and unpacked the jewels daily and accompanied his master each evening when he went to bank them. Accordingly, Mappin explained his method of carrying the jewels on the journey to him with perfect confidence, and the bearer, whose responsibility concerning the valuables seemed to weigh heavily upon him, could not, on any pretext, be persuaded to leave the carriage or his master alone in it ; much to the delight of Mappin, who could not speak too highly of the faithful fellow.

He kept his precious wares in his pillow in a small hollow tube which he had had made for that purpose before leaving England. A clever idea, to outsiders, they would be as safe there as in the Bank of Bombay.

Amir Ali proved to be quite a charming fellow in spite of his dark skin, and Mappin got on uncommonly well with him. They had dined together (it was during the monsoon, and the train was nearly empty) and were nearly through dinner when a message was given to Mappin : " His bearer wanted to speak to him a moment." The merchant accordingly returned to the compartment which had been reserved for him by the Rajah of Kumbakut, to find his bearer busily making up his bed and wanting to know if he preferred to sleep with his

head to the engine or otherwise. Having settled this knotty point, Mappin returned to finish his dinner and the liqueur which had been ordered in his absence. The two sat talking until nearly midnight, when the merchant, glancing at his watch incredulously, decided it was high time to go to bed.

On entering his compartment he anxiously examined his precious pillow, but everything was in order, and after acting on the bearer's advice to make assurance doubly sure by strapping the pillow firmly to the bed under the occupant's head, was soon dead to the world.

The sun was well up in the heavens when he awoke with a head as thick as if he'd been attending a hectic club dinner the previous night instead of dining peacefully *à deux* in a restaurant car. He was still trying to account for it when he realized the train was no longer in motion. Jumping out of his bunk he saw that he was in a small siding (his reserved carriage would be taken off the Punjab Mail and left in a siding when he arrived at his destination). His watch said 9 a.m. and the Rajah would be waiting to meet him, so without waiting to call his bearer, he commenced dressing. He'd got about half way through this when he suddenly wondered if his jewels were safe ; glancing at his pillow, which was still tightly strapped to his bed, he realized that they were, and hastily finished his toilet.

Imagine his horror, therefore, a few minutes later, when, extracting the tube from the pillow in order to pack his gems more attractively, he found that although the tube corresponded exactly in size and weight with his own, it was a different colour and contained nails and other rubbish in place of his priceless jewels. His bearer was nowhere to be seen, and rushing madly out of his carriage he found the astonished stationmaster dozing in his office, and shaking him violently, asked if the Rajah had been down to meet him.

The stationmaster answered blankly in the negative, whereupon Mappin set out in burning indignation to find the gentleman. He found that the Rajah of Kumbakut had never heard of Amir Ali, and what was even more unflattering of him either, he had not got a son about to be married and didn't want any of Mappin's jewels, even if he had got any ; after which the unfortunate Mappin's head had given way altogether and in desperation he had summoned the police.

Having heard him out, I politely tendered my sympathies and commenced following up the various threads in an eager search for possible clues. Mappin in his state was nothing but an infernal nuisance, so I packed him off to Bombay, assuring him that I would do all in my power to get his jewels back for him.

The carriage was the first thing to attract attention, but for some time nothing was brought to light.

Eventually, however, we discovered a little blood mark on the glass window pane, and with the aid of a strong magnifying glass, I found the impression of a thumb. Carpenters were immediately procured, and the window was carefully taken out and carried to the Railway Police Station, where the impression was recorded in the orthodox manner.

No time was lost in having it classified : it belonged to our old friend Pir Bux without the shadow of a doubt, for he had a very peculiar cut across the top of his thumb which was much in evidence.

Pir Bux lived at Etawah, so the police there were immediately communicated with and told to keep a careful watch on his house as well as the railway station. Meanwhile, I was speeding towards Etawah in a fast car with two of my old detectives, having previously wired to the stationmaster at Khandwa to find Mr. Mappin in the Punjab Mail and tell him to return immediately in the Bombay Mail to Etawah.

On arrival there I engaged a room for myself at the hotel, and another for Mappin. This done, I sent for the local native inspector and learnt all I could about Pir Bux. It wasn't much. Pir Bux had a confederate called Ram Lal, with whom he always worked, and the pair of them had been absent from their homes for about a month.

It was a little after midnight when my police brought in the two arch swindlers. They had been arrested as soon as they alighted from the Calcutta

Mail, having taken the circuitous route via Allahabad to allay suspicion. A careful search of their persons revealed absolutely nothing, to the deep disgust of Mappin, who had by this time arrived.

Everything was carefully gone through again, seams and hems of clothes were ripped open with no result, and dismay had almost given way to despair when I suggested ripping up their boots. The look of fury on Ram Lal's face told me I was right, even before the gems were found cunningly concealed in the heels and false bottoms of them.

Mappin, overjoyed at the restoration of his property, was almost inclined to let them go scot-free, but I told him pointedly he hadn't had the trouble of finding them, and it was not to be.

Their method of conducting the swindle was simplicity itself.

Ram Lal and Pir Bux, in reading the announcements regarding our friend Mappin, grinned cheerfully, no doubt, as they praised the papers for their useful publicity.

Their business headquarters were for the time being at Agra, but quickly shutting up shop here, they were soon on their way down to Bombay. Gunga Din was speedily interviewed, and it needed very little persuasion of the kind that these two villains used, to make him promise to get Pir Bux (who called himself Gobind Pershad) appointed bearer to the merchant.



Once this was established, Pir Bux was quite capable of looking after himself and his part of the job. Ram Lal (who played the part of the secretary Amir Ali) procured by some means only known to himself some of the crested notepaper belonging to the Rajah of Kumbakut. The forging of the letter was a difficulty easily overcome, and so the stage was set for the first scene.

Everything went off according to plan, the jewels were worth an easy £120,000, and when the merchant agreed to accompany them to Kumbakut their fortunes were as good as made. Pir Bux had taken good care to get the measurements, exact size and weight of the precious tube, and Ram Lal had had another made exactly like it in Bombay.

While Mappin was having dinner with the Rajah's charming private secretary, his faithful servant was carefully transferring his precious jewels from their usual resting-place into a small box that could be readily concealed on his person, substituting his faked tube in their stead. The original tube he threw out of the carriage window, and, alas for him! this proved his undoing. In his hurry to tear the window down lest his master should return, he must have cut himself very slightly, thus leaving the thumb print and the solitary clue.

As for the message, this was to give Ram Lal an opportunity of drugging his victim, perhaps to give the rascals an opportunity of escape, possibly as

a safeguard just in case anything upset their arrangements, it might have been simply and solely for spectacular effect—at any rate it was quite unnecessary.

## CHAPTER XXI

I am transferred back to Agra—Lord Curzon's narrow squeak—I take over the club—A native is put up for election and there is a big storm about it—Card-sharping in the club—Amir of Afghanistan visits Agra—Lord Kitchener holds a review of troops—Visitors at the club try to get away with fictitious names on their chits—I arrange a preventive—But get caught out—The case of the lost coal wagons.

ON the 18th February, 1908, I was transferred back to Agra in charge of the East Indian as well as the Great Indian Peninsular Railway. One of my first duties in my new appointment was to escort Lord Curzon, who was just bidding adieu to India as Viceroy, in the Royal train from Delhi to Itarsi junction.

The journey proved more than exciting and Lord Curzon was probably nearer to death than he ever realized. The train left Gwalior about 2 a.m., and while we were descending the stiff gradient towards Jhansi, I happened to glance out of the window of my carriage (which was next to the engine), to see great jets of flame coming up apparently from under the wheels of the engine. I immediately signalled to the driver to stop, and we pulled up (with a gigantic effort, for we were well on our way down the incline) within five yards of a level

crossing, which, after the manner of level crossings in India, had double rails laid to steady the train and road traffic going over it.

Upon investigation, the flames were found to be caused by the friction of one of the brakes, which had worked loose and become jammed down between the wheel and the line. The embankment shelved steeply down for about five hundred feet on either side of this particular part of the line, and had the train proceeded, the broken brake block would most certainly have torn up the double rails over the crossing, and Royal train and Viceroy would have been hurled to Kingdom Come.

I had been in Agra scarcely a week when I was asked to become honorary secretary to the club, and not long after I had taken over "The Powers That Be" decided to allow native officials to become members. There was naturally a great deal of controversy on the subject; officers were very sore about it and rightly so.

Authority said that if a native held a King's Commission, that position entitled him to the same privileges as those accorded to Europeans. The Europeans, for their part, argued that the club was intended for Europeans only, and the fact that a native held a King's Commission did not make him white or entitle him to be regarded as white. Personally I agreed, and still agree with the European point of view. However decent a

native may be, his ways and ideas and manners are not ours, they never can and never will blend, and to quote a hackneyed, but none the less appropriate expression, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

The first native put up for election in our club was quite a decent sort of fellow, and as one or two very broad hints had been received from the above-mentioned authority, very little real doubt was entertained as to his ultimate election.

When the ballot-box was opened, however, it was found that there were more balls in it than officers voting, though had the number tallied, the Judge would have been black-balled. This, of course, necessitated another ballot, and he was elected, to the deep disgust of two colonels who made no secret of the fact that they were responsible for queering his pitch in the first place. Some six months later, while these officers were on leave in Simla, they were properly scored off.

A very big ball was given to which every officer in the station was invited save these two. Upon seeking the reason for the slight, they were informed that as they objected to meeting officers in His Majesty's Service at their club, their feelings had been studied on this occasion ; it was rather rough on them, for they had at least had the courage of their convictions.

Now, of course, natives are to be found in every club in India. They are tolerated, but not accepted.

This was a very difficult club to run, something unusual always seemed to be happening. My first experience of card-sharpping occurred here.

A certain very keen and wealthy player suddenly stopped playing and refused to give any definite reasons for doing so, save the lame excuse that he was "fed" and wanted a rest. One night whilst poker was being played a certain individual in dealing turned up the ace of diamonds. As it was getting rather late and players were in a hurry to get home, he was told to put the card at the bottom of the pack ; to everyone's surprise, when he showed his hand, the ace of diamonds turned up. He was asked how he got it, but needless to say no explanations were forthcoming, or necessary. The bored one then stepped in and condescended to give his reasons for not wishing to play. He said he had long suspected the gentleman of cheating, but unable to find any proof, had decided to sit out and keep his eyes open ; the cheat, it turned out, was a past-master so far as the art of manipulating cards was concerned, and was in the habit of giving himself the "Joker" occasionally when dealing, this card invariably being placed at the bottom of the pack, whence it was easily extracted at an opportune moment.

I came across another case on very much the same lines a little later, though this time India was not the locale.

It was noticed that a certain individual in the

club never played cards and could never on any pretext whatever be persuaded to make up a party, even though he confessed to enjoying a game. His conduct excited quite a lot of curiosity, but the mystery remained unsolved until one day, in a sudden burst of confidence, he explained the reason. It appeared that just after leaving school he had been discovered cheating at Nap by occasionally dealing himself six cards instead of the usual five; infuriated, his fellow players drew up a paper to the effect that unless he promised never to touch a card again they would expose him wherever he happened to be, even if it were twenty years later. He signed it in due solemnity, and although the other players had probably forgotten all about the incident, he kept his word.

The Amir of Afghanistan visited Agra while I was stationed there, and Lord Kitchener, as Commander-in-Chief, held a big review of troops in his honour, and incidentally to impress upon him the great strength and omnipotence of the British Raj.

I had occasion to visit one of the Amir's A.D.C.'s during the affair. The fellow was most enthusiastic about the wonders of the British Army, and told me that the Amir was fearfully sick with one of his leading political advisers who had told him a few years previously that we had only two regiments in India. I asked what would happen to the unfortunate statesman who had thus dared to mislead

the "Great One." "Oh," answered the man nonchalantly, "he'll have his head off as soon as he gets over the border."

Thousands of officers, both military and civil, came from all over India for this visit, and the club was crowded out. We had been bitten once or twice in cases of this sort by visitors signing fictitious names on their chits, etc., but I determined that on this occasion there should be no "bunkum." The club steward was given strict injunctions as to who to serve, and who not to serve, and told to report if he had the slightest doubt about anyone.

On the last night of the Amir's visit, my steward came in and commenced indignantly: "Sahib, it's bad enough for the youngsters to be signing wrong names, but here's an old man outside with a long white beard and he's signed himself *The Bishop of Lahore*."

I went outside filled with righteous indignation, prepared to give the old gentleman a stern talking to, to find to my horror that it *was* the Bishop of Lahore, also filled with righteous indignation and waiting to see *me* to know the reason why he had been so grossly insulted.

Club affairs soon had to take a back seat, however, for "work" began to take up all my time and thought. There was a great deal of trouble on the railways, and needless to say, my particular line had its full share. Many things contributed to it, but it started over coal wagons.



Owing to the abnormal traffic there was a great shortage of them, and a brainy management sought to relieve a little of the tension by giving permission to stationmasters at all stations to make over wagons containing coal to persons producing the necessary receipts without waiting to verify the same by awaiting the arrival of the counterfoils from the station where the coal was dispatched.

No criminal in all the world is fit to lick a native's boots so far as cunning is concerned, and a change in any sort of routine he dearly loves and seldom fails to take advantage of. I was not altogether surprised, therefore, on picking up the paper a few weeks after the new order had come into force, to find he had turned it to profitable account.

In glaring headlines across the top of the front page ran the startling announcement :

“ Numerous Coal Wagons completely disappear.”

While underneath, in small print, it was explained how coal trucks destined for various small stations all over India travelled in perfect confidence and safety as far as Delhi (a small Clapham Junction), where amidst the excitement of shunting they completely lost themselves. I saw trouble ahead for me, and my fears were soon realized.

It was not long before some of my trucks lost the way home and vanished into thin air—and I was for Delhi and the reason why. It did not take long to deduce that the swindle was being stage-managed over the new receipt system, but just how

it was being stage-managed was the problem. Railway receipts in use on the line at this particular time were in two parts, one part being sent to the railway authorities at the place of destination, the other being sent to the purchaser at place of destination, while in a niche on the wagon itself a small card indicating place of departure and place of destination was placed.

According to the old rule, the stationmaster could not deliver the goods until he had the complete receipt in his hands, thus ensuring perfect safety for the loss of a little time. Thinking the matter over very, very carefully, I decided a swindle could only be conducted in one way.

Delhi is a large station, and the shunting of wagons of all sorts goes on there throughout the twenty-four hours. A special staff is engaged to sort out the wagons and dispatch them to their place of destination—which is shown only on one tiny slip of paper in the above-mentioned niche.

Provided there was a gang at work, and there undoubtedly was, the obtaining of a blank book of railway receipts would be a matter of simplicity. The member or members employed as shunters by the railway company would locate the coal wagons, and instead of dispatching them in the ordinary way, they would destroy the cards showing their rightful destination, substituting others directing them to various small stations some two hundred or three hundred miles, perhaps, in the opposite

direction. From their blank book they would then make out new receipts, one part would be sent to the station, wherever it was, to which the wagon had been diverted ; the other part would be given to other members of the gang, who, travelling by mail or fast passenger train, would arrive before the wagons, interview the stationmaster, claim the coal and sell it. So far so good ; it all sounded remarkably logical and simple in theory, but, unfortunately, proof had to be obtained, and to obtain proof where a native is concerned is " some " job.

To start on, however, the wagons had to be located. This took some doing, but exhaustive inquiries and many, many weary tours gradually revealed their whereabouts—small stations for hundreds of miles around yielding up one or two at a time.

But finding the wagons was a mere nothing compared with the difficulty of locating the culprits. I had a pretty shrewd idea as to the identity of the ringleaders, but, alas ! not a particle of evidence against them could we find. The new order was of course promptly cancelled, but not before the rascals had feathered their nests pretty comfortably.

They knew, of course, it couldn't last for long, the wagons had to turn up as soon as a hue and cry was raised ; but that is one admirable quality about your native criminal. He is an artist, and realizes that all things are simply a matter of time, therefore,

he never hangs a swindle out ; he plans a big and daring coup, times everything with perfect precision, and never waits for the ice to get thin before he clears off—all of which may be very interesting from a psychological point of view, even though from a police one it is very annoying.

## CHAPTER XXII

I reorganize the police forces in Rajputana—Mount Abu and its record rainfall—An "All Amateur Games Tournament"—Dirty Dick and his shirt—Lord Minto is bombed—I play hockey for Bombay Gymkhana—A few instances of native "cheek"—A successful impersonation.

ON the 23rd June, 1908, my services were placed at the disposal of the Indian Government as Superintendent-General of Railway Police in Rajputana, my chief being Sir E. G. Colvin, agent to the Governor-General in Rajputana.

My duties here consisted of reorganizing the district and railway police of the province. During the cold weather my headquarters were at Ajmere, in the summer at Mount Abu, a so-called Hill station.

At Mount Abu it does nothing else but rain, rain, rain, it has, in fact, got even Manchester "beat to a frazzle." Everything is affected by the damp. I have known the crooked handle of a stick become perfectly straight in a few days, boots and shoes are perpetually green, as are curtains, cushions, etc., in your bungalow; mildew ruins everything, even your temper.

In this appointment, my reserved railway carriage

was, of course, still a matter of necessity, though travelling in this locality had many disadvantages. Chief of these were the frequent dust storms ; they were so terrific in certain parts that I have known trains literally "snowed up" by the sand.

I was asked to run the club at Ajmere, but as my reorganization left me little time for recreation, let alone more work, I declined ; besides, I was a little sick of running clubs, and it was quite a relief to become just an ordinary, irresponsible member again.

A good deal of enthusiasm was caused over an "All Amateur Games Tournament," which was fixed up over one of the club dinners here. Two military officers were supposed to be rather hot on billiards, badminton and golf. A fellow civilian and myself held the laurels at tennis and racquets, and in the heat of an argument we challenged the officers to any five games they liked to name. Stakes ran pretty high, and there were, of course, numerous side bets. Tennis, racquets, billiards, badminton and golf were the games chosen, the sole stipulation being that I, who had never played a game of golf in my life, should play with hockey sticks.

The games were fixed for a fortnight later, and after my "Chota Hazri" each morning, I commenced to practise golf with the wretched hockey sticks for all I was worth. I could get in a good straight drive all right, but, try as I would, I could

not lift the ball from the ground. Things began to look pretty hopeless, until I suddenly hit upon an idea: Why shouldn't I have my hockey sticks scooped out. I tried it, and after lots more practice, became quite proficient. Everything worked out as expected regarding the first four games; our opponents carried off the honours in billiards and badminton—we managed the tennis and racquets. Golf remained the deciding factor.

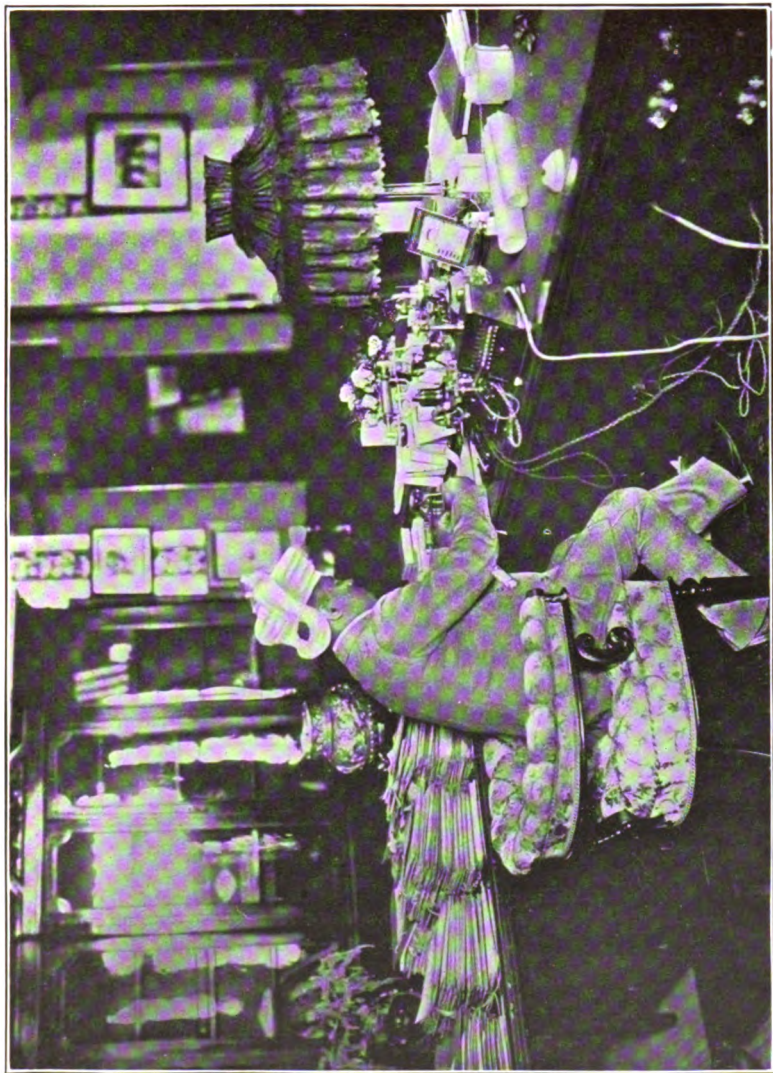
There was frantic excitement on the links when the game started, and not a little amusement over my improvised clubs. Still, they served their purpose quite satisfactorily, and my partner and I took the odd hole to the wild delight of our numerous supporters.

Talking about racquets reminds me of yet another story against a "Heaven Born."

There was in our station a certain official who was passionately fond of racquets; he always played in one particular flannel shirt (rumour had it it was the only one he'd got), and as a result he was known as "Dirty Dick." (I had better not give his surname.)

Day by day, month by month, year by year, he appeared in the same old shirt, until eventually he became ill and was ordered home on leave. Prior to his departure, he gave his shirt to the marker, explaining later at the club that he felt he owed the man something for teaching him the game.

Meanwhile some young devil in the station had



The Maharaja Scindia in his office.

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written a humorous story around this shirt and sent it up to a paper. No names were mentioned, or needed, for everyone for miles around had heard the yarn, and when it was published Dick (who had returned from leave by this time) heard quite a lot about it.

Infuriated, he approached the budding reporter in the club one night, threatened to break every bone in his body and sue him for libel. "Right you are," retorted that youth shamelessly. "You lay a finger on me and I'll write a sequel.—'On returning from leave the sight of his beloved shirt on the marker is altogether too much for "Dirty Dick." He buys it back for one rupee.'"

Lord Minto, Lord Curzon's successor as Viceroy, toured Rajputana with Lady Minto and their family shortly after my arrival. I accompanied them in charge of the Royal train, and as Lord Minto was not altogether conversant with the vernacular, had the rather unpleasant duty of acting as interpreter to His Majesty's representative and the Ruling Chiefs concerned.

To be responsible for the Royal train at this time was not by any means a pleasant job ; there was much unrest amongst the natives, and they frequently tried a little bombing to liven things up for us. Lord Minto would often receive letters written in blood, informing him that his last day had come, etc. It never worried him, however ; he would laugh the threats to scorn and throw the letters into the

fire. The wretches did succeed in throwing a bomb at their carriage, but fortunately for me the outrage occurred after I had bidden the party adieu. In saying farewell Lord Minto presented me with a silver cigarette-case, remarking jocularly as he did so : " I know it should have been a cricket bat, Troup, but they're such beastly heavy things to carry about."

In 1909 I journeyed southwards to play hockey for the Bombay Gymkhana in the Aga Khan tournament. We reached the semi-final, and would have been in the final had our opponents had a better idea of sportsmanship, a little more skill and less brute force. I was badly knocked about. I had broken two ribs on my left side up in Ajmere a few weeks previous, but had taken good care to have it published that it was my right side that had been damaged. Lucky for me I did so ; my right side was a mass of bruises which told their own tale.

One of the worst instances of native cheek I ever ran up against was during a hockey match in Rajputana.

A young fellow named Ropeland and myself were watching the police team play Ajmere. It was terrifically hot, and getting rather tired of standing, we wandered around to try and find a seat. All of those in our immediate vicinity were " full up," but after a time we came across a native with a big form all to himself. Ropeland asked him to

move up in Hindustani, whereupon the fellow replied insolently : " When you speak to me in a language you understand—namely, English—I will comply with your request."

The seat was vacated all right, in about half a second, too.

An even worse example, however, concerned a certain well-known General. He had reserved a carriage in the Bombay Mail, but the porter had put the " Reserved " label on the windows opposite the platform. Just before the train started a native came up and attempted to push his way in, whereupon the General indicated the label and told him tersely to " Get out."

The train's first stop was at Abu Road, a small station about eighty miles up the line, where the General got out to have a drink. During his absence his bearer made up his bed, and when the Great One returned it was to find the dark-skinned traveller stretched full length upon it. He was stretched full length somewhere else, and a long way from Sahib's bed, too, within the space of a very few seconds.

Natives need keeping down with a very firm hand or they develop a swelled head and become intolerable.

I remember coming down from the Hills once in a tonga with a young officer of the Engineers, the son of one of our big commanding officers. A native was coming down in a special tonga behind us,

and seemed bent on hurling insults at our heads. He kept passing us and then dropping behind, and then passing us again and shouting out derisively each time he did so until we got just about fed up with it. Eventually we succeeded in beating him round a sharp bend, and put our tonga right across the road so that he would have to stop and apologize. It was a foolish thing to do admittedly, but we did not stop to consider the probable consequences, and had a great surprise when the native's tonga rounded the bend at express speed, piled up on top of ours and shot its villainous owner over the top and down the Khud.

He broke his leg, which served him right, though we were sorry enough for the occurrence afterwards.

The fellow turned out to be a barrister who had been presented to King Edward a few months previously—and it cost a dickens of a lot to square him.

It is universally believed that it is a matter of simplicity to impersonate a native; few people realize just how difficult it is. A man may dress up in a native kit for a fancy dress ball and appear more or less convincing to other Europeans, but he wouldn't have the remotest chance of "kidding" a native.

During the whole of my police career I have only known one case in which an impersonation of this kind was carried out successfully.

The gentleman responsible was a Mr. Knapp, quite

a charming fellow and wonderfully proud of his achievement ; he gave me a full description of how he " got away with it " after very little persuasion.

A police superintendent receives hundreds of anonymous letters, and if he took notice of even a small proportion of them, he would have very little time left for his official duties. This particular gentleman, however, made a point of reading his anonymous correspondence ; he said the genuine information he received more than compensated for the loss of time.

In this manner he first heard complaints against his City Kotwal, one Amir Ali.

It appeared that this officer was in the habit of taking bribes, and thereby shielding criminal offenders. It would be as well to explain that a Kotwal is an officer in charge of a police station (usually an inspector) ; he carries unlimited powers, and in this case his jurisdiction was not only a very important one, but of an extensive nature as well.

Anonymous letters are all very well as far as giving information goes, but, again, proof must be found. A Kotwal is quite a personage in the force, and a strong case—a very strong case—is necessary before one can take action against him.

His subordinates dared not give him away, so his position was perfectly secure unless Mr. Knapp could find him committing an illegal act ; there was only one way to do that, and it was decidedly

risky ; still it was worth trying, and Knapp resolved to try.

When a report of a serious nature is received at headquarters it is customary for the superintendent to visit the scene of occurrence ; this necessitates his being away from his home for several days. Making this an excuse, Knapp left his home, giving orders that his private letters be kept for him until his return, while his official post was to be sent to his assistant superintendent of police.

He proceeded to Delhi, engaged a room at the leading hotel and remained there until dusk. He then went down into the heart of the city and found a native fruit seller. Bringing him back to his hotel, he told him that he wanted to buy his clothes and wares for a fancy dress ball he was attending. The fruit vendor, after a hurried glance at the backsheesh in the Sahib's hands, lost no time in complying with the request to provide the necessary outfit.

The men were about the same size, and the chief, fortunately for him, possessed dark eyes and a swarthy skin. The change as regards clothes was quickly effected, and if Knapp wasn't exactly comfortable in his abbreviated costume, he made no remark about it. The staining was the worst part, but he got the correct shade with creditable accuracy.

Packing his respectable clothes in his suit-case he locked the door, and after informing the astounded

management that he would be back in a few days departed for his headquarters.

On arrival here he decided to test his disguise, and accordingly departed for his own bungalow, where he was met by two of his servants. They demanded his business roughly, and when he answered he wished to sell fruit to the *meme-sahib* of the house, replied that if he made it worth their while they would allow him to interview the lady. He refused to do this, and was promptly kicked out of the compound. How he kept his feelings within check heaven only knows.

He managed to collect the belongings which came hurling after him, and was about to proceed on his rounds when the Kotwal, Amir Ali, arrived on horseback. He was asked his business in the city, and where he came from, and purposely made his replies as vague and confused as possible. This had the desired effect ; the Kotwal, becoming suspicious, ordered him to remain where he was while he interviewed the servants.

These villains, seeing the turn matters had taken, promptly finished his character off for him, and the Kotwal arrested him as a suspicious character. To Knapp's delight, he was taken to the City Police Station and placed in a cell until such time as his history had been verified.

At midday his arrest and reasons for same were duly recorded in the station daily diary as follows :  
" The prisoner says he is a resident of Rangoon,



Burma, and that his name is Elahee Bux ; beyond this he will give no information. He was searched in the presence of two outside witnesses, but no money was found in his possession."

Meanwhile Elahee Bux was cooling his heels in the lock-up. He had had fifty rupees in ten-rupee notes on him when he came to the station, but these at present were safely reposing in the Kotwal's pockets, and Elahee Bux hoped dinner would not be long. At 7 p.m. food and water was given to him, but the gnawing pangs of hunger departed, to give way to sensations of quite a different character on sight of it, and he decided to postpone feeding until his adventure was over. Three hours later the Kotwal visited him, and the stage was set for the final scene of the play. Knapp confessed to a fervent hope that the curtain would hurry up and drop.

The inspector found Elahee Bux in an unyielding mood, and very sullen over the loss of his fifty rupees. He commenced questioning and cross-questioning him on his everyday life, etc., but to no purpose, the prisoner remained obstinately silent. Eventually a thrashing was mooted unless he answered the necessary questions, and he was given an hour to think things over.

At the end of the hour Elahee Bux had become, if possible, more mute than ever, and Amir Ali, in desperation, gave him five vicious cuts across the right arm with the little cane he carried.

There was nothing else for it but to let the fellow

go, and the officer was compelled to admit in his diary that "Extensive inquiries had been made regarding Elahee Bux, Fruit Vendor, of Rangoon, Burma, to no result, and he had accordingly been released."

Meanwhile Knapp had returned to Delhi, and emerged from the hotel a respectable-looking European. On arrival at head-quarters, he perused the diaries received during his absence, and selecting those from the City Police Station referring to one Elahee Bux, sent for the Kotwal to come immediately to his house.

He was ushered into the superintendent's office, the above-mentioned diaries were put into his hands, and he was ordered to read them aloud. Amir Ali, wondering what it was all about, complied with the request, and was abruptly ordered to stop when he came to the case of Elahee Bux. He was put through a searching cross-examination, and when he had been reduced to the proper state of nervousness, asked if the prisoner had any money on him at the time of arrest? The Kotwal answered in the negative somewhat shakily. Knapp, looking him straight in the eyes, said: "Did you by any chance strike Elahee Bux whilst he was in your custody?" Amir Ali flatly repudiated the outrageous suggestion, whereupon the chief, dramatically baring the injured arm, said triumphantly: "Well, how do you account for this?"

Amir Ali was so utterly taken aback that even

his fertile imagination failed him for once, and he stood in abashed silence, while the chief, remembering his sufferings at the inspector's hands, pressed the bell that was to summon the police guard, with grim satisfaction.

## CHAPTER XXIII

**I am transferred to Kotah—A perfect Ruling Chief—Lord Kitchener's tiger shoot—Pig-sticking on foot—Bear shooting from the Maharao's steam launch—The Imperial Rake, the Crown Prince of Germany, visits India—Two stories of him.**

HAVING finished my job in Ajmere I was, by the special request of His Highness Major Sir Umed Singhji Bahadur, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I., etc., Maharao of Kotah, appointed on the 6th November, 1909, Police Adviser of his State, for the purpose of reorganizing his police forces.

His Highness was an ideal chief. A thorough gentleman, judged even by British standards, he spoke perfect English, was a magnificent exponent of polo, cricket, tennis, hockey and billiards; and it goes without saying, a perfect shot.

As for his loyalty, I was sitting with him in his Prime Minister's office when he received the wire informing him of the death of King Edward. He sat silent with bowed head for some moments, then handing me the telegram said quietly: "Troup Sahib, I have lost a true friend." A few moments later another European officer came in, and after hearing the news, began talking of a big approaching tiger shoot. Turning to him, the Maharao said

sternly : " Sahib, desist, there will be no festivities in my State for six weeks"—and because he was the Maharao, he kept his word.

Kotah is noted for its big game shooting, and during my sojourn in the State a tiger shoot was given in honour of the late Lord Kitchener.

It was during the hot weather, so elaborate arrangements had to be made. The brother-in-law of the Maharao, Kunwar Onkar Singh, was responsible for this part of the affair, and the stage-management caused him endless work and worry.

Pug marks were located in a big jungle some fifty miles from head-quarters, and every night for a week before the shoot, goats were tied up for Sher Bahadur's supper near the stream from which he drank. By the end of the week he had made a permanent home in that particular part of the jungle, and the maichan for the Great One was built in a high-forked tree about fifty yards from the stream, so that when the beat commenced the quarry would come out immediately in front of it.

Imagine the disgust then, when Lord Kitchener arrived and flatly refused to ascend to his maichan because it was too high off the ground, choosing instead a more climbable tree about half a mile higher up.

The tiger had to be diverted somehow or other from his usual path and brought within range of His Excellency's gun.

It was a terrific task, but they did it, and it was one of the largest tigers ever shot in India.

Another popular but exceedingly dangerous sport to which I was introduced here was pig-sticking on foot. It has some advantage over tiger shooting because arrangements for it are so much more simple.

Kanauts of tents are pegged out in a line some three hundred yards long on the Maidan, small gaps being left open at frequent intervals through which the wild pig are driven. Each person is allotted one of these gaps, and as the pigs come rushing madly through, he does his best to stick them with a long spear he has for that purpose—at least, that is what he is supposed to do. For my part, I took hasty stock of a particularly fine-looking pair of tusks which were bearing down on me at the rate of an express train and promptly decided to leave well alone. I am a peaceful man, and never did and never do believe in asking for trouble. The native gentlemen, unfortunately for them, are not blessed with so much common sense, but a complete indifference to danger, and wonderfully keen eyes compensate in some measure for the deficiency.

They seldom make mistakes, but if by any chance the spear should miss its mark, a revolver is quickly whipped out and matters are soon finished off one way or the other.

The big feature as regards game shooting in Kotah,

however, is bear shooting from the Maharao's steam launch.

Embarking at a small landing-stage, about a mile from the palace, in company with the European population, the Maharao and his suite (about twenty people in all), we sail away, or, to be precise, steam away merrily up-stream, with high hopes of a good day's sport.

After a few miles the river narrows somewhat as it flows through a deep gorge, great hills clothed with magnificent trees drop sheer to the water's edge on either side ; a little further on it widens again to disclose a panorama of wonderful beauty. The hills are still there, but they no longer drop steeply down ; on the one side they are broken up almost into terraces, on the other, the jungle runs back level for the first mile or so, and then the hills rear up again.

One has little time to revel in the picturesque beauty of the surroundings, however, for now the serious part of the day's work commences. Guns are produced and the signal is given for the beat to start. The beaters advance stealthily at first, then commence clapping and shouting until, as they get nearer and nearer the launch, the hills resound with the echoes. Lots are drawn for the first shot, and all eyes are strained anxiously upwards. At length a small dark shape is seen moving about two hundred feet above us and the lucky one starts blazing away. He is only allowed two

shots, if these fall short of their mark, the next man has the privilege; but one shot is usually sufficient, and the bear rolls over and over until a tree trunk or a boulder blocks its way.

Lunch is the next item on the programme; this is usually served on the rocks by the water's edge, coolies carrying the provender, etc., having gone on before in order to get everything in readiness for our arrival. The meal over, someone discovers pug marks of a tiger on the sand, and in wild excitement everyone commences to follow them up on foot. Two or three miles inland, however, they disappear and so we decide to leave well alone and return to bear shooting.

A dinner in the palace usually follows on these occasions, with a firework display in the garden afterwards, just to wind up a perfect day.

That Imperial Rake the Crown Prince of Germany visited India whilst I was in Kotah. I am thankful to say I was only on duty with him for a very short time, but I happened to be in Allahabad playing hockey for my police team when he visited there.

He travelled always in the Royal train, and had a very large suite with him; his tour must have cost the unhappy taxpayer a small fortune.

He had a plausible manner, spoke perfect English, and had cultivated the knack of saying and doing the right thing at the right moment—playing to the gallery, in fact, to a fine art. In spite of all that has been written and said to the contrary,



the Prince had his share of brains and always made a special point of impressing upon Europeans his loathing of his father—though not in the presence of his suite.

On one occasion I attended a big banquet given in his honour in the Hills. After dinner everyone retired to the garden to smoke and listen to the band in the cool. Someone idly wondered the name of a particularly beautiful star, which hung like a great lamp low in the heavens above us. No one noticed His Royal Highness until he answered quietly: "Surely everyone knows the name of *that* star. It is the one my illustrious father presented to the Lord"—

And the man is depicted a fool!

In spite of this assumed pose he was a German through and through, and the honour of the Fatherland had to be kept sacred as far as the rest of the world was concerned.

The Allahabad Exhibition—a big and tiresome affair organized and most successfully managed by Sir John Hewitt, was held during his visit.

The German section was to be opened by the Prince, and at his request no lights were to be turned on until he entered the building. He arrived with the Governor of the Province and a large escort, and was conducted with the greatest pomp and ceremony to the greatest room in the whole of the exhibition. Was not everyone rendering just homage to the greatest country on earth?

The first thing to meet everyone's horrified gaze was a bronze bust of the greatest man in the world, "His Illustrious Majesty the Kaiser," with a filthy dirty Dunlop tyre on his head. The terrible insult was immediately cabled home to the illustrious one, and frantic efforts were made to placate an infuriated Prince and find the perpetrator of the foul deed. He was found, but not punished.

Going off the line somewhat, to refer to the idea of making friends with Germany and the "Love your enemy" kind of business. Only one thing can make us friendly with Germany again.

I heard it at a certain R.A.F. Mess a short time ago. During the meal the conversation reverted to the war, and we began discussing the above-mentioned Christian-like theory. R.A.F. boys, to judge by the views expressed on the subject, must be absolute heathens. No one would admit that there was any possibility of our ever making friends with the enemy again save one inoffensive-looking little pilot. He said: "Yes, one thing would do it"; furiously we turned upon him, and grinning cheerfully at us all he continued: "A damned good hiding at rugger."

## CHAPTER XXIV

### Reorganizing the Police Force of Kotah.

WISHING to bring his police force up to the high standard of efficiency characterizing that of the British Raj, His Highness the Maharao of Kotah requested the services of a British police officer for reorganizing the same, and, as previously explained, I was chosen for the part. It was interesting work, and as any insight into the stage-management of native States, etc., is invariably interesting to the average person, it would not be out of place to give a brief résumé of the work entailed in a job of this kind.

There is very little information available regarding the early history of the State police, but tradition says that during the time of the great minister Zalim Singh, a good portion of the State army was detailed for police duties, both cavalry and infantry being kept in out of the way places such as Girdhapura, Rel, Roata, and Mau for the purpose of hunting down gangs of Dakaits.

In the jungle areas small villages were given by Zalim Singh to the jungle tribes, such as Bhils, Ahrias, and Gujars, in lieu of payment, on the

understanding that they performed duties which would ordinarily have devolved upon the police. This was called the "Sambar-Bandi" system, and is still in force in some parts of the State.

This system of police administration was more or less adhered to till the advent of the Political Agent in 1873, when a complete change in the policy took place. The administration was placed under a Superintendent of Girai, who was directly under the orders of the "Hakim of Appeal." Police stations were formed under Thanahdars, and each circle was given a separate force of mounted and foot police. Girdawars or circle inspectors were appointed and placed in charge of a certain number of police stations. The Superintendent of Girai was given no powers whatsoever over the police under him, and all appointments, promotions and dismissals were made without his cognizance by the "Hakim of Appeal." No head constable writers were attached to stations, the Thanahdars being compelled to carry out all the scriptory and other work themselves.

Of the actual strength of the force at that time there are no figures available, but in January, 1895, when Kunwar Onkar Singh took charge of the department, it stood at 2,486 all told, with twenty-nine police stations.

In 1892 the post of General Superintendent of Police was created. Circle inspectors were abolished and head constables as writers were

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provided for all stations. Again the head of the police was given no power, such being vested, as before, in the "Hakim of Appeal," who did as he liked.

This state of affairs only lasted twelve months and the police arrangements reverted to the old system, except that head constable writers were kept on and the circle inspectors were not replaced. An assistant to the officer Girai was, however, appointed. As already mentioned, this arrangement failed in 1895, when Kunwar Onkar Singh was appointed. He was given certain powers, and was under the direct control of the Council of Regency. The powers of the "Hakim of Appeal" over the police were abolished, and in 1898, when the restoration of the Jhalawar portion took place, three assistant superintendents and ten police stations, with the forces attached to them, also came directly under the control of the General Superintendent of Police, making a grand total of 3,852, of which the composition was as follows :

Sirbandi .....	2,153
Jamat .....	668
Pultan .....	360
Paiga Sowars .....	296
Postal Police Force .....	253

assistant superintendents, sub-inspectors, head constables, etc., and clerical staff 122.

Of the above forces, 500 foot and 106 sowars

were paid in land, and the others in cash. The "Jamats," though paid in cash, were permitted to enlist mere youths and purchase camels, ponies, etc., to bring the establishment up to its proper strength. These individuals were kept in certain defined places where transfers were impossible; the same remark applies to those receiving land, on whom fines were frequently inflicted but seldom enforced. Police stations at Khandela and Jalwara were abolished about this time, as were the force detailed for "Postal purposes," while a new Thanah police station was established at Rel, and the one from Nanta moved to Borkhera.

In 1906, when sufficient experience had been gained of the acquired portions of Jhalawar, and among other reasons, with the advent of the railway, it became evident that the pay of the force must be raised. To enable this, several Thanahs were abolished and the strength of the force reduced to 2,237, and all those paid in land were done away with.

When I commenced the reorganization of the District Police it was constituted as follows :

- 1 general superintendent of police,
- 4 assistant superintendents of police,
- 32 sub-inspectors,
- 185 head constables,
- 1,850 constables,
- 1 rasaldar (native mounted officer),

12 duffedars (mounted officers under rasaldar),  
150 sowars,  
3 camel sowars.

After going into the requirements of each station and its outposts very carefully I decided on the following force :

1 general superintendent police,  
1 deputy general superintendent police,  
2 inspectors of police,  
118 head constables,  
1,148 constables,  
2 duffedars,  
9 lance duffedars,  
62 sowars,  
3 camel sowars.

Each police station was allotted twelve constables :

3 for sentry duty,  
2 for escort of prisoners,  
3 for night patrol and beat duties,  
1 to assist the head constable writer,  
2 to accompany the investigating officer in inquiries; otherwise available for any other duty,  
1 for processes, etc.

There were thirty police stations in the district at the time; I reduced the number by six, the

stations abolished being Kowai, which became an outpost under Mothpur.

Ghataoli, which became an outpost under Akhlera.

Nahargarh and Railawan, which became outposts under Kishanganj.

Panwar, which became an outpost under Kanpur, and Borkhera, which was distributed amongst the Kotwali, Kethon, and Mandana circles.

There were 296 outposts in the district ; I reduced them to 131.

The posting of small outposts in dense jungle and isolated localities is not only fraught with considerable danger, but tends to weaken the administration, hence chowkies were only maintained at selected spots. Generally speaking, these posts are reported as being a wholesome deterrent ; but I did not altogether agree with this view, in many instances on the arrival of Dakaits at such outposts the police have been conspicuous by their absence.

It is not to be wondered at either, for it is, after all, a little unreasonable to expect them to make a stand against such overwhelming odds. Depredations by wandering gangs from bordering states are always to be expected, and the remedy was obviously to strengthen important positions on the border.

The pay of officers in all branches of the force was also carefully considered and reorganized ; travelling expenses and other allowances of a like character also required attention.



Another urgent matter under consideration was the supplying of uniform to the police. Uniform, with the exception of boots, braces, shoulder badges, and buttons, was provided free of cost to all head constables, constables of the foot police, duffedars and sowars of the mounted branch.

Now comes the reorganization of the city police.

The city police formed part of the Fauj department, neither the Kotwal nor the Fauj department having any power in the matter of appointments, punishments, etc., which were controlled by His Highness. The police were not supplied with uniforms or arms; but in most cases provided themselves with swords.

The office of Kotwal was considered a most important one; he exercised summary powers in the disposal of petty offences, and was entrusted with the collection of the tax called "Nata Ragli." In 1874 a reorganization took place in the department. The practice of verbally settling cases was abolished and the police were ordered to make proper files of investigations and to send up cases for trial to the Magistrates' Court, and the constables provided themselves privately with uniforms which consisted of blue kurtas, red turbans and yellow knickerbockers.

Uniforms were first given to the men in 1880, but the cost was deducted from their pay.

In 1883 the police came under the "Hakim of Appeal," but two years afterwards the late Sir

Curzon Wylie placed the force under the local magistrate, which arrangements prevailed until I took over the police in 1910. There were two police stations in the city at this time: (a) Kotwali, and (b) Nail Kotwali. In my opinion, the former only was necessary and the latter was converted into a first-class outpost.

The most important matter in connection with the reorganization was their pay. It required raising all round, considering the arduous and important duties devolving on the officers.

One of the greatest drawbacks to the proper working of the police force in this State were the kunjars of Mewar Tract, a territory bordering on Kotah. They are a truculent, courageous, head-strong and revengeful race, the capture of whom is always fraught with considerable risk and difficulty for the following reasons:

(a) The armed gangs, who number about three hundred, live in batches at unget-at-able places in the above tracts;

(b) They are shielded by the local people, with whom they find a ready market for their loot;

(c) The Mewar police lack co-operation in bringing about their capture or even in showing any sympathy in assisting our police on such occasions, although every endeavour has been made to bring this about, the Durbar itself having been approached on several occasions;

(d) Dense jungle and great ravines on both sides

of the border render capture of the gangs a matter of impossibility.

It is essential to the success of any measures for the control of criminal tribes that there should be the strictest surveillance over them, whereas the Mewar Kunjars (who were not considered a criminal tribe their side of the border) were permitted to make excursions wherever and whenever they liked, a preposterous state of affairs which resulted in the State being overwhelmed with Dakaities.

This was especially noticeable during the cold weather of 1910, when I took over the reorganization. For the time being the State was in an absolutely lawless condition, there were numberless Dakaities which afforded disquieting evidence of the existence of organizations composed of Mewar Kunjars and Bhils, armed to the teeth, and ready to prey upon the community at large in furtherance of their mistaken ends. A spirit of fear overtook the populace, the well-to-do people in many instances shut up their houses after sunset and spent the night in huts, baghs, fields, etc., a very unsatisfactory state of affairs, for which the police were in no way to blame.

Eventually these occurrences became so frequent, and of such an alarming nature, that the Maharao was forced to place thirty sowars from his cavalry and eighty men from his army at the disposal of the police for a matter of six months. Besides this, two assistant superintendents, two inspectors, ten head constables, one hundred constables, three

duffedars and twenty sowars of the mounted branch were placed on special duty to run down these Dakaits.

Depredations by these pests from Mewar have always been a source of annoyance and vexation to the State, and the constant watching of this border, for the sole purpose of preventing raids, throws an intolerable burden on the Durbar—a burden which would have been quite unnecessary had the gangs been kept under proper control instead of the Mewar authorities being careless of them and the crimes they committed.

The question which naturally presented itself to the Durbar was what measures could be adopted in the near future to end this intolerable state of affairs.

They have not yet solved the problem, and I think I am pretty safe in saying they never will. These particular tribes have lived on crime and by crime for countless generations, and under the prevailing condition it is hopeless to expect any police force to cope satisfactorily with the situation.

As regards the clerical work of the district, the old system of maintaining one general diary at stations (which was submitted weekly) for both the work done at the station and investigation work, was scrapped and a separate daily diary and special diary substituted, as is universal throughout India.

Practically all the old registers, forms, etc., which

were maintained at stations had to be condemned and reforms started on more modern police methods. With the assistance of the General Superintendent of Police, a Police Manual was prepared for the State, and the important question of providing police lines for the force was also taken up.

Thus it will be seen that a reorganization of this sort is no child's play; it took me about eighteen months to complete, but in all my life I have never spent eighteen months in which pleasure and duty were more effectively combined.

His Highness the Maharao of Kotah on my reorganization report wrote: "This final report on the reorganization of the State police has been received from Mr. Troup. At the request of the Durbar the Government of India was asked to extend the period of deputation of Mr. Troup to the end of March, 1911; the time Mr. Troup thought was necessary to enable him to introduce his new scheme, and to see for himself that it made a good start. His Highness is glad that during the first nine months of its inception and development the reorganization had the advantage of being carefully watched by Mr. Troup, and that during this interval the hitches and difficulties that were found to obstruct its progress were either removed or smoothed as circumstances demanded. The changes and alterations thus rendered necessary, either by local needs or for other valid reasons, are now embodied in this final report.

“His Highness has the satisfaction too of learning from Mr. Troup that the machinery started by him is now in full working order, but with all that has so far been done, the measure, it must be admitted, is still in its experimental stage and requires careful handling. The Durbar are assured that the General Superintendent of Police, on whom will mainly devolve the duty of carrying out various details, will do his best to make it a success.

“With these remarks, His Highness is pleased to sanction the scheme as it stands and conveys his thanks to Mr. Troup, an officer of wide police experience, for the care and attention he has devoted to the scheme, and the tact with which he has carried out his great task.”

## CHAPTER XXV

Leave again—Traffic manager and corkage—A little bit of "Amurrican" bluff—I jubilantly bid India farewell for a brief six months—An amusing incident at Suez—My finger is smashed—After two matches I reluctantly bid adieu to County Cricket—My friend and the specialist—I nearly get "rooked" in Piccadilly Circus.

ON the 1st of April, 1911, I was granted another six months' leave. Going down to Bombay, the General Traffic Manager, Mr. Muirhead, very nearly succeeded in making an April fool of me.

Whisky in a restaurant car in India is worth its weight in gold, and costs an outrageous price. I had no objection to the contractors making money out of ordinary travellers if they could get away with it, but I certainly did have a very strong objection to their trying it on with me, and, like other old timers, carried my own.

The Ocean Mail stopped at Bina to pick up its restaurant car, and a general scramble for lunch ensued. Mr. Muirhead happened to sit next to me, so I dutifully asked him to "have one." He said: "If you open that bottle of whisky in here, you'll have to pay corkage." I opened my mouth to protest, but just remembered the date in time. Turning to my bearer, I told him to go outside, and,

opening the window, handed the bottle out to him ; he opened it, poured out the two whiskies, and the G. T. M. drank his without further parley.

Apropos of this gentleman. Two days before the Delhi Durbar started, a " Big American Millionaire " arrived in Bombay harbour in his private yacht. He bounced into Mr. Muirhead's office and calmly ordered a saloon car to be ready for him on the morrow to take him to Delhi. Every berth, let alone every carriage, had been booked up months previously, so the American was politely informed that as far as a reserved carriage was concerned, he didn't stand an earthly ; there was just a chance of a first-class berth being found for him on the Punjab Mail that evening. " Is that all you can do for me ? " he snorted indignantly. " Yes," replied the G. T. M. shortly. " Very well, then," came the answer, " I'll buy your damned line."

Needless to say he didn't, neither did he get to Delhi.

The voyage home was uneventful, except for an incident which occurred at Suez. The P. and O. was scheduled to arrive at this port shortly before 2 a.m., when the usual examination of passengers and crew would take place before the boat could be allowed to proceed into Europe.

Everyone was grumbling at having to turn out at such an ungodly hour, so a brother officer and myself, after much thought, evolved a plan whereby to circumvent " Authority." Choosing fifty of the



handiest passengers of both sexes, we bade the rest sleep soundly and undisturbed.

At Suez the doctor came on board—a fussy little Frenchman. He took up his position in the saloon, and as each person filed by, casually glanced at them, which was supposed to constitute the “examination.” We had had some of these “thorough examinations” before and our plan was quite simple.

The fifty picked passengers were to file by and be examined four or five times each. We didn’t trouble to count all the passengers on board to see just how many times they must file by, the omission of which proved our undoing. Our guess-work was rotten, and we had forty-six too many.

The horrible little doctor tumbled to what had been happening at once, and flying into a violent temper, detained the steamer till sunrise, when he insisted on an individual examination. Our relations with the skipper were very strained throughout the remainder of the voyage.

I played only two matches in this season before saying farewell with many regrets to County Cricket. I suppose I am one of the only men who has ever played County Cricket without using batting gloves. Years before “The Doctor” said: “Troupo, sooner or later, that habit of yours of playing without gloves will knock you out.” He was right as usual, and whilst playing at Taunton, a fast ball hit one of my fingers, smashing it properly and making



*By courtesy of P. & O.]*

A "thorough" examination.

*[Drawn by Harry Furniss.]*

*[To face p. 252.]*



County Cricket for the rest of that season a matter of impossibility.

I spent a considerable time with an old schoolfellow just outside Exeter. He had a topping old-world place ; lots of money and, unfortunately (for him, at any rate), lots in the cellar. Whilst I was visiting him he had a very bad go of 'flu, and between this and the spirits he took to cure it, was feeling and looking pretty bad. His wife, a dear good soul, suggested a specialist from London, and my friend, after a deal of persuasion, finally agreed.

The "Knowing One" arrived on a Saturday—fee £100. Looking at the invalid, he decided that it was impossible to form any opinion regarding him until he had seen his daily life, habits, etc.—another £100. My friend, knowing his real trouble, as well as everyone else did, kept off drink, and on Sunday the examination took place.

After it was all over the specialist said pompously :

"Well ! my friend, I am glad to be able to tell you that the cure is entirely in your own hands." Turning to the array of pipes on the mantelpiece, he continued severely, "Nicotine is killing you ; stop smoking, and you'll live to a good old age."

Without a word the patient crossed the room to his desk, took out his cheque book, hastily scrawled out the necessary, and handing it to the specialist said quietly :

"Thank you for your careful and minute

diagnosis of my case, doctor. Those pipes belong to my brother. I have never smoked in my life ! ”

Talking about 'flu brings recollections of another incident which occurred during one of my numerous voyages to India. We had on board a certain doctor who was never tired of singing the praises of whisky. According to this gentleman it cured anything and everything.

One night in the smoking-room we were discussing a recent epidemic of 'flu when the doctor said scornfully : “ No one ever need have 'flu if they take sufficient whisky.”

I could not resist retaliating. “ Wouldn't it have paid you better, doctor, to have had it once or twice ? ”

A rather curious thing happened during the last week or two of this leave. Motor traffic had increased to an alarming extent during my absence, and I was gazing one morning in an absorbed fashion at the conglomeration of traffic in Piccadilly Circus when someone gave me a thump on the back, and a cheery voice said :

“ How are you, old chap ? Jove ! it is nice to see you again.”

I turned to find an utter stranger confronting me with eagerly outstretched hand, so politely informed him that he had me at a disadvantage.

He replied : “ Don't say that, old man, after the two years I spent with you in South Africa.”

This was a bad bungle, and putting on the police-

man air I answered sternly : “ Look here, my man, I have never been to Africa in my life. Mine is a very common face. When you find ninety-nine more like it you can come and claim acquaintance-ship with me.”

He was not a very polite man I am afraid, for he scarcely waited for me to finish my speech before he was off down Piccadilly like a shot.

A few days later I found his photograph in the paper. He had succeeded in doing an Australian down for £250.

## CHAPTER XXVI

Cricket—past and present.

**I**N cricket one frequently hears comparisons between stars of Lang Syne and the present, to the detriment of the latter. This line of discussion is not always correct. I am firmly of opinion that we have some batsmen who are equal to the best of an almost forgotten age ; the trouble with them is that they have not sufficient enterprise. There are, of course, some leading lights, but there are far too many players of equal merit in each county who consider their "average" (which is another word for their livelihood) before anything and everything else to such an extent that they are afraid to take the slightest risk, and as a result the game becomes painfully monotonous.

Particularly is this noticeable in trial games for test match purposes ; our players forget that a half volley or a long hop from Parkin or Howell is just the same half volley or long hop from Bill Sykes of the Whitechapel Lunatics Wednesday Eleven.

In the whole history of test matches, and the South Africans are with us now (1924), I venture to suggest that no selection committee has ever had a harder

task than choosing the England side against our visitors.

The team selected in the first test at Birmingham can be accepted as representing the best of our cricket. I give it : A. E. Gilligan (Sussex) (Captain), P. G. H. Fender (Surrey), G. E. C. Wood (Kent), A. P. F. Chapman (Kent), Hobbs (Surrey), Hendren (Middlesex), Woolley (Kent), Sutcliffe (Yorkshire), Kilner (Yorkshire), Tate (Sussex) and Parkin (Lancashire).

But as I have already said, there are so many players on a level standard of efficiency that this has been the main difficulty which the selection committee were up against. There is, however, the old stumbling block to be faced—there is only room for eleven individuals in a cricket side.

There was much less trouble in selecting a team in periods of our cricket history when several giants stood towering out above all other cricketers, such as : W. G. Grace, C. B. Fry, Ranjitsinghji, Hayward, F. S. Jackson, A. C. Maclaren, G. L. Jessop, Rhodes, Richardson, Lockwood, J. T. Hearne, etc., etc.

In 1920, when our last England side left for the Antipodes, there was a general feeling amongst knowledgeable English cricketers that though the bowling was not clever, it would take an extraordinarily fine Australian side to dig out the batsman. It was admitted at the time that our batting was tremendous ; that is to say, if reputations and Press references count for anything in cricket. Yet



in an incredibly short time after reaching Australia, J. W. H. T. Douglas and Hobbs, with the remainder of the team, were hanging their heads as if they had all the troubles of the world resting on them.

True, illness, injuries and the constant long journeys contributed in some measure to their downfall in this most disastrous tour ; but the main factor, without a shadow of a doubt, was the extremely high character of the Australian bowling, especially their fast stuff.

The point that has got everyone guessing is, are we in a better position this season to play the Australians next winter than we were four years ago ? The batting remains the same, with perhaps two possible exceptions, A. P. F. Chapman of Kent and Sutcliffe of Yorkshire.

Facts must be faced, however, and the chief one is that we are unable to place a better side in the field than we did in the disastrous year already referred to, and unless Australian bowling has deteriorated considerably I cannot see the "ashes" returning.

As to captaincy for the forthcoming tour, a very popular choice would be Arthur Gilligan, of Sussex, who, in my opinion, is far and away the best of the so-called "fast bowlers" who is, comparatively speaking, unknown to Australian batsmen.

Having settled the all-important question of the captain—no English batting side would be complete without Fender, Hobbs (if he can stand the strain

of the journey, climate, etc.), Hendren, J. W. Hearne, Woolley (Kent) and A. P. F. Chapman. Of these Fender is the best all round match winner, and there are four bowlers well above the average. The remainder of my team would be G. E. C. Wood and M. D. Lyon as wicket keepers, and possibly Duckworth, of Lancashire, as the hard grounds and climate of Australia tell sadly on the hands of those behind the wickets, and should two of the stumpers happen to be injured it would save the necessity for an urgent cable home for another. This makes ten. Add Sutcliffe, Holmes and Kilner (R.) of Yorkshire, Tate of Sussex, Parkin and Tyldesley (E.) of Lancashire, and last, but by no means least, Root of Worcester.

A total of seventeen. On paper a very fine selection to choose from ; but on foreign wickets who can prophesy ?

There are no real fast bowlers in England at the present time, and until we can find some we cannot hope to get back the ashes from Australia. The really fast bowler may be seen again (though I have grave doubts on the subject). The plumb wickets have, in my humble opinion, been instrumental in ruining his career once and for all. Take the public schoolboy or other lad with a natural bent for bowling ; he very soon learns that he is not going to make a name or take wickets under present conditions by bowling his heart and soul out as a fast bowler. In a much larger degree does

this apply to the professional, who knows, no one better, that if a bowler is to retain his position in the side he must get wickets, and that it is easier, very much easier, to get them by slow or medium bowling.

To-day it looks as if most of our men are hard wicket batsmen, and perhaps they have less resource than some of the older generation, without, of course, going back to W. G., who was a law unto himself, and could do practically anything he liked in cricket.

As I write we are nearly in mid-June, 1924, and no one has scored 600 runs, whereas the Doctor and Hayward scored 1,000 runs each in May. Even Hobbs has failed to come up to scratch on this occasion.

We hear a good deal about Hobbs since he has gone ahead of Tom Hayward in the century list—105 to 104, with a good many more to come, one hopes; but the frequent comparisons between the Surrey idol and W. G. are absolutely puerile; there can be no comparison between the two achievements.

In the first place take the grounds. Nowadays the wicket is perfection itself compared with those we played on. Secondly, when W. G. first played county cricket there were only about seven first-class counties, and you were jolly lucky if you got thirty innings in a season. Australian sides came over only on very rare occasions, and the South Africans not at all, whereas Hobbs gets twice the

number of innings in the English season alone, without taking into consideration the games he plays abroad. Had the Doctor had the same opportunities and played under the same conditions as Hobbs I have no hesitation in saying he would have been nearer 200 centuries than the actual number he made.

To give one an idea of the "Big 'Un's" capabilities. In the month of August, 1876 (which was well known as the biggest run-getting month of his career), he was playing for the Gentlemen of the M.C.C. against Kent at Canterbury. The latter scored 473 and the former 144. The M.C.C. had to follow on the same evening, and Mr. A. P. Lucas and W. G. started the batting.

At the close of play the total was 217 for four wickets, and the Doctor's share was 133 not out. The next day, a Saturday, was a typical summer's day, and the wicket a true and fast one.

The Doctor had his eye well in, and to use his own expression, the ball seemed to him the size of a football. When he was out the total was 546, his contribution towards it being 344, made without the semblance of a chance.

He had to travel to Bristol on Sunday to be in time for the match against Nottingham on the Monday. He scored 177 runs against them in a little over three hours out of a total of 400. Then came the match at Cheltenham against Yorkshire. Gloucestershire batted first and at the close of play

had scored 353 for four wickets, Mr. Moberly 73 not out, and the Doctor 216 not out, and when these two were separated the next day about lunch time the total was 429. In the end Gloucestershire were out for 528—the “World’s Champion” being again not out with 318.

I was talking to an individual in the pavilion at the Oval last summer when he commenced running down W. G. “If W. G. were playing now,” he said scornfully, “he’d never make a century.” I was still thinking out a crushing reply when a quiet voice at my elbow said: “Rot, we’d never get him out.” And I turned and shook the fellow’s hand.

Few people, bar Lord Hawke and Lord Harris, have had the pleasure of playing and watching county cricket for nearly forty years as I have, so I am going to write about a few generalities of the game and how to improve it.

In the first place, the public watching county cricket—and a critical public at that—naturally does not wish to see more interrupted play than is absolutely necessary. The luncheon interval, of course, is a necessary factor; but cannot the tea interval be dispensed with?

After a long day’s fielding in the old days, it was not unusual on the hottest of hot days to send out cold drinks if they were asked for by the captain of the fielding side; this, however, did not interrupt the game for more than five minutes. Why shouldn’t we adopt the same practice now?

It would be interesting to know how many of the players really take a cup of tea when they retire after a sweltering day to their dressing rooms at the interval. I mean purely for the sake of having tea. I do not think I am far wrong when I say the majority enjoy a cigarette, talk to their pals, have a look at the tape, to see how other county games are progressing, and last, but not least—the racing results.

If a cup of tea or a cold drink is really necessary (and it is not necessary nine times out of ten with the arctic summers that we are experiencing), then let it be sent out to the field of play ready to be quickly drunk, and play re-continued within five minutes. Similarly, boards might be placed in convenient positions outside the playing area, informing players and spectators alike as to the county games in progress, racing results, startling news, etc. It all attracts.

This tea interval is the first measure to be abolished. Take, for instance, the case of a City business man ; we will say his county, Yorkshire, is playing at Lord's. He hurries through his morning's work with the object of seeing as much of the game as possible. He arrives shortly after lunch to see his side finish its innings. The usual interval follows. Some more play, then a further interval for the "Cup and Saucer Act." After this play is once more re-continued, and just as it becomes interesting stumps are drawn—is it worth it ?

To my mind, the very much overdone "Off Theory" in bowling has done cricket immeasurable harm. I can well recall a case in point in 1911 at Lord's. Yorkshire were batting on an absolutely plumb wicket, and I counted Georgie Hirst leave thirteen balls in four overs absolutely alone, for the simple reason they were well outside the off stump, and no one knew better than the bowler himself that Hirst was no more likely to have a go at one of these idiotic "Try Ons" than he would think of flying, or shall I say looping the loop.

A ball or two of this kind to a novice at county cricket might have the desired effect of making him nibble at the bait, but it is merely waste of time to try it on with old stagers. The spectators are fully cognizant of this simple device; the majority, I think, would like the ball bowled more for getting a man out than playing monkey tricks.

To a certain extent the remedy of this evil lies with the captain; but I feel sure that an appeal to the bowlers themselves would have the desired effect.

I now come to matters of less importance. When a left-hand player is batting, would it not be possible for the fielders to change places as little as is absolutely necessary, and for the umpire to stand somewhere behind point to enable him to give decisions in place of his having to cross over times innumerable to short leg—and thus save much wanted time?

Last year at the Oval, when a left-handed batsman

scored over a hundred, the changing of sides between runs took an hour and a half of time off the already too short day's play. I timed it. It is for the M.C.C. to work out some sort of remedy to obviate the above ; personally, I should fix a period, say 1950, after which left-handed batsmen should be barred.

I know this is asking a lot, but I will quote my own case in support of it. When I first came home to school in England I was a left-handed batsman, but as a result of the collar bone I smashed on board ship, which was so abominably set by the ship's doctor, the left arm pained me to such an extent whilst batting, that three years later I changed over to a right-handed batsman, without it affecting my batting in any way whatsoever.

I cannot see why some method should not be devised by which the ingoing batsman could not get quicker to the wickets than is now the case. More often than not, he waits in the pavilion for the outcoming batsman, and asks him if the bowler is swerving, etc., etc. I may be pardoned when I say that these conversations are quite unnecessary, and do the inquirer more harm than good.

It is in these unnecessary little details that the crowd quite rightly asks to be relieved—and they are not insurmountable. These remarks have not been written with the object of, in any way, belittling present day county cricket or cricketers, but solely with the object of endeavouring to inspire more



To my mind, the very much overdone "Off Theory" in bowling has done cricket immeasurable harm. I can well recall a case in point in 1911 at Lord's. Yorkshire were batting on an absolutely plumb wicket, and I counted Georgie Hirst leave thirteen balls in four overs absolutely alone, for the simple reason they were well outside the off stump, and no one knew better than the bowler himself that Hirst was no more likely to have a go at one of these idiotic "Try Ons" than he would think of flying, or shall I say looping the loop.

A ball or two of this kind to a novice at county cricket might have the desired effect of making him nibble at the bait, but it is merely waste of time to try it on with old stagers. The spectators are fully cognizant of this simple device; the majority, I think, would like the ball bowled more for getting a man out than playing monkey tricks.

To a certain extent the remedy of this evil lies with the captain; but I feel sure that an appeal to the bowlers themselves would have the desired effect.

I now come to matters of less importance. When a left-hand player is batting, would it not be possible for the fielders to change places as little as is absolutely necessary, and for the umpire to stand somewhere behind point to enable him to give decisions in place of his having to cross over times innumerable to short leg—and thus save much wanted time?

Last year at the Oval, when a left-handed batsman

scored over a hundred, the changing of sides between runs took an hour and a half of time off the already too short day's play. I timed it. It is for the M.C.C. to work out some sort of remedy to obviate the above ; personally, I should fix a period, say 1950, after which left-handed batsmen should be barred.

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enthusiasm for the game with the public—by doing away with quite unnecessary waits.

I consider that the question of county cricket qualification is another matter that requires legislation. I will not go into the present ruling, it is common knowledge to the cricket enthusiast.

To come straight to the point, much elasticity has taken place in allowing some individuals to play for counties whose qualifications were of the remotest, to say the least of it. The case of a certain county amateur a short time ago may be used as an illustration. He was allowed to play for a county for which he had no qualifications whatever, for a whole season, and then when the fact was discovered, ignominiously “booted.” Somebody blundered and blundered badly, but it was not the player.

Out of curiosity once, I asked a well-known county captain the qualifications of a certain professional bowler on his side (who, incidentally, was taking wickets by the bucket full in his second season); he replied smilingly: “As a matter of fact, Troupo, he was born in a railway carriage going through ——” Is this a singleton case? I wonder.

Broadly speaking, drastic alterations are very necessary in the present day law, both from the amateur and professional point of view. Taken altogether, the atmosphere on this vexed question is not as clear as it might be by any means. From time immemorial “The King of Games” has been

the pastime of both the player and the public, therefore, let us make it as simple and easy as we can for the one who provides us with the enjoyment.

It is an established fact that the life of a county cricketer is not always a very long one ; why, therefore, deprive the player of two years' cricket pending qualification ?

For example, should the individual concerned decide on playing for his old county pending qualification for his new one, it is gratuitous to add that he will not be a favourite with the crowd, much less so in the pavilion. Moreover, in some isolated cases it will be doubtful if he will play himself " All Out " in the interests of his side, in which his future career has no further interest for him. It should at once be recognized by the " Powers That Be " that once a player has decided on leaving his county and qualifying for another—for goodness sake, let him take to his heels as quickly as possible.

Having once decided on his new surroundings, the conditions laid down by the M.C.C. should be such that it would be a matter of impossibility for the player concerned to make another move during his career, unless, of course, under very exceptional circumstances, such as his county ceasing to exist, etc.

In my humble view, a player under transfer to another county (provided his credentials are in order) should be allowed to play for his new love

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at the beginning of a season following the departure from his old county.

I repeat, don't place a burden on the individual swopping, as, more often than not, there are endless reasons for his wishing for a move, such as health, not being able to pull with his captain, committee, etc.—and, believe me, I have seen some. His life in the summer is a hard and strenuous one, therefore be human and don't put obstacles in his way, but rather make his pitch as smooth as possible.

## CHAPTER XXVII

Cricket : A few loose strings—Humorous and otherwise.

**W**HEN I first played county cricket each county had its own umpire. This was convenient in more ways than one, as the following story will show.

We were playing on the Clifton College ground, against a certain well-known northern team, and had just four runs to make to win the match.

W. G. was batting and slogging away nobly at it too, when the bowler sent down a ball which, glancing off his pad, went to the boundary for four and won the match.

To the surprise and indignation of everybody, the bowler had the impertinence to appeal for leg before, and the umpire had the audacity to give it, exclaiming in his excitement as he did so : “ Out, and I’ve won my—bet ! ”

The decision had to stand, but the appointing of umpires was taken over by the M.C.C. immediately afterwards.

A story on similar lines is told by Dr. E. M. Grace. He had a certain umpire, Williams, I think his name was, of whom he was inordinately proud.



I believe it is an absolute fact that he never allowed E. M.'s side to lose a match.

We were playing at Cheltenham once when the opposing captain approached E. M. and asked him for the loan of Williams' services as umpire at a certain match to be played ten days later. "What on earth do you want him for?" asked the Doctor wonderingly. "Well, old man, it's like this, you see," replied the captain, "we've bitten off just about as much as we can chew, and your umpire is worth about six men to our side."

E. M. had a very keen sense of humour, and he was always up to some practical joke or other. When the new rule *re* declaring an innings at an end came out, he made a fiver over it, which fiver he was never tired of bragging about.

He made it in this wise. During lunch he incensed the opposing captain into accepting his bet that he would not be either caught or run out during his innings. Contrary to his usual custom, he went in to bat half way down the list, and proceeded to knock up runs galore, until the safety of his side was established. This accomplished, he knocked up a "skyer," and a certain catch, yelling merrily as the ball commenced to descend: "I declare my innings closed." What interesting reading the captain's feelings would have made!

E. M. could well afford to laugh his way through cricket, however, for he was a magnificent exponent of the game in all its branches. He was, perhaps,

the greatest man at point of that or any other time. He not only possessed nerve enough to bring off some extraordinary catches that came at terrific pace straight toward him, but he could tell, almost by intuition, exactly where the batsman meant to put the ball, and no matter how close he stood, never failed to hold it. With a stonewaller he took the most outrageous liberties, and times without number took a ball almost within an inch or two of the bat. He seemed to possess an almost magnetic influence over certain batsmen. They could not keep the ball away from him, however hard they tried, and got thoroughly upset by his restless activity and catlike agility. He bowled round-arms and lobs, but was more successful with the latter. His batting was something wonderful ; he timed the ball with amazing accuracy : good length, half volleys and long hops were all the same to him. He always got them on the right part of the bat, and neither bowler nor fieldsman could tell to which part of the field his ball was going. One hit, however, they could always expect. A ball a little bit up, about a foot to the off, invariably travelled to long on, and many a fielder was placed there for a catch. They rarely found the ground large enough for that hit though, and a rough wicket made little difference to him.

If he wanted to, however, he could defend his wicket as correctly and patiently as anyone. Indeed, one well-known judge of cricket once said of him :

“ The only thing that man cannot do in the cricket field is keep wicket to his own bowling.”

W. G. had three stories which he was never tired of telling, and he would bring them out at any and every opportunity with unfailing regularity. The first concerned a visit of his maids to Madame Tussaud's. When his effigy first appeared there he decided for some unknown reason or other to improve their education and provided the wherewithal as well as the holiday. Next day he asked them how they got on, and was told of the wonderful time spent there, etc., etc., and the wonderful effigies of various people that were there, so lifelike, etc., etc.

“ But didn't you see me there ? ” he asked. There was an uncomfortable silence for a few minutes, and then one of the girls said nervously : “ Well, sir, we didn't 'ave time to go into the Chamber of 'Orrors ! ”

The second story is also pretty well known.

A certain well-known batsman had lunched not wisely but too well. Feeling none too steady as regards his feet and eyes, he found his captain (with considerable difficulty) and told him that he was afraid to go in to bat as he was certain to see three balls instead of one. “ My good fellow,” said the captain easily, “ that's nothing to worry about ; hit at the middle one and you'll be safe enough ! ” His turn to bat came in due course, and after much prompting he proceeded very reluctantly and very unsteadily to the wicket, made a frantic swipe

about two feet wide of the first ball, and heard the rattle of the wicket behind him. "Thought I told you to hit the middle ball," said the skipper sternly, on his return to the pavilion. "So I did," returned the crestfallen batsman, "but I hit it with the outer bat."

The third story pleased the old man's vanity more if it did not tickle his listener's sense of humour as much, as the other two.

Johnny Briggs—the famous Johnny Briggs—could stand anything and everything in the world save having his leg pulled. Very, very rarely could anyone succeed in getting the better of him, for if anyone had courage enough to try he was generally too cute for them, so that he was seldom bothered in this respect.

The Doctor, however, determined to get "One up" on him. We were all staying together down in Wiltshire at the time, and the Doctor organized a rook shoot. To Johnny was to fall the privilege of the first shot. He hadn't got a gun, but our host hastened to supply the deficiency, and Johnny was as pleased as Punch, and commenced telling everybody what a wonderful shot he was.

Betting ran high as to the number of rooks he would shoot, and everyone looked forward to the event of the next day with pleasurable anticipation—the Doctor looking more pleased about it than everyone else put together.

The next morning dawned fair and glorious, and

everyone turned out to see the fun. Johnny shot his rook in fine style, but his face, when the village policeman emerged from a neighbouring bush and presented him with a summons for shooting without a licence, was indeed a study.

All good cricketers of the older generation remember Tom Emmett, full of fun and nonsense ; he was the life and soul of his team, had a keen sense of the ludicrous and could laugh as heartily at his own blunders as he invariably did about anyone else's.

The first person the Big 'Un met after passing his medical examination was Tom, who, knowing where he had been, was anxious to hear the result. "Is it all right, sir ?" he asked. "All right, Tom," came the answer, "I've got my diploma."

It rained all that night and the ground next day at Lord's was very sloppy. Tom was fielding at cover point, and in trying to stop one of W. G.'s renowned hard hits, slipped, fell heavily backwards and did not get up for a few minutes. "Are you hurt, Tom ?" yelled the Doctor anxiously. He got up, pulled himself together with an effort, and pointing to a lovely mud mark on his trousers, replied : "No, sir, but I've got my diploma."

When Gloucester were playing England in 1878 Emmett was batting to those treacherous, curly, underhand slows of Frank Townsend. One or two that were a foot or so off the wicket he allowed to pass rather than run the risk of hitting into cover

point's hands. Townsend kept it up, and Emmett, to show the contempt he felt for the bowling, shouldered his bat and smiled as the balls passed him. Came a ball at length, however, with more break on it than usual, and Emmett, with bat still uplifted, had the mortification of seeing it curl in and hit the off stump.

A storm of voices greeted him as he returned to the pavilion: "What was the matter, Tom?" "Don't Tom me," he replied. "Well, Emmett then." "Don't Emmett me." "Would you like to be called Mr. Emmett, then?" we retorted. "Look you," he said earnestly, "call me a — fool, for I feel like one."

One of the most extraordinary experiences I ever had on the cricket field was at Aigburth, near Liverpool. I was playing for the King's Own Regiment, and while batting snicked a ball which stuck in the top of my pad. In the fraction of a second I was making tracks for the boundary with the wicket keeper in hot pursuit, in order to retrieve the ball and get me caught out. It took a man all his time to catch me in those days, though, and I got the four runs without much difficulty.

I met the Doctor on my return to Bristol in the Century Club, and told him with justifiable pride of my method of handling the case. "Clever," he admitted, stroking his beard thoughtfully; and after a minute or two: "But why didn't you jump over the boundary and make it six?"

The playing ground of this regiment was on the parade ground at Warrington, which is surrounded by barrack buildings. On another occasion while playing there I remember "skying" a ball, which eventually found its home in one of the chimneys. We never recovered it.

As far as coincidences on the cricket field are concerned I think the case of E. M.'s lady admirer takes some beating.

We were playing against a local eleven on the county ground at Gloucester, and E. M. went in first to bat. He sent a terrific hit to long leg, and to the horror of everyone it went full toss amongst the spectators and hit a lady (who had come ump-teen miles to see the Doctor) on the wrist. E. M. patched it up for her (it was nicely smashed, too), and as she refused to go until he had finished his innings, took her over to the other side of the ground just for safety's sake. Judge, then, of the lady's feelings when four balls afterwards he hit her plumb in the chest. I will not repeat what she said, or tell you where she consigned his innings, but she departed with her admiration for E. M. sadly diminished.

I had only one experience of this kind, I am thankful to say. It was while playing at Cheltenham against the Australians. For a fortnight before this match I had been horribly out of form, and went in to bat firmly resolved to let caution go to the winds and swipe anything and everything that

came along. I swiped away for all I was worth, and the runs went up in record time, until a terrific hit to the gymnasium side of the ground found its billet in an old lady's bonnet. Phew! it was a narrow squeak.

There is one more story of W. G. which must be told before I conclude my chapter. We were playing a certain Southern county and W. G. was batting at one end, I at the other. About five minutes before time the bowler sent down a fast ball which the Doctor played forward to. It glanced off his leg and went for one leg bye, which we ran. To the indignation of everybody the bowler appealed for l.b.w., which was ridiculous; so ridiculous, in fact, that the Doctor (who was now at his end) told him so in a way that was intended to do him good (from a cricketing, if not a moral point of view).

The opposing captain, who was fielding mid on, objected to W. G.'s hectic remarks, and said he would not allow him to speak to his professionals in that manner, whereupon W. G. immediately transferred his attentions to the source of interference and concentrated on it until he had exhausted his vocabulary, or at least the more useful part of it.

As a result the outraged captain lodged a complaint with his committee, and refused to play until the Doctor apologized. All things considered, one could scarcely blame him. I should have done precisely the same thing.



It was Bank Holiday time, and the crowd, of course, was enormous. We all knew there would be trouble with them unless W. G. could be made to see reason sufficiently to do the needful, but how on earth to make him do it was problem enough to upset anyone's nerves. We set to it nobly, however, it had to be done, and talked and pleaded and argued with desperation born of dire necessity, until at last the Big 'Un agreed to be led to the slaughter—I was to do the leading.

I grasped him firmly by the arm and into the committee-room we went. Everybody was there waiting to receive us, looking stiff and starched, stately and dignified, as only committees can, the captain sitting in a prominent position waiting to hold out the olive branch, looking a veritable model of self-righteousness and smug complacency—if such a combination can be imagined. Straight up to him marched W. G., hand outstretched and face alight with frank good fellowship. “I’m awfully sorry about yesterday, old man,” he said breezily—“but you are a fat — — all the same, aren’t you?” I am a sinful man I know, but I do think it was a lovely apology, and I only wish I could tell you what he said.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

I go to Lucknow—Am appointed honorary secretary of the club—Description of same—A hectic club dinner—An unlucky fishing expedition—My assistant sits on a snake—Two more snake stories—My wife becomes ill—I follow her to England.

CALLING at my bankers in Bombay, I found to my delight orders posting me to Lucknow as Superintendent of Government Railway Police. Needless to say I was delighted, and gave a dinner to some of my board ship mates at the Taj Mahal to celebrate.

I had scarcely set foot in the Chutter Munzil (United Services Club) at Lucknow when I was asked to become honorary secretary.

The Chutter Munzil is easily the most beautiful club in India. Formerly the Palace of the Kings of Oudh, it is a long, low building of native design. I cannot begin to describe the beauties of the architecture, etc., my pen is not nearly clever enough.

The grounds are beautifully laid out ; in the front of the building, on either side of the drive, are the tennis courts ; at the back is a great smooth expanse of lawn, below which runs the River Gumpti. Palms, trees and flowers grow everywhere in luxurious profusion, and the turf is the finest in

the world, because no expenditure is spared to make it so. The interior of the building surpasses even the exterior in magnificence ; it is a picture of marble, even the floors are built of this stone.

There was, of course, a very large membership and club dinners were a source of endless trouble to me (at least as far as preparations for them went, I managed to get my full share of enjoyment afterwards). The whole of the menu had to be ordered up from Bombay on ice, a petty eight hundred miles or so away.

Still, it had to be done, for Sahib and Meme Sahib love an English dinner. A vivid imagination is required to take one back to England, but a perfectly cooked pheasant from the "Home Country" helps at least to provide the correct atmosphere.

Not that the actual catering presented much difficulty, the trouble arose in knowing how many to cater for. Having arranged to feed, perhaps, two hundred people, on the night of the dinner the club would in all probability be inundated with dozens of others wanting to fall in line. Grub ? " Oh, never mind, find something from somewhere, we don't mind what it is," and so it would go on. Needless to say " Grub " always was found, and my chefs and stewards were bricks in an emergency.

During dinner a regimental band played, and afterwards films were shown for those who liked them, others would prefer the billiard or bridge



“The panacea for sahibs’ every ill.”

[To face p. 280.]



rooms, while some even departed post-haste to the bar—to discuss, perhaps, “The Great Game.”

Knowing that India possessed a thousand and one Rugger players, in a weak moment I started the idea of an “All India Rugby Football Tournament.” It caught on at once. Teams compiled from everywhere, and I must say that the standard of play far exceeded all anticipations. Conway Rees—dear Conway Rees (Welsh International), what a fine exponent he was—refereed all games.

Going off the line a bit, he tells rather a good story of an International match.

A good deal had been said and written during the season about a certain English forward, Sammy Woods it was, who, according to the papers, had got beyond his prime.

Sammy trained hard, and when the big match came along swept everyone aside in a glorious rush, and scored the solitary try almost on time. After the game was over the committee of the losing side called up their players and asked the captain why no attempt had been made to collar him. “What! collar Sammy?” he said blankly. “Why, it took me all my time to get out of his way.”

But to return to Lucknow. Halfway through the tournament, one or two innocent looking members approached me with a meek request for a dinner on Saturday night to celebrate. I made some demur over getting provisions, etc., etc., but earnest

entreaties of "Be a sport, Troupo," soon overruled this, and I foolishly promised to "see about it."

Hurried wires to Bombay did the necessary as far as the grub was concerned, and everything promised to be a huge success. The station was chock-a-block with visitors, so to prevent any crush I arranged for three bars instead of the usual one. By midnight on Saturday all three were conspicuous by their absence; they were literally reduced to matchwood, great electric fans were pulled down (heaven alone knows how), furniture was smashed, it was simply pandemonium. Amidst the frightful uproar, only one man remained calm and unperturbed. He was my native steward. Squatting peacefully in a distant corner, he carefully took an inventory of all damage done, dutifully jotting down same to account of officers responsible. What a shock some of them must have received at the end of the month!

Outside on the lawn things were fairly quiet until the band blissfully started to play "The End of a Perfect Day." This beautiful melody brought vivid recollections back to one young sub., who procured a Rugger ball and drop kicked the unhappy conductor off his platform down into his orchestra, just for the sake of reality—after which the band departed.

The novelty of the furniture-smashing having worn off, some scatterbrained young dare-devil

suggested Water Polo. Suiting the action to the word, he kicked the ball into the river, dived in after it before you could say knife, and crowds of others followed. Crocodiles and other inhabitants apparently did not relish the smell of spirits, for they left the intruders severely alone.

It was a night !

There is, of course, no shooting in this district, and very little fishing. One had to go to the foot of the Hills to catch Mahseer.

At this time we had forty miles of new line under construction from Philibit to Lohar Ghat, a small station at the foot of the Himalayas where particularly fine fishing was reported. The difficulty was, how to get out to it. Eventually, I obtained permission to hitch my carriage to a ballast train, and a chum and I jubilantly set out for a fine day's sport.

We arrived at the terminus, if it could be called a terminus in such an unfinished state, to find a beautiful little Government bungalow on the fringe of the jungle, facing the most perfect looking fishing river imaginable. Lunch was the first item on the programme. The long journey (our ballast train wasn't much of a hustler) had put a keen edge on our appetites, and we fell to with zest. Imagine our disgust when, after a topping meal, made doubly pleasant by blissful contemplation of the whoppers that were presently to fall to our lot, we arrived at the water's edge to find that the snow



water had come down from the Hills, which made fishing out of the question.

There was nothing else for it but to return to duty, and as the ballast train had finished work as far as that end of the line was concerned, we dolefully commenced the homeward journey.

We had got about four miles out and were in the middle of afternoon tea, when with a terrific crash we were hurled violently from one end of the saloon to the other. Extricating ourselves with the greatest difficulty from the wreckage, we commenced investigations. The wagons, or what was left of them, lay jumbled up in heaps about us, but it took some time to find the engine, which had rushed down the embankment and lay a twisted mass of metal in the jungle beneath. The driver, fortunately for him, had jumped just before the train did, so escaping injury. He explained that the accident was caused by a herd of buffaloes straying on the lines (we found parts of them); he had not seen them in time to pull up, because the train was rounding a sharp bend.

After satisfying ourselves that no one was hurt we commenced footing it to the next station, where there was just the remotest possibility of finding another ballast train.

There was no means of letting Philibit know that the line was blocked, but this mattered little. I had to get back to Philibit that night somehow or other, in time to catch the mail train to Dehra Doon,

where I was to escort His Excellency Lord Hardinge to Delhi.

We got to the next station (which was about six miles from the scene of the accident) to find that fortune had not altogether deserted us, for a ballast train had just come in. Hastily giving orders for the engine to be uncoupled and turned round, we went like blazes those thirty odd miles and I caught the mail with exactly two minutes to spare. Arriving in Dehra Doon fifteen minutes before the Royal Special was due to start, I hurriedly made the necessary examination (though there wasn't much time to go into details, I assure you) and was ready, hot and dishevelled, but still ready, for the Viceroy when he arrived.

Returning to headquarters, I found a long-promised assistant awaiting me. He was a conceited young ass and he didn't take long to get on my nerves. On the first morning in office I endured his fussing until it nearly drove me mad, and then in desperation told him he'd better clear off and call on the Governor; little did I realize the world of good that visit was destined to do him.

From accounts which reached me of the affair, it appeared he had arrived at the Governor's house about lunch time, and had been shown into the drawing-room to await the Great One's pleasure. Sinking into the deepest and most comfortable chair in the room, he reached for a copy of the *Pioneer* and proceeded to make himself thoroughly

at home. The Governor came in about ten minutes later, and as the boy sprang hurriedly to his feet, a huge cobra slid out from underneath the cushions of his chair.

Generally speaking, snakes are not nearly so common in India as people are led to believe. During the whole of my service I only saw about thirty, and was only actually in danger of being bitten twice—strangely enough twice within the same week.

The ground I selected for the All India Rugby Football Tournament was a dense jungle of tall rank grass. This was a regular hotbed for snakes, and had to be cut down.

Sitting in the open one day, having lunch and supervising operations, I was startled by an agitated : "Sit still, Sahib, sit still," from my bearer. I sat still, very still, luckily for me, and with a long-drawn-out hiss-sss, a cobra shot between my legs.

Two days later, while walking across the ground shouting directions up at the natives, who were busily putting up the goal posts, I suddenly felt something crunch under my heel ; looking down, I found I had trodden on the head of a krite. A miraculous escape this, for, like an idiot, I had not troubled to take the precaution of wearing high top boots, and had the krite got my heel, say, in the middle of his anatomy instead of fairly and squarely on the right end, it would have been all up with me

in about half an hour—the krite is about the most deadly snake in India.

Towards the end of 1912 my wife went down with appendicitis. Twenty-four hours later, septic poisoning set in ; she underwent several operations, but very little hope was held out for her recovery. Christmas Day that year was, I think, the most terrible day I have ever spent in my life. We had arranged to give a big party for my little girl, Evelyn, to which half of Lucknow had been invited. On Christmas Eve my wife sent for me and made me promise not to cancel the kiddies' enjoyment, but to give everybody a real happy time. I had to promise, because I dared not tell her that that morning I had received a cable from England informing me of the death of my mother.

In March of 1913 my wife's condition became worse instead of better, so I decided to send her home to England. October brought a wire from her mother to the effect that she had undergone two further operations. Douglas Straight, my Inspector-General, good fellow that he was, fixed up my leave in record time, and within twenty-four hours of receiving the wire I had left Bombay by P. & O. *Maloja*.

## CHAPTER XXIX

The voyage home—An optimistic Australian—A cheeky railway official—International Rugger match at Twickenham—Finish of Indian career—A few reflections on the native, and the future of India.

FIRST day out, while I was having early coffee, the steward brought me a wireless telegram. It was from members of the Chutter wishing me good luck, etc., and every well-wisher had insisted on his name appearing on the wire in full ; there were over a hundred of 'em.

My stable companion throughout the voyage was Major Roberts, the civil surgeon of Aligarh, my province.

There were very few kindred spirits on board. The *Maloja* was homeward bound from Australia, but had for some unknown reason been diverted to Bombay. I don't know what Australians, or the usual run of Australians, are like, but I sincerely hope that they are not like the lot we had on board this voyage ; they were an absolutely horrid crowd. Bridge in the smoking-room was frequently accompanied by the lusty wails of numerous infants, and if anyone dared even to look annoyed, hostile eyes were fixed upon him until he was compelled by sheer force of circumstances to summon up a sickly and apologetic smile.

Eventually somebody complained to the captain. Who it was I never knew, but in popular opinion I was the culprit, and one evening, while I was playing bridge, a little whippersnapper came up to my table and commenced in a loud, pugnacious tone : "I understand that you have been complaining about our wives and children coming into the bridge room. I would have you know, sir, that we have just as much right on this boat as you have."

Somewhat taken by surprise, I replied : "Pardon me, the boat is yours, I have no claim on it whatsoever," and for the time being we left it at that.

Going through the Red Sea, the heat apparently again upset his temper, for Roberts and myself, while sitting having a nightcap in the saloon, were surprised by showers of crumbled biscuits raining down upon us. Looking up, we beheld our friend in the act of throwing another handful of crumbs through the grilling in the saloon roof. We ignored him, and five minutes later he arrived in the saloon to announce his intention of wrestling with me—the optimist. Kindly but firmly I told him I didn't want to be bothered, he'd better go away and lose himself.

Instead of taking this sensible advice, however, he persisted in looking for trouble and finally became so rude that I was compelled to order him to apologize ; this he refused to do, so I put my fourteen stone into him. The struggle was a brief one, five minutes saw him on the floor with a lump on his head the

size of an orange. I didn't mean the lesson to be quite such a hard one, but he caught the back of one of the saloon chairs in falling. We carried him along to his cabin, Roberts soon dispelled any fears I had concerning the bump, and we thought nothing more of the affair.

Several days later our Australian terrified everyone on board by falling down in an epileptic fit. I had the shock of my life, and remembering the bump on the back of his head, began to feel decidedly uncomfortable. He was just coming round when I rushed in and asked him if he thought that the affair of the other night had been responsible in any way. "Great Scott, no," he replied, "I've been sent home because of a weak heart. This is quite a common experience."

Travelling overland from Marseilles we reached Dover, the most God-forsaken station in the whole of England, late on a bitterly cold night. The special was just about to leave when I walked the ticket collector to examine tickets. I had already shown mine umpteen times, so had put it away somewhere for safe keeping ; of course, in the excitement of the moment, I promptly forgot where, and commenced fumbling about in all my pockets, the inspector regarding me sternly the while, quite convinced, I firmly believe, that I was attempting to defraud the company. Having finished a tour of inspection of my pockets without result, I said, "I *think* I must have put it in my spectacle-case,"

whereupon the inspector said : " I would have you know, that in my job I am not paid to think." There were a number of people present, and controlling my feelings with a gigantic effort I replied : " No, judging by your face I shouldn't think you were." It was the one and only time I ever received back-chat from a railway official ; I only wish it had happened in India.

Before saying good-bye to one another at Charing Cross, Roberts and I agreed to meet at Twickenham for the England and Wales match. A dinner in town was, of course, to follow. After so many years (even though it was the first occasion on which I was a spectator and not a player) it was glorious to come back to it all again. The game was a thundering good one, Wales was expected to win, but long before the finish there was only one team in it, and it wasn't Wales.

After the match my thoughts went back a quarter of a century. The field of play, the same number of players on a ground of the same size as the one at Twickenham. Recollections of the three three-quarters of my time, compared with the number behind the scrum at the present day, made me feel that something was radically wrong. The game had all its old traditions, but the scoring area was cramped, very cramped.

It took me back to the time when four three-quarters were first introduced to the game. The passing looked perfect and had the approval of the



crowd, though if a ruler had been used, more often than not it would have been found that the players had lost instead of gained ground by the movement.

In a lesser sense it is the same story to-day with this difference, that the three-quarter with the ball, hemmed in himself, and seeing little opportunity of passing to his wings, kicks into touch as the only way out of the difficulty. So we get touch, touch, touch, scrum, scrum, scrum, whistle, whistle, whistle—very boring to say the least of it.

If in the eighties it was thought that the ground was only wide enough for three three-quarters to get into their stride, surely some enlargement is necessary now. Isn't it nearly time we got back from idealism to common sense ?

As far as play was concerned, I was amazed and delighted at the immense strides the game had made since last I played. I won't suggest that it was keener, or played with any more zest, but in all-round cleverness and finesse it had improved out of all knowledge.

On my arrival at home I found my wife no better, and the doctors told me that she would be unable to return to India.

I had only been in England a few months when my heart began to talk to me again. Recollecting my previous experience concerning heart trouble, I ignored it for as long as possible, but it wouldn't be ignored, and, very much against my will, I went to see another specialist.



*By courtesy of F. & O.]*

**Merrie England once more.**

*[Drawn by Harry Furniss]*

*[To face p. 292.]*



"The" heart specialist at that time was Sir Lauder Brunton, so I accordingly interviewed the gentleman. He made a careful and minute examination and then wrote out the following certificate. "I have to-day examined Mr. Walter Troup, of the Indian Police Force, and am of the opinion that every hot weather he spends in India in the future will be detrimental to his health."

This, of course, was more than enough for me. My Indian career was finished.

Before closing my Indian reminiscences, however, I should like to point out how the country has changed even during my brief knowledge of it.

When I first landed, it took only half an eye to see that the native was being over-educated, while very few appointments were open to him, and there was practically no outlet for his abilities. The fact to be faced is an uncompromising one. A population of over four hundred millions are waking up to the fact that the country once belonged to them, and that it is a very rich one. The subject provides food for some very uncomfortable reflection; the pendulum is swinging slowly, very slowly as yet, but how far it will swing in the future, and whither it will drive us, no man can foresee. At any rate, the present situation cannot be allowed to continue. We must either govern or go. If we allow chaos to continue, if we let the extremists do practically as they like to ruin our administration, as they are doing at present, then

we shall lose India, and we shall deserve to lose her—there can be no half measures. To give just one example :

When I first joined the police, a native sub-inspector was a little tin god in his jurisdiction. When his work took him to a town or village to make an investigation, the best of everything was not good enough for him ; he was given every assistance in his inquiry, and everyone stood in absolute awe of him.

Long before I left India, however, what a different picture it was ! In place of being shown every consideration, the officer was treated with supreme indifference. He had to mind his p's and q's, and dot his i's with perfect precision too, for as often as not the inhabitants had amongst their number three or four Pleaders (native lawyers), who knew as much about law, and a deal more about evading it, than did the police officer.

## CHAPTER XXX

“ Big-Wigs ” I have met, and a few stories concerning them.

WHEN I have chanced during my Police career to come in contact with Royalty and celebrities, I have made a point of recording anecdotes in connection with them—what they have said, how they have impressed me, etc. It is difficult to utilize these notes, however, when so much of the subject matter is of a strictly personal character ; though, if everyone were to consider this too conscientiously, the humorous and more pleasing side of “ Notabilities ” would never be known.

One of the best stories I have ever heard concerned a certain Viceroy, newly in office. His secretaries, quite unaware of the type of man they had to deal with, saw to it that a cumbersome and important file was placed on his desk.

Across the file he wrote “ Yes,” and initialled it. Utterly astounded, the secretaries held a conference, and it was decided (not without hesitation on the part of everyone concerned) that one of them should take the file back next day and delicately suggest that if His Excellency had not time

to go through it a précis would be made out, etc., etc., for his signature.

Next morning the chosen one duly explained matters, the Viceroy regarding him quizzically the while. When he had finished, His Excellency said briefly : " All right, leave it with me ! "

Crossing out the " Yes," he wrote " No," and sent it back through the usual channel.

This Viceroy was one of the most charming men it has ever been my good fortune to meet ; he was immensely popular, though it was well known that his relations at one time with the Home Authorities were rather strained ; for this, however, he cared not one jot.

On one occasion he was dining with a Ruling Chief in Rajputana, when he received an urgent wire from home, asking for his address the next day as a very important communication was to be cabled him. Turning to his secretary, he said with twinkling eyes : " Wire back ' Asia,' and I'll sign it."

At the beginning of my career a certain Maharaja was dethroned. The gentleman responsible was not popular by any means, and when the time of his final departure arrived there were few regrets.

At the farewell dinner given in Bombay, a telegram was handed to him which for some unknown reason he commenced to read aloud. To his humiliation and everybody else's delight, it read : " From the Ex-Maharaja of ——— to the Ex-Viceroy of India. Now that we are both nonentities, may we meet in

Bombay and compare our views?" This same gentleman was also responsible for the finest piece of self-advertisement one could wish to hear. Asked as to the capabilities of the governor of a certain province he replied: "Bar myself, he is the cleverest man in India."

At banquets held in native states the majority of the Ruling Chiefs only put in an appearance at dessert.

This is, of course, owing to their religious principles.

One particular Viceroy knew little of the vernacular and usually obtained a list of questions from one of his secretaries to ask his host regarding his State, etc. These he learned by heart. I frequently had the unpleasant duty of doing the translation between the Viceroy and the Chief concerned, for which purpose I had to sit between them.

One Maharaja apparently took a passionate liking to the Viceroy, for he stayed an unusually long time, so long, in fact, that his unhappy guest got through his stock sentences and was at his wit's end as to how to keep the ball of conversation rolling.

Necessity, however, is notoriously the mother of invention, and at last, in desperation, the Viceroy, turning to me, said: "Please tell His Highness that I consider the rules affecting his customs and postal services will be very beneficial to his State in the near future."

I did the needful, and the Chief replied: "Kindly



convey my thanks to His Excellency, and say that I have not yet had time to go into the matter thoroughly."

Upon hearing this, the patience of His Excellency gave out with a jerk, and he said quietly to me: "No, damn it all, no more have I."

I cannot vouch for the truth of the following story, but will relate it as I recently heard it.

In a certain office in India there existed a file just over a foot in height which was supposed to concern expenses, etc., incurred by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales during his visit. It was hawked from one department to another, and went the rounds about half a dozen times; officer passed it on to officer, with his blessings or curses as the case might be, but no one exhibited the least desire to wade through it, and the fame of that file came to surpass even the fame of some other files I have heard about (and come into contact with) in connection with the Great War.

Eventually, however, a young "Heaven Born" with "High Ideals" and a stern sense of duty tackled it, only to find that it related to expenses incurred by the late King Edward during his visit umpteen years before.

## CHAPTER XXXI

Forty years of hockey—What the game was like when first I played  
—Hints to players—Choice of sticks—Footgear—Various positions on the field and duties in same—Captaincy—Comparisons  
—Hockey at home and abroad—A memorable game.

WHEN I first played hockey it was with a rubber ball, slightly bigger than a cricket ball, and later on with a string one. The sticks were rough and made of oak saplings, sometimes of the roots of holly trees—and the rules were very elastic. There was no striking area, a goal could be hit from any position on the ground, and the grounds were grounds in name only. There were no pretensions as to the exact length or width of the ground. Everybody slogged, there was no such thing as "Sticks," and many an old grudge was paid off as a result of such slogging. My shins still tell a very painful tale; as a matter of fact, I have been hurt more at hockey than at any other game. To give an instance.

I was playing for Bombay Gymkhana in 1909, in the Aga Khan Hockey Tournament, when on no less than four occasions I was badly fouled by the same player. It is true he was warned, and finally turned off the ground, but that was poor compensation

to me, or to my side. I fell on the wrong side of my wrist, and the X-Rays showed that every muscle had been badly torn. I was unable to play for eight months and was affected by the injury for years afterwards.

It is a truism that a county cricketer is born, not made. This does not, in my opinion, hold good at hockey. Pace and a good eye are essentials necessary to the game ; given these there is no reason why in three or four years a novice should not be an adept at the game. He should play in good company, put his whole heart into it and get his tuition from a prominent player. He should take every opportunity of witnessing first-class play, and observing closely the style of acknowledged players.

I invariably make it a rule to commence a season with a new hockey stick. By this means the one in use the previous year can be relegated to the second string, and carried about on all occasions and used in case anything goes wrong with the new purchase. I am a great believer in having a rubber handle on a hockey stick. In these cold climes it certainly diminishes jar and affords a better grip.

Very excellent advice that is freely given, but I fear rarely followed, is to keep the stick well oiled. The chief things to bear in mind when choosing a stick are weight and length. The weight must be in proportion to your strength, and for length

the safest guide is your hip bone. The handle should not ordinarily come above this.

I unhesitatingly say, avoid a rubber ring on the stick. It is quite useless, rarely saves an injury and always upsets the balance of a stick.

It is only natural that every player should regard his own pet maker as the best (I do myself), just as it is also natural that every player should have a favourite stick, I have one myself (one of Spalding's), with which I have shot over 350 goals, and it is as good as ever.

The best weight for a stick is from twenty-two to twenty-four ounces for a man of average build. Personally, I always used a twenty-five ounce stick. The driving power of a stick of this weight is great ; ounces, however, make little difference in a well-balanced stick.

Consider your own requirements, remembering that your judgment is probably much superior to that of the individual behind the counter, who in all probability has never been on a hockey field, much less played.

W. G. told a very good story in this connection.

A would-be purchaser entered a cricket depot one day, saying he wanted to buy a bat. "What sort do you want?" asked the shopman. "Oh," replied the customer, "I want a slipper." The shopman was puzzled and asked what he meant. "Well," said the man, "I want a bat with which I can guide the ball through the slips."

The shopman, a cute and canny Scot, recognizing his customer, said : " I've got the very thing you require." Walking to a case, he took down a bat which had been in the shop for six years, but which no one would look at because it was very thin in the blade, and incidentally atrociously balanced. It had, of course, been well oiled, and had a good brown face on it. The customer was vastly taken with it. It ended with his being misled into parting with thirty shillings (a good price in those days) for that particular bat, the shopman rightly concluding that the price would make him think that he had something extra good. At the end of the season, the customer re-visited the cricket shop and told the shopman that that bat was the very best he had ever handled. The story shows how little some men know about sporting paraphernalia, and I have no doubt this is no exceptional case.

There are other important details to which the average player, as a rule, pays little attention. Footgear, for instance, a light and pliable boot, fitting closely, is what is required. I have always made a point of examining at cricket and hockey the footgear of my teams.

Apropos of this, some years ago I was captaining a police side of mine at cricket in the United Provinces. We were playing on grass, had lost the toss and were fielding. Our wicket-keeper (a good one by the way) could do nothing right, and kept

falling back on to the ground about once in an over. I could not understand what was happening, so relieved him and placed him at cover point. As bad luck would have it, he got a catch, an absolute sitter ; directly afterwards he found mother earth once more, and, needless to add, dropped it. I went up and asked the reason, but it was only too obvious, he had no spikes on his boots, and as this individual only turned up just as the game was to start, I had had no opportunity of examining them. The batsman after being missed made over a century and won the match for his side. Comment is needless.

As I have said previously, hockey, as compared with other ball games, is not difficult, and to most cricketers (right-hand bats) presents few difficulties. I have also indicated the points that go to make a good player. It must be remembered that though the strokes at hockey are not numerous, yef, as in all other games, each one must be carefully studied and practised and gone over umpteen times.

The following should be impressed on the minds of all players. A hockey stick is a dangerous implement and must not be wielded indiscriminately on the field.

Methods and peculiarities of opponents (as at all games) are always worth studying. There are nearly always weak spots in your opponents' defence. It is for your side to find them. Keep cool and

never lose your temper, or you will probably lose the match.

Go cheerfully and promptly to whatever position you are directed by your captain.

Select for your model one whose style is acknowledged by all to be good.

Never talk during the game, there are two umpires to decide between right and wrong, and be assured that they do not require your assistance.

Another good precept is the American one "Get on or get out." By this I mean, directly a player gets a ball, he should at once make ground or pass. There should be no dribbling round in circles or waiting, or looking round. This only gives the defence time to think and get into position.

Finally, when training or captaining a side, practise what you preach.

As to the various positions on the field—

In my opinion, the goal-keeper's is not only the most difficult, but also the most thankless on the field. At close range he is unmercifully shot at, and unless he stops everything the crowd soon let him know all about it.

Some years ago I was playing in the final of the All India Hockey Tournament for my police team, and with about a minute to go got in the circle to shoot. The shot was a very hard one and it struck the unfortunate goal-keeper, fracturing his jaw, and knocking out several of his teeth.

The poor fellow was conveyed to hospital in an unconscious state.

The goal-keeper must be careful not to give sticks, and should only as a last resort indulge in a flying shot. Above everything else, he must avoid giving a "penalty bully," for not being in the habit of "bullying" a goal will probably follow.

A little practice before a match is good for a goal-keeper. It will get his eye in, and incidentally give him confidence and loosen his limbs.

He should wash out all gallery play, this remark refers to all players. Insufficient attention is paid both in England and India to hitting of corners, and the loss of hundreds of goals as a result. I have always picked out one man on my side to take all corners, irrespective of his position on the field, bar the goal-keeper, of course.

What is really required from the man chosen to take corners is accuracy in the hitting of the ball to a fixed place, more often than not to the centre forward, who is undoubtedly in a better position to shoot than any of his confrères.

Speed is essential in the choosing of the two backs, and good hitting without giving sticks is the first canon of back play law.

When their forwards are pressing, backs should come up towards the halfway line and thus assist the attack. A gap between halves and backs is dangerous at all times. Flying shots at the ball by backs should be scrupulously avoided; the



axiom is that their hit should always find the unmarked man.

A golden rule is—Backs (and in fact all players) should be particularly careful not to give sticks or foul inside their own circle, as the penalty for such errors frequently leads to a goal being scored. Mutual support is the backbone of the play of the backs.

The centre half is the pivot of the side and incidentally the hardest worked member of it. A slip on his part and the opposing forwards are away, and the loss of a second in turning makes all the difference in his getting back to assist the defence.

Flurry is a word that must be outside his vocabulary, as he has to decide in the fraction of a second his unmarked forward to whom to pass the ball.

When defending, his most important duty is to mark the same players opposing him, never for a moment taking his eyes off their centre forward.

Much of the above applies to the left and right halves of a side. All these players, however, should remember the importance of passing to unmarked forwards, and avoid frequent passes to one particular player. A good deal will, of course, depend on circumstances and his judgment.

Half backs should be experts at stopping the ball with their sticks, as well as their feet, remembering to stop bumping and other balls with their hands. They must constantly bear in mind to keep their

forwards attacking, and when on the defensive to tackle, worry and intercept passes of their opponents.

Half backs should get rid of the ball as quickly as possible, and they must rarely dribble or indulge in hard hitting.

Occasions will arise, however, when halves must hit hard in order to clear or pass out to their forwards.

Many ideal requirements are wanted from a centre forward—a quick runner, an unerring shot, dribbler, one who can pass accurately and make up his mind on the spur of the moment. A long list of virtues for any one man to possess—but it is the ideal to aim at; I have only met about half a dozen such individuals during my long career.

The centre forward is the man to feed, as on him, more often than not, devolves the task of shooting goals, or at any rate of making openings for his other forwards.

Apropos of shooting goals, my own success has often elicited the question, “How do you manage to do it?” My reply is, that my cricket training comes in here, and further, that from constant practice I know instinctively where to shoot. I have not to pause, as seems to be the case with so many players, to find out my position in relation to the goal, and to those players opposing my shot. It is usually during this moment of hesitation that the player loses his chance—and a possible goal.

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I am told that when at my best as centre forward, one of my most strategically successful strokes, when I had drawn the defence, was a long diagonal pass to either wing. This enabled outside forwards to dash into the circle and get in shots before the opposing backs had time to get into position. This refers, generally speaking, to games on the hard grass grounds of the East. One rule greatly favours forwards, and that is the rule which says they cannot be offside inside their own half. Many goals are lost by wing forwards trying to shoot at impossible angles, and as I have said before, these gallery shots should be avoided. The proper course is to pass back to the edge of the ring to the centre forward or any other unmarked player.

A few remarks appertaining to forwards and others may prove useful at this stage.

Every member of a team should know how to hit properly, and combination should be the watch-word for forwards. Coming up the field, a forward should never have to look in the direction in which he is going to pass, for the reason, that at starting, he should locate the unmarked man and be certain of his position when the time comes for the pass. Short quick passes pay best amongst the centre and inside forwards, and they should always avoid doing the obvious. As soon as forwards get the ball, they should either go forward or pass, not dribble aimlessly or waste time, and thus allow the defence to get back.

The golden rule of forwards should be, "Set off with a dash, and, like Rugger, score a goal in the first few minutes of the game—if possible."

Having lost the ball, forwards should always turn and worry an opponent. Some forwards seem to think they have nothing more to do when they lose the ball.

If your side is leading by an odd goal and there are only a few minutes to go before time, never forget to send back one of your forwards to strengthen the attack. Bad generalship has led to the loss of many games of hockey and incidentally other games.

As to which position the captain should occupy on the field, I maintain that he should be somewhere in the back line (although I was always on the front). From this position he is best able to direct the field and at the same time see most of the game. A captain who makes a fetish of popularity will never do much. He should avoid favouritism, it may not make him popular, but he will always command respect.

The captain must be all seeing, or he will fail to keep his men in their proper places. He must inspire confidence and strongly repress any tendency to foul play or back-chat.

Apropos of confidence. My own practice is to endeavour to keep before me the fact that the opposing side may be a trifle better than my own, and I try to persuade myself that they are really

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If your side is leading by an odd goal and there are only a few minutes to go before time, never forget to send back one of your forwards to strengthen the attack. Bad generalship has led to the loss of many games of hockey and incidentally other games.

As to which position the captain should occupy on the field, I maintain that he should be somewhere in the back line (although I was always on the front). From this position he is best able to direct the field and at the same time see most of the game. A captain who makes a fetish of popularity will never do much. He should avoid favouritism, it may not make him popular, but he will always command respect.

The captain must be all seeing, or he will fail to keep his men in their proper places. He must inspire confidence and strongly repress any tendency to foul play or back-chat.

Apropos of confidence. My own practice is to endeavour to keep before me the fact that the opposing side may be a trifle better than my own, and I try to persuade myself that they are really



very good, and that if success attends us, it will be a feather in our caps.

Hockey as played in India is vastly different from the game played at home. In the first place it is much faster, being played all the year round in the plains, and more during the hot season than any other, so that constant practice on the fine hard ground has brought the play to a very high standard. In England, where the game is played only during the winter, on muddy, heavy ground, it is of necessity much slower. Personally I should like to see hockey played at home during the summer, it would be a far brighter and, in consequence, a far more popular game. My wish has always been to see a really first-class native team come to England too. The ground would be against them, of course, but I think they would soon adapt themselves to the altered conditions, and having seen the game played in both countries for over forty years I feel confident that they would give the English sides some jolly good games, even if they did not succeed in beating them.

But, alas! expense is once again the difficulty, and in this case an almost insurmountable one, for the gate money for matches in England would certainly not furnish the wherewithal. One can only hope that some philanthropical Ruling Chief will take the matter in hand for the sake of the enormous benefits both countries would derive therefrom.

In my time native regimental teams were not allowed to enter for the big tournaments. This rule dates back to 1900, at the time of the first All India Tournament, which was played in Allahabad.

A native regiment from Madras was playing one of our pet regiments. It was a keenly contested game and no goals were scored until a British officer shot one just two minutes before time. In the excitement which followed, one of the native players ran amuk, and rushing up to the officer who was responsible for the winning shot, whopped him violently on the back of his head with his hockey stick.

According to the rules of the Hockey Association at home no tournaments are allowed. This is doubtless an excellent idea and serves its purpose in keeping down any attempt at Professionalism quite effectively.

In India, tournaments are very prevalent, and the games are terrifically strenuous. I remember on one occasion, while captaining my police team in the Bechtler Cup, we played a draw in the semi-final on the Thursday afternoon, played off again on the Friday morning, which was another draw, replayed the same afternoon and drew again after extra time, were at it again next morning at seven, had extra time and scored one goal in the last few seconds of the game, thus reaching the final, which was played off the same afternoon and resulted

in another draw ; after this it was extra time again (it was Saturday and the game had to be finished), and to the relief of everybody concerned we scored two goals during the last five minutes—after which the club ran dry.

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